This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

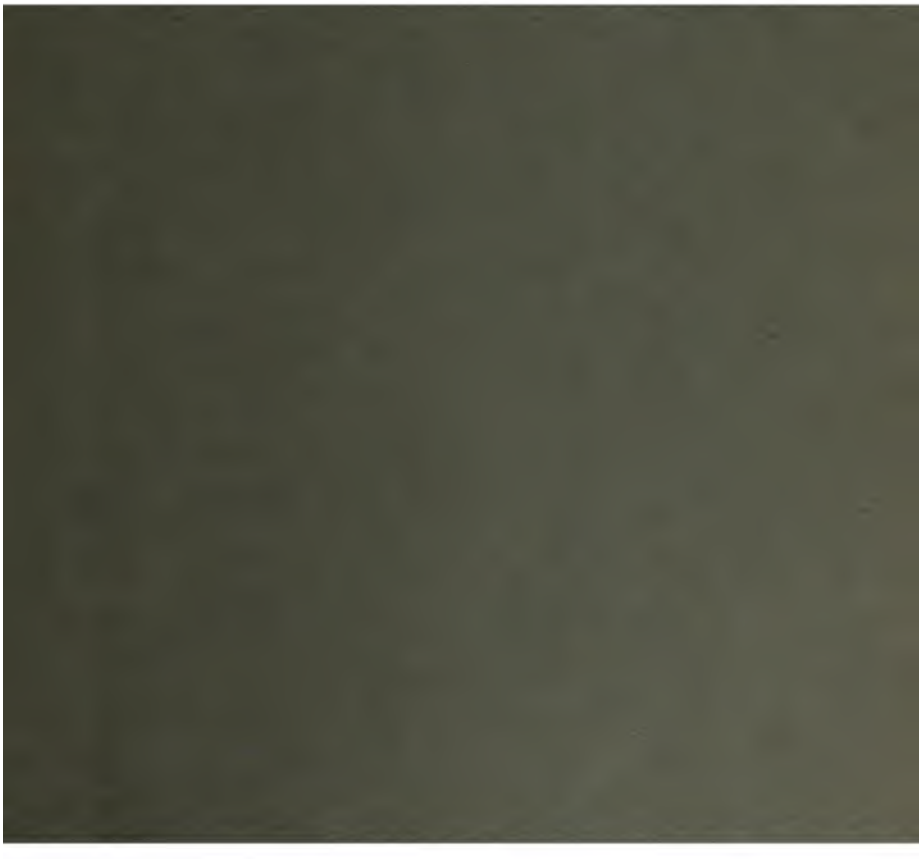
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

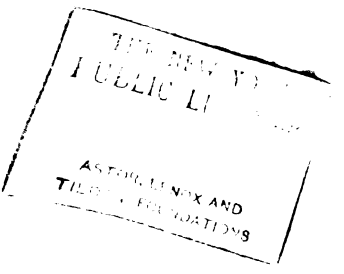
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

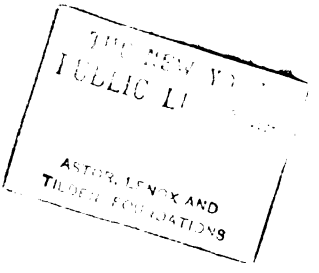


WILLIAM CLARKE


PUBLIC LI
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

WILLIAM CLARKE.

[*Frontispiece*


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

WILLIAM CLARKE.

[*Frontispicce*

WILLIAM CLARKE

A COLLECTION OF HIS WRITINGS

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

LONDON
SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & CO. LTD.
25 HIGH STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
1908

842684
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

PREFACE

The present volume, unfortunately delayed in its publication, contains a selection of the writings of the late William Clarke. A gathering of personal friends, resolving that some abiding memorial of his work should exist, entrusted a small committee with the execution of that resolve, expressing a particular desire that this memorial should, in part, take the shape of a reprint of a number of his finest and most representative writings. As a result of the action of this committee, a presentation of a portion of Mr. Clarke's library was made to the National Liberal Club, of which he was a member, and is there known as the "Clarke Memorial Library." A portrait of Mr. Clarke, painted by his old friend Mr. Felix Moscheles, was also presented to the club, and hangs in one of the club rooms.

This volume, the preparation of which was entrusted to two of Mr. Clarke's intimate friends, fulfils the third and most valued part of the intentions of the committee. To his many friends, and to other readers, some explanation of the method of selection which has guided the editors is due.

Though by far the larger part of his writings was irrecoverably lost in the anonymity of daily or weekly journalism, in the pages of many English and American publications, his signed and otherwise known writings were so numerous as to render the task of choosing matter for this volume no easy one. Two chief motives guided us in our choice as editors:

first, the desire to present articles which would indicate the remarkable versatility of literary power and of subject-matter which William Clarke exhibited; secondly, the duty of preserving and presenting those utterances which embodied his more profound thoughts and feelings, and which may be regarded as his important permanent contribution to the intellectual life of his age. In order to obtain a compact volume, we were compelled to exclude much that was in itself both interesting and valuable, especially for those of his friends who would have liked to trace in some fuller and more leisurely arrangement of his writings the growth of his powers from youth to middle age and the maturing of his thought and literary style.

But we believe that what remains and is printed here will be a revelation of a variety and richness of literary gifts hardly suspected by some who thought they knew William Clarke well. Few journalists, if any, have brought to their daily task so rich an equipment of political and literary learning, extending from the narrowest details of the life of even minor personages and events to the most profound grasp of the significance of the wider movements in the outer and the inner history of nations. The greater number of the articles reprinted here belong, however, to that group of more leisurely contributions made to serious political reviews, or to the literary "middles" written in his later years for the *Spectator* and other weekly or monthly journals.

Divided, as was inevitable, between our desire to arrange the writings according to subject and literary form and our desire to present them in the time order of production, we preferred the former method of arrangement, as doing fuller justice to the inherent value of the material.

The volume is therefore divided into three parts, the first containing portions of his longer and more substantial articles upon political and other subjects, the second consisting of

biographical studies and appreciations, the third reproducing a number of essays in general criticism, mainly social, literary, and philosophical.

In each case the name of the publication and the date of the appearance of the article is given; and we take this opportunity of thanking the proprietors of the various journals and magazines in England and America for their courtesy in permitting the reprint of these articles. Especially do we wish to express our gratitude to the Editors of the *Spectator*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Contemporary Review*, the *New England Magazine*, and the *Political Science Quarterly* for their trouble in assisting to collect for the use of this volume articles written by William Clarke for those publications. We also wish to thank Mr. Van der Weyde for permission to reproduce the portrait which forms the frontispiece.

HERBERT BURROWS
JOHN A. HOBSON } *Editors.*

CONTENTS

PAGE

Biographical Sketch xi

POLITICAL ESSAYS

The Industrial Basis of Socialism 3
The Limits of Collectivism 24
The Social Future of England 44
Political Defects of the Old Radicalism 59
An English Imperialist Bubble 76
The House of Lords 90
The Genesis of Jingoism 108
The Curse of Militarism 118
The Future of the Canadian Dominion 129
Aristotle's "Politics" 159

APPRECIATIONS

Walt Whitman 175
Ralph Waldo Emerson 191
Bismarck 209
Edward Augustus Freeman 229
Stopford A. Brooke 242
William Dean Howells 259
The Rt. Hon. Leonard Courtney 269
Charles Spurgeon 277
William Ewart Gladstone 281
Max Nordau: The Man and his Message 286
Principal Caird 299
James Martineau 304
A Great Scottish Teacher 308
A Modern Wandering Scholar 312

CULTURE AND CRITICISM

	PAGE
America's Debt to Washington	319
The Tragedy of a Millionaire	324
American Social Forces	332
Democracy and Personal Rule	337
The Tidiness of Rural England	342
Scientific Optimism	347
Christianity and Social Reform	352
The Rule of the Exceptional Man	357
Art in our Towns	362
Statesmanship and Literature	366
Human Immortality	371
The Charm of Winter Scenery	376
The Uses of Agnosticism	380
The Philosophy of Nietzsche	384
Wesley's Services to England	389
England's Debt to Wordsworth	393
England's Debt to Milton	397
John Ruskin	401
Germany and Heine	405
Women and Culture	409
The Freemasonry of Poetry	413
The Spiritual Movement in the Nineteenth Century	417

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

HIS EARLY YEARS

THE subject of this brief sketch, born in Norwich, was of mixed parentage, a Scotch father and an English mother, and the Scotch blood was itself a mixture. The Lowland father had had a Highland grandfather, who was not only his grandfather but his hero, and the companion of his boyish days spent among the Peeblesshire hills. Many a Sunday had the father walked over those hills from Peebles to meet his grandfather, go to the kirk with him, each with his "piece" (oat-cake) in his pocket to sustain nature between the morning and early afternoon service; the whole round covering some thirty miles. To Highland grandfather and Lowland grandson alike communion with Nature was an aid to communion with God. Both had felt "white presences upon the hills"; both had a share in that soothing reverence which stole over William Clarke when amid the beauties of Nature by sea, wood, lake, or mountain. The son of a Scotch country laddie could not but have affinity with country life, and though it was his fate to find and do his life's work in London, yet his real sympathies were all with the country; and the great city, whether of our civilisation or of those ancient ones of Rome and far-off Babylon, he regarded as a monstrosity. But love of Nature was not the only characteristic bequeathed by his Scotch forebears: the sturdy independence of the Scotch peasantry, their abhorrence of compromise, their intense reserve, their deeply religious spirit, the mysticism of the Celt blending with intense Puritanism, their view of life as a solemn trust and not a matter for flippant trifling—all these traits, as those who knew William Clarke best will admit, met in him. Perhaps, too, the Celtic strain was responsible for the artist-nature that was William Clarke's; for he was a "tertiary" artist, as Frances Power Cobbe would have said, *i.e.*, an artist in conception and spirit, though not in power and manipulation.

The literary gifts that he possessed, however, certainly came from the mother's side, for many of her family were known among their own circle for the ease with which they could reel off verses, pathetic or humorous; from the same side came also his command over language on the platform or at the lecturer's desk. His keen enjoyment too of the social side of town life—an enjoyment which seemed an amusing

contradiction to his denunciation of the city and all its ways—was a maternal legacy. A sadder legacy was perhaps left him by that frail yet active mother, viz., a singular blend of physical strength and weakness. William Clarke could outdo most of his friends in the distances that he could walk and the hours that he could go without food, yet he was never athletic, and what at times seemed tremendous bodily strength was more probably, as in his mother's case, energy of will—what we call "vitality" without knowing exactly what we mean by the term. From her too came that delicate nervous organisation which made noise and bustle a torture to him, which prevented him from playing with his constitution as more robust men can do apparently with impunity, and which was at the root of the disease which killed him at the time when many men have yet to give to the world the fruits of mature thought.

So much for the share that parentage had in William Clarke's personality: birthplace and early surroundings counted for something too. A childhood passed for the first twelve years in the beautiful old city of Norwich—"the most unspoiled city in England," William Morris in after years told him he had found it—and then in Cambridge surely awakened and fostered that passion for architecture which in later years rivalled William Clarke's love of Nature, and which, unconsciously perhaps, sowed the seeds of revolt in him against that commercialism which has marred our fair island. It is no slight privilege to have had one's tastes moulded in early years by daily moving amid such picturesque surroundings as Norwich or Cambridge market-places, the one dominated by St. Peter Mancroft's, the other by the plain though stately University Church, with King's College Chapel spires on the sky-line; or the cathedral close and river-side of the one city and the college backs and bridges of the other. It is an æsthetic education, and may well in William Clarke's case have led up to a mental review of whether modern industrialism had given us any compensation for the loss of beauty in our cities which it has involved.

William Clarke first saw the light on November 22, 1852, a date which meant that he was essentially of the second half of the nineteenth century. The complacent rule of the Whig aristocracy was coming to an end; to the middle and working classes politics were to mean something real, interest in them was possible; the age of leisure was gone by, that of ever-increasing work and struggle for all who wished to win was inaugurated; above all, it was a productive age in thought and literature, and any boy with an inclination for reading had masterpieces to hand from men actually living and breathing the same air that he did. Carlyle in prose, Browning and Tennyson in poetry, Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer in science, were all at work and a force in William Clarke's boyhood; Kingsley and Maurice were in different ways striving to make the Kingdom of Heaven more of a reality on earth. And what a history-lesson was being acted before the boy's eyes in the rise of the pretentious Third Empire, and its sudden fall before the unsuspected strength of Prussia as inspired by Bismarck. Truly "there were giants in the land in those days." His

sisters have heard their brother say how slightly younger fellow journalists have envied him for having heard John Bright in his prime, "Bobbie" Lowe, Disraeli in his great verbal duels with Gladstone, and the late Duke of Argyll, whom he regarded as perhaps the greatest of all the parliamentary orators he had ever heard. Another experience which a younger generation has missed was as a boy to have heard Dickens read "The Trial Scene in 'Pickwick'": this particular boy, with his keen sense of humour, had been seen positively rolling on the floor shaken with laughter at only reading "Pickwick" to himself, so that his enjoyment must indeed have been huge at the novelist's own rendering of the immortal Weller.

His own gifts in recitation were considerable, probably owing to early development. Norwich was a delightful city for children's parties, which adults also frequented, and when so young as to have to be set up on a table the usually retiring child was not nervous at reciting some Ann and Jane Taylor, so thoroughly did he enjoy the humour and bright conversation in such pieces as—

Here stands the shrewd barber with razor and pen.

His memory was exceedingly good: few men could quote the Bible, as a whole, more accurately than he, and most of that verbal knowledge was acquired before he had entered his teens. His old copy of Milton has whole books of "Paradise Lost" scored as having been committed to memory. Yet the memory, even when a child, went hand in hand with reasoning power, and he would argue about everything. His little head evidently puzzled itself over theological difficulties, for he one day confronted his mother with the question, "Mother, you say Jesus died to save everybody: then why aren't all men good?"

As all his friends know, he had no recreations in after life that were not in some sense intellectual: walks were all opportunities for intellectual talk, holidays occasions for acquiring more information. "Games!" he would exclaim; "games are for children. I, like St. Paul, have put away childish things"—this in reply to the query why he not did play golf or tennis. Rowing he did love, not for the exercise, but for the soothing sound of the lapping of the oars, and for the views of the shores to be obtained from lake or river itself. But even when a child he did not care particularly for games; books were much more to him; he went through one phase of bird's-nesting, not in any ruthless spirit, but simply, as a young would-be naturalist, to have one specimen of each egg—to add, indeed, to his stock of information.

His school-days! To many men they are a time to linger over, since the whole manhood is the inevitable outcome of them. Not at all so in this case. Literature had a fascination for William Clarke, but the dry bones of accidence he abhorred, and mathematics were nearly as uninteresting to him. If his master at the King Edward VI. Commercial School, Norwich, had ever seen his Euclid, and his French and Latin grammars, he would have discovered wherein his young pupil's interest lay, for he would have found every available space scored over with finely drawn illustrations of Doric and Ionic columns or tracery of Gothic windows. No class-singing was then taught in

boys' schools, and so what might have been a fine singing voice and what was undoubtedly a marvellously keen ear for music were undeveloped, and in after years the man who longed to be a performer had to satisfy his musical cravings with silently listening. And what a listener he was!

The only incident of these Norwich school-days worth recording is that the boy was such a shocking writer that his father sent him to a special writing master to improve his style. Those who remember his dainty, flowing, almost elegant writing—so clear as to be a joy to the compositors, and to make correction of proofs hardly necessary—will be amused to know of this early defect. Still these school-days were a happy memory, for by them chiefly was formed a friendship, that with G. Alfred King, of the great Norwich firm of stained glass window colourers, that suffered the test of long years of separation and very infrequent correspondence, but the renewal of which by personal intercourse from time to time was always possible, and was one of the delights of the last year of his life. Had the family remained in Norwich, and William Clarke proceeded to the grammar school under Dr. Jessop, perhaps his school-days would have counted as a more powerful factor in his life. As it was, two or three years in a private school at Cambridge, after a family removal in 1866, so bored him that he was quite willing to leave and acquiesce in his father's determination to put him to business.

Little did the boy know, however, how loathsome he would find an office desk, and though he endured it till past the age when he ought to have been entering the University, yet at length he told his father that he could not and would not follow a tradesman's career. His father was exceedingly unwilling that he should enter the University without a definite idea of what he was going to do after having taken his degree, and suggested the third course of a solicitor's office; but "legal quibble," to use William Clarke's own favourite phrase, was quite as uncongenial as finance, and young Clarke, who had already been secretly beginning Greek with a view to his "Little-go," entered in 1872 the University of Cambridge as a non-collegiate student. It was just three years after the University had been so thrown open to students, to some of whom the system appealed, because, as they were past the usual undergraduate age, they preferred not to be bound down by college rules, to others—the majority—because their purses were not long enough to pay college bills. William Clarke was among the latter, but though at the time of entrance it was a blow to him not to belong to a college, long before his University career was ended he had deliberately preferred the non-collegiate system, a college seeming to him to savour of a glorified public school, whereas his ideal of a university was that of an institution for learning and research, not one for disciplining youth, still less one for giving a young fellow just quitting his teens "a ripping time."

J. E. C.

HIS LATER YEARS

My first acquaintance with William Clarke arose at our non-collegiate debating society. It was in the early seventies, when Joseph Arch was stirring the nation with his agricultural labourers' revolt. Our first debate was on that agitation. Mr. Clarke and I both spoke, of course on the side of the labourers, and I was immensely struck with his lucidity of thought, flow of language, power of expression, and sound democracy. He was immediately invited to open the next debate on Church Disestablishment, and from that time onward he was practically the master of the society. He did not speak much at the Union, but as the years went on his oratorical power increased, and it is not too much to say that at one period of his life he was certainly one of the best impromptu speakers of the day. Old members of the debating society which was founded by Mr. Stopford Brooke at Dr. Williams's library will remember the charm of Mr. Clarke's eloquence.

In the seventies we were enthusiastic at Cambridge, and William Clarke threw himself ardently into the various reform movements. He was then a strong temperance man, and he gained a prize from the *Alliance News* for a temperance essay. He helped to found the Cambridge University Religious Equality Society for the removal of the last vestige of tests, and became a leader writer for the *Cambridge Independent Press*. From 1874 to 1880 Benjamin Disraeli was our old man of the sea, and our opposition to Toryism brought us into contact with the National Reform Union and its capable and energetic secretary, Mr. Arthur G. Symonds, who at once formed a very high opinion of Mr. Clarke's powers, and constantly employed him as a lecturer and writer. In this capacity he was an undoubted factor in the change of political opinion which restored Mr. Gladstone to power, and one lecture of his on Mr. Gladstone's career, which he delivered in many parts of England, still lingers in the memory of those who had the good fortune to hear it.

For three or four years after Mr. Clarke took his degree he still lived in Cambridge, and earned his living, somewhat precariously at times, by lecturing and writing. He did work for an Ipswich Liberal paper and other provincial journals, lectured for the National Reform Union and the Liberation Society, and wrote occasional magazine articles. He had made a speciality of American history, literature, and politics, and in 1876 wrote his first weighty article for the *British Quarterly Review*. It was on the American Centennial, and was a fine appreciation of the true American spirit. He had now begun to feel his journalistic feet, and after much thought and deliberation he decided to remove to London and seek his daily bread on the troubled sea of literature.

Dr. Allon, editor of the *British Quarterly*, was very kind to him, and accepted several of his articles, notably one on Richard Cobden and one on the Colonies. He gradually became known to the London journalistic and literary world, and made the acquaintance of a con-

siderable number of well-known men and women. He used to go often to Mr. Frederic Harrison's house, and there became acquainted with most of the Positivist leaders, including Dr. Congreve. But the man of letters who had most attraction for him was Mr. Stopford Brooke. Next to Emerson, it is probable that Mr. Clarke was more influenced by Mr. Brooke than by any other man. In after years it was through Mr. Brooke that he became a member of the staff of the *Spectator*.

A series of articles that Mr. Clarke wrote for the *Echo*, on "Our True Nobility," sketches of eminent statesmen, &c., brought him into prominent notice, and he was soon filling a considerable niche in the journalistic world. His mind, however, was always turning to America. At Cambridge we had the good fortune of having for a fellow undergraduate Mr. Edwin D. Mead, now one of America's foremost men. Mr. Mead advised Mr. Clarke to try his fortune in America as a lecturer, and accordingly in 1881 he turned his face westward, and realised what had been one of the dreams of his life, to visit the Great Republic. He had previously saturated himself with America, the real America, as it seemed to him—the land of Emerson, of Channing, Garrison, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, John Brown, and Abraham Lincoln. The old and best side of Puritan life had not yet died out from New England, and that life was peculiarly attractive to Mr. Clarke, with his strain of Scotch Covenanting blood. He was more than fortunate in possessing the warm friendship of Edwin Mead, who in Boston was in close touch with most of the men of light and leading in literature and public life. Mr. Mead arranged much of Mr. Clarke's first lecturing tour, a tour which brought him into close contact and friendship with many of America's thinkers, writers, and statesmen. The tour was a great success so far as regards appreciation of Mr. Clarke's ability and oratory, although sometimes financially it fell rather short. Once in Chicago he was in rather low water, reduced almost to his last dollar, when by a fortunate chance he was brought into touch with the silver-tongued orator, Wendell Phillips. Mr. Phillips took an instant liking to him, procured him lecturing engagements which set him on his feet, and generally proved himself one of the kindest mentors and friends. This was really the turning-point in Mr. Clarke's first American career. He journeyed through all the Eastern States, always drawing large audiences, and tasting that which his soul loved, the literary and philosophical wine poured forth by America's foremost men.

In his letters home to his parents and his sisters this is continually apparent, and there is often a quite natural elation at his success. The crowning-point of his tour was his meeting with Emerson. On December 11, 1881, he writes to his eldest sister:

"I went to Concord to lecture, staying there with Mr. Harris* at his quaint old house, next to that which used to be Hawthorne's. When I got to the Lyceum Hall, who should I find among my auditors but—think of it!—Mr. and Mrs. Emerson. I felt quite

* Dr. W. T. Harris, editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and founder of the Concord School of Philosophy, now United States Federal Commissioner of Education.

agitated, but got on all right. After the lecture Mr. Harris brought up Emerson to see me. We shook hands, he being so kindly and placid; but his memory all but gone, so that he scarce knew what to say to me, except that he was much pleased with my lecture. He then invited me to dine at his house the following day. I went at the appointed time with Mr. Harris, and found Emerson smiling and perfectly delightful. At the dinner-table I sat next to Mrs. Emerson and opposite to Mr. Alcott. Dr. Emerson (the son) was at one end, and Miss Emerson at the other. Mr. Emerson sat between Alcott and Harris. We talked of many things, but Mr. Emerson could not join in the conversation; he simply looked smilingly on, occasionally asking a question of his son or wife. His failing memory was shown very significantly after dinner, when he showed us a portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and could not possibly recall his name. Emerson is just gradually and placidly fading out of life. The house is a very pleasant one, in no sense whatever fine, but exceedingly comfortable and tasteful. This was a great honour indeed, for but few persons are now invited to dine with Mr. Emerson."

During this visit he formed a connection with two influential American newspapers, the *Boston Advertiser* and the *Springfield Republican*, to which for some years he continued to act as London correspondent. His lectures were mainly on English literature and politics, and his republican and democratic sympathies won for him the keen appreciation of his American hearers. Altogether this was the happiest time of his life.

In 1882 he returned to England, once more to take up his journalistic work, to which, as the years went on, he added magazine writing both for America and England. Mr. Edwin Mead was editing the *New England Magazine*, and Mr. Clarke became one of its principal contributors. The *Political Science Quarterly* also opened its pages to him, as did also the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary*. At this period he did a considerable amount of lecturing work in the London Radical clubs and working men's societies. The Irish movement was very strenuous, the newer democratic and Socialist ideas were forging ahead, and Mr. Clarke's lucid expositions of what he conceived to be true democratic thought and action did much to advance the political education of the time. A remarkable evidence of this is given in a letter to his mother dated March 2, 1889.

"I have something very pleasant to tell you which I know you will be very glad to hear. On Thursday I received from Mr. Stopford Brooke a letter enclosing a cheque for £150 for myself. The letter stated that certain people, some of them unknown to me, and some of them holding different opinions from mine, had nevertheless noted for some time my work in lecturing at the London clubs and debating societies and my writings in papers and reviews, and had thought that all this work was done in a good spirit and was likely to issue in good results; they thought that work had been unselfishly done, and had scarcely received due recognition. Therefore they sent me this cheque as some kind of token of regard. I need not say I was quite taken aback, and I went yesterday to see Mr. Brooke about it.

He admitted that he was the prime mover, but would not tell me who the others were. Their names were not to be known, he said; they desired the thing to be done with secrecy and quiet. Isn't this very good? Mr. Brooke's whole management of the affair was marked by the greatest kindness and true delicacy of feeling. I write about it at once to you, since I know you will be as pleased as I am."

He had now joined the Fabian Society, and, getting on its executive, was for some years intimately connected with its development. His lecture on the Industrial Basis of Socialism, one of the famous "Fabian Essays" delivered in 1888, was the first real exposure of and attack on the American rings and trusts which have since grown to such alarming proportions. The closing passage of the lecture shows what was Mr. Clarke's steady trend of thought in view of the newer ideas.

"And now, finally, what is the immediate policy for rational students of economics and genuine social reformers to adopt? Their motto must be *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*. To all quack proposals they must offer a steady resistance. These proposals will take the form of attempts to bring back some economic condition out of which society has emerged. One quack will desire to revive the old British yeomanry; another will talk nonsense about 'Fair Trade'; a third will offer to the rustic 'three acres and a cow'; while a fourth will see salvation in getting rid of primogeniture and entail and 'planting' prosperous labourers on the soil—as though the labourers grew there like trees. Those who understand the economic crisis may be ready and eager to support any reform, however small, which is a genuine step forward; but they cannot support any effort to call back the past. They may help to build a new bridge across the gulf that separates us from the co-operative commonwealth, but they can never repair the old broken-down structure which leads back to individualism. Instead therefore of attempting to undo the work which capitalists are unconsciously doing for the people, the real reformer will rather prepare the people, educated and organised as a true industrial democracy, to take up the threads when they fall from the weak hands of a useless possessing class. By this means will the class struggle, with its greed, hate and waste, be ended, and the life hinted at by Whitman in his 'Story of the Exposition' be attained:

> 'Practical, peaceful life, the people's life, the people themselves,
> Lifted, illumined, bathed in peace—elate, secure in peace.'"

When we look back over the last twenty years, we can see how truly William Clarke in that passage prophesied the outcome of the newer Socialist thought, which then was struggling to find coherent utterance. In his words, as they stand, there is nothing to which the most strenuous Socialist can now object. And yet he was not, in the ordinary sense, a Socialist. He had a rooted objection to what is sometimes called Continental Socialism or Marxism. The materialistic side of that form of thought and propaganda and its seeming rigidity repelled him, while he never accepted its basic principles and ideas. He was not an economist, as Socialists generally understand the word: his economics—

although not purely of the heart, for his head always balanced his heart —were largely tinged by a purposeful idealism of the Whitman and Emerson type, and insistently and continuously he pressed the worth and the power of the individual as against the Teufelsdröckh idea of the universe as a huge mechanical steam-engine. He had a positive distaste for the mechanism of politics, regarding it as concerned too much with measures and politicians, too little with principles and ideas. It is therefore not to be wondered at that little by little, as the years went on, he gradually separated himself from active political work and devoted himself more and more to literary interests and work. There were various reasons for this, and one of the chief was, I think, his sense of disillusionment with regard to public affairs. The slowness of the march of progress seemed at times almost to chill his blood. In his later years I used, at times, to compare him with the eager young political enthusiast of our Cambridge days, who would rage at Disraeli's iniquities, and was possessed by a consuming desire to burn every copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, especially when that journal contained articles backing up the Turk, by "H.", who in after years, as H. M. Hyndman, was one of his friends. The change was great, so great that many of his later acquaintances were sometimes inclined to regard him as a somewhat melancholy pessimist. But this was by no means a true appraisement. As Lord Courtney pointed out in the admirable speech he made as chairman of the meeting at the National Liberal Club, when five hundred volumes of Mr. Clarke's library were presented to that institution, William Clarke's later pessimism was not his ultimate philosophy of life, but only a partial interpretation of our national external life regarded at short range. It is true that he had firmly convinced himself that, outwardly at any rate, England was on the down-grade, and that, as with the Cities of the Plain, retribution in some shape or form was surely awaiting her. In America, too, he saw somewhat of the same national evils at work: militarism and capitalism were eating out the best heart of the people there, as here at home. But never did he lose his ultimate faith in man, or in the great universal principles which, although for the moment obscured, lie behind the outward discords. No Emersonian can possibly be anything else than an ultimate optimist, and to William Clarke there was ever present, in the broadest sense, Lowell's "God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own." No one can read this volume without feeling that the keynote of William Clarke's life was faith in the eternal verities, clouded as they might be, from time to time, by the folly and the ignorance of humanity.

There were, however, other causes at work. He hated London, with its rush, and noise, and bustle, and turmoil, and yet owing to the exigencies of his work he had long to make his home in it. No daily newspaper man can live a hundred miles away. He moved from rooms to rooms, mostly in search of quiet, till at last, when he was settled on the *Spectator* staff, he hired a small country rectory near Ongar, in Essex, and realised something of his ideal of country life. His ultimate dream was to get away from England entirely, and settle down in Italy, which he loved, there to write a book which should be his *magnum opus*, a dream which

was destined never to be fulfilled. But in the years before he went to the country, especially when he was on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, his life was so strenuous that at times it made him nervous and irritable, and so helped to deepen his pessimism. For many days together he would write about six thousand words per diem, not light newspaper "copy," but thoroughly good pabulum. As one of his editors once remarked, "Clarke is the one man in Fleet Street who writes from ideas." In addition to his *Chronicle* daily work, he wrote for the *Economist*, *Reynolds's*, and other papers, was American correspondent for several journals, and was continually turning out magazine and periodical articles of all descriptions. He felt the strain of all this, as is shown in a letter to his mother, in which he says:

"My mode of life does not suit me, but then what can I do? I will tell you how I spent yesterday as a sample. Read papers half an hour after breakfast, then wrote notes for the *Chronicle*, then a long review of the new ten-volume 'Life of Lincoln' for the *Chronicle*, filling thirteen MS. pages. I was in the mood for it, and wrote until about 3 P.M. Then rushed out and snatched a roll and cup of coffee, the first morsel I had eaten since breakfast. Then train to Charing Cross to keep an appointment at 4.30, after which I glanced at the club at the evening papers, and wrote another *Chronicle* note. Then dined at the club, and rushed off to the *Chronicle* office, where I worked from 8 to 11, doing half a column on Christmas cards, more notes, and two leaders, one of which was on a book I had to look through. I left the office when the clock was striking 11. I did not get any sleep till nearly 3 in the morning, and was awakened before 8. I don't suppose *one* of the five millions in London did more work than I did yesterday. I know I shall not be able to keep it up, but I must make hay while the sun shines."

For one deeply sensitive to conditions of atmosphere and weather, these years of intellectual strain were full of physical suffering. He had seven separate attacks of influenza, and at last became quite despairing as to his health. All this probably prepared the way for his incurable diabetes. It was no wonder that whenever he could escape from England he did so. He was a constant traveller abroad. In 1879 I roamed with him nearly all over France, and afterwards he saw most of Europe, especially Italy, where he went as often as he could. He knew every inch and every stone of Rome, Venice, and Florence, and was a living encyclopædia of every city and district he had ever visited.*

There were other troubles which worried him, and made him at times see as through a glass darkly. From youth up he had had to depend on his own exertions, and it was a relief to him when he had secured an assured literary income. But unfortunately he invested much of his money in the Liberator Society, and lost it through the failure of the bank. It was a terrible blow to him, for it put off his dream of

* His letters descriptive of these tours are remarkable for vividness of touch. Strangers who have read them have said they could fancy they saw the spots. One describing an Austro-Italian tour runs to sixteen sheets of close writing.

retirement to an almost indefinite future. He had had premonitions for some time before, for in one of his letters in referring to City finance he says: "It shows what an utterly rotten state of things we are living in when one of the oldest and most respected and wealthiest houses in the world can go in for such wild gambling (for that is what it comes to) as —— have been guilty of. I look for a huge smash any day involving thousands in ruin." When the crash did come, for a time it overwhelmed him, and it impelled him to say perhaps the most caustic words he ever uttered. In a letter to his mother in 1893 he writes:

"You have probably not read the examination of the scoundrel —— of the Liberator Society; that sanctimonious humbug ought to be whipped with a cat o' nine tails through the streets. I hope this examination has shown —— the fallacy of his notion as to people saving and saving, denying themselves every little pleasure in life, and handing over their savings to a canting, dissenting, teetotal hypocrite like this abominable Chadband to take care of. This creature was paid £200 a year, and never did, by his own confession, a single stroke of work for it. I see that another victim committed suicide yesterday."

On occasion Mr. Clarke's words could be both vigorous and free! In another letter, speaking of an entirely different subject, he says:

"There is great rejoicing over the exposure of that infamous rag the ——. The Government, which is just as bad, will try to brazen the thing out. Joe Chamberlain's friends the 'gentlemen of England' have brass and baseness enough for anything."

During all this troublous time his work went on, all on its accustomed high level, and to all outward appearance without an effort or the slightest straining after effect. In this volume, which is but a sample of the whole, there is not a trace of such a thing. Leader writing for a daily morning paper is always high pressure, but all William Clarke's manuscripts, with their exquisitely neat writing, are flawless, without erasure or mistake, as if written in the quietude of a country house. His own personal worries never reflected themselves either in the mechanism or the soul of his work, and he was always able to rise to the height of any emergency.* The *Daily Chronicle* leader on the death of Mr. Gladstone is a case in point. It was written in the small hours of the morning for the second edition of the paper, and is an example of noble and stately English, finely balanced discrimination, and heartfelt appreciation of the life of the man who had so often swayed the destinies of the English nation.

Bound as it were to the wheel of journalistic fate, Mr. Clarke was ever inwardly yearning, especially in his later years, for restful peace, a rest and peace which would give him an opportunity to do something which should be greater and more lasting than ephemeral newspaper leaders.

In 1893 a welcome break was made in the strenuous London life. It was the year of the Chicago Exhibition, and Mr. Clarke determined to visit America again. He asked me to accompany him, and I made my

* "There is no room in the world for people who cannot do the impossible" was a favourite dictum of his.

first journey to the States with him as my guide, philosopher, and friend. I could have had no better. His American reputation in the world of literature and thought was firmly established, and everywhere he was received with open hearts. We went first to Chicago, where we made our home with an old and dear friend, Henry D. Lloyd, the well-known author of "Wealth against Commonwealth." Mr. Lloyd had organised an International Labour Congress, to which Mr. Clarke and I were delegates, and at the gathering he made some very striking speeches. One notable meeting was that over which Frederick Douglass, the celebrated negro orator, presided. American thought, friendship, air, and scenery vivified Mr. Clarke, and in his lectures he was at his best. A subsequent notice issued by the editor of the *New England Magazine* shows how his work was appreciated:

"Few lectures given in America have aroused more earnest interest than the course on Social Progress in England which has just been given in Boston, in Brooklyn, at Wellesley, at Vassar and elsewhere, by Mr. William Clarke of London. The present social and industrial movements in England are of the greatest significance, and no one has come to us able to tell so much about them and to speak with such force and charm as Mr. Clarke. His long experience and high position among English social reformers enable him to speak with authority; and his power as a writer is already well known to the readers of the *New England Magazine*, who will remember his valuable articles upon Gladstone, Parnell, Stopford Brooke, and William Morris."

The lectures were on "Carlyle and Ruskin, and their Influence upon English Social Thought"; "Socialism in England"; "The Government of London"; "The Fabian Society and its Work"; "English Working Class Leaders"; "The London Working Classes." They were a remarkable exposition of the trend of English social and political life.

Mr. Clarke's home letters during this time are cheery and delightful, and are filled with racy descriptions of American life, men, and scenery. Called home by domestic illness, I had to leave him suddenly, and a few weeks after my return I heard from him that he had suffered the greatest blow in his life—the death of his mother, the mother whom he loved with an intense and passionate devotion. Three thousand miles away he had heard the news, and his letter to me was despairing in its grief. He returned as soon as possible and took up the old newspaper and literary work, but the under saddening of spirit was very apparent.

First in London, and then at the country rectory, the younger of his two accomplished sisters kept house for him, and his life during the few years that remained was quieter and more peaceful. He never married, but there was a romance in his life of which I do not speak. He reverenced women and always spoke on their behalf, although he was not a fanatical believer in "women's rights." In a discussion on women's suffrage, which I opened at our Cambridge debating society, he took the view that John Stuart Mill in his "Subjection of Women" had exaggerated their case, and that was his general line of thought. The contrast which he drew, in his article on "Women and Culture",

between the "bread-and-butter miss," and the "free-tongued Bohemian emancipated woman with a latch-key," would, I am afraid, raise the ire of present-day suffragettes, although he is careful, with his usual impartiality, to enunciate a warning that a possible reaction against the latter must not be allowed to lead us back to obscurantism. But his words, "Better that women should know how to keep a house clean, mend the clothes well, and cook an appetising dinner for the tired husband, than that she should 'chatter about Shelley,' or dabble in the Darwin-Weismann controversy," show, for him, a somewhat singular lack of appreciation of the real inwardness of the new women's movement and the principles of sex and human evolution which underlie it. In a *Daily Chronicle* article on the International Congress of Women, held in London in 1899, he takes a wider view. After speaking of the various social and other problems which the Congress was considering, he says:

"We cannot revert to an earlier stage if we would, but we must face these problems and solve them in the right spirit. That spirit involves a recognition of the fact that men and women are co-workers in a common cause, that they are joint guardians of the helpless and the young committed to their care, and that they are alike responsible for handing down to posterity an inheritance enhanced and glorified by their care and duty."

With that every sensible man and woman will agree. In it there is none of the sex-antagonism which is unfortunately preached by some of the present-day "women's righters," for it involves the great principle of the co-ordination of man and woman for a noble end.

For nine years Mr. Clarke was one of the principal members of the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, under the editorship first of Mr. A. E. Fletcher and later on of Mr. H. W. Massingham. Years before four of us, East Anglians, used to foregather as young men—H. W. Massingham, William Clarke, Clement Shorter, and myself—little dreaming what the future had in store for any of us. Mr. Clarke's work on the *Chronicle*, as both his editors and the proprietors declared, was of the greatest service. Its literary page was largely his creation, and if the whole of his nine years' articles could be reprinted they would form a lasting and eloquent commentary on literature, politics, and thought during that time. When, however, the *Chronicle* supported the Boer War, Mr. Clarke, who was one of its most vehement opponents, felt that he could no longer continue his connection with that journal. Mr. Frank Lloyd, the proprietor of the paper, felt likewise, and so, with mutual regrets, a long literary tie was broken.

William Clarke's last newspaper connections were with the *Spectator*, *Economist*, and *Manchester Guardian*. To the *Spectator*, as I previously mentioned, he was introduced by Mr. Stopford Brooke, and in many respects this new sphere of work was more congenial to Mr. Clarke than any other in which he had been engaged. His first editor was Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, for whom he had always had a very great admiration. After Mr. Hutton's unfortunate death, the new editor was Mr. St. Loe Strachey, whose relations with Mr. Clarke were always most friendly and cordial. The strain of daily journalism and nightly

leader-writing was now removed, and in the quiet of the country rectory he did much of his best work, as is evidenced by those of the *Spectator* articles which are reprinted in this volume. I have before me a complete list of all that he wrote for the paper, a list which is really wonderful in its comprehensiveness. Literature, politics, theology, philosophy, science and art, are all included and all most ably dealt with. I asked one of his editors whether it would be advisable to print the list at the end of this book, and he replied, "No, for no one would ever believe that any one man could have more than a superficial knowledge of all those subjects." But about them there is no sign of superficiality: they are all touched by what was really a master-hand.

And now I approach the saddening end. In 1899 Mr. Clarke, in conjunction with his old friend and colleague Dr. Horowitz, the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, arranged a tour in South-Eastern Europe. Mr. G. H. Perris and I accompanied them, and we travelled through Austria, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. So much did Mr. Clarke enjoy the tour, and so much good did it do him, that in 1901 he decided to repeat the Bosnian part of it. Another party was formed, consisting of him, Dr. Horowitz, Rev. A. L. Lilley, my co-editor, Mr. John A. Hobson, and myself. We started in April, and made our way from Fiume down the Adriatic, touching at Spalato, Ragusa, and other towns. For some time Mr. Clarke had been suffering from diabetes, and he knew that it was incurable and that in all probability he had not many more years of life before him. Neither he nor we had, however, the slightest idea that the disease was so far advanced. On our return up the Adriatic he seemed to fail, and became weary and listless. We went on to Herzegovina, to the old town of Mostar, and there the end came, so swiftly that it seemed impossible to realise, even when at the close of day we stood by his bedside and watched him calmly sink into the arms of death, that our companion and friend was gone from us. I cannot omit in this sad narrative to allude to the extraordinary kindness which was shown to us by the whole of the town. Austrians and Bosnians, Mohammedans and Christians vied with each other in delicate sympathy, and those sorrowful days abolished all distinctions of race and creed, and showed us in very deed and very truth what the solidarity of humanity may really mean.

It was one of the curious ironies of life, although, of course, a thing which mattered not, that owing to local circumstances, William Clarke was taken to his grave on a gun-carriage and buried in a military cemetery, between a soldier and a Jew. He hated every form of militarism with a deadly hatred, and he equally hated, not the cultivated cosmopolitan Jew—many of whom were his friends—but the blustering, money grabbing Jewish millionaire, whom he especially blamed for the South African War. Mr. Lilley read a simple service, in a few broken words I gave our thanks to those who had accompanied us to the grave, and then in the ancient Mohammedan city we left our friend and comrade in his last earthly home. An obelisk has been placed over

his grave by his father and sisters containing the following inscription, composed by the Right Hon. James Bryce, and written in Latin, as still the most international of languages:

HIC IN CHRISTO SITUS EST
LONGE AB ORIS PATRIAE
GULIELMVS CLARKE
APVD CANTABRIGIENSES
IN ANGLIA
ARTIUM MAGISTER
IVSTITIAE PACIS LIBERTATIS
AMATOR ET PROPVGNATOR
NATVS IN VRBE NORVICIENSI
A.D. X KAL. DEC. A.S. M DCCC LII
OBDORMIVIT IN VRBE MOSTARIA
A.D. VIII ID. MAI. A.S. M CM I
ANIMAE IN PRIMIS CANDIDAE
INGENII MITIS AC PERIUCUNDI
DILIGENTIAE
IN VERITATE PERSCRVTANDA
INDEFESSAE
MONVMENTVM HOC PON. CURAVERVNT
PATER SORORES
BEATI MUNDO CORDE QUONIAM IPSI DEUM
VIDEBUNT

When we returned to London a committee was formed, with the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney (as he was then) as chairman, to promote a fitting memorial to Mr. Clarke. At a meeting held at the National Liberal Club the following resolution was adopted:

"That this meeting of the Memorial Committee desires to place on record its deep sorrow and regret at the sudden and untimely death of Mr. William Clarke, who as writer, thinker, and speaker had gained the esteem and affection of a large circle of friends in Great Britain, in America, and on the Continent, and the admiration and respect of very many to whom he was personally unknown. Through the whole of his career Mr. Clarke's pen and tongue were ever used, without faltering or swerving, on behalf of truth in thought and justice in action. This meeting desires to convey to his relatives its heartfelt sympathy, and to assure them that in the history of British journalism William Clarke's name will ever take an honoured place."

To the meeting Mr. John Morley, M.P., sent a letter of regret for non-attendance, in which he said: "I will gladly do what I can to commemorate a man whom I liked, respected, valued, and honoured, and to whose future work I had looked forward with entire hope."

To this we may add the striking tribute to his memory given some time later in a letter to one of his sisters by his long-time friend Mr. Stopford Brooke:

"He lived his life in unsullied honour and with the most steadfast conscientiousness. To do the right and honourable thing was the most natural way for him to act under all circumstances, and when such action was against his material interests he did it with an added fervour. I have never known any one who had a loftier view of truth and of justice, and who dedicated his life with so single an eye, so steady an effort, and with so great an intensity to making them prevail. In religion, in politics, in literature, in economics, in daily journalism, and in daily life his one desire was to find the true thing among many confusing half-truths and to maintain it. But no less than the truth did he desire and work for justice. It was difficult, he thought, to find the absolute truth in so entangled a world, but it was not difficult to know what was just in a society the main characteristic of which was injustice. He never asked for charity to the poor or the oppressed, but he did demand that justice should be done to them; and in every struggle between the workers and those who used their poverty as a means to increase their own wealth, between the oppressor and the oppressed in the various countries of Europe—for his sympathies went far beyond his own country—he, through all the years he was a journalist, maintained with remarkable ability and with a concentrated but quiet passion the cause of justice. Nothing in the world was dearer to him than civic justice.

"His intellect was clear, quick in grasp, ready in discussion, enamoured of other regions than those of economics, history, and philosophy, to which he chiefly dedicated its powers. It enabled him to speak with ease and conciseness, and I have listened with great pleasure to many speeches which illuminated the subject of the meeting and cleared away its unimportant elements. By continual study he had matured and enriched his intellect, strengthened its powers, and made their exercise quick and ready. His knowledge of the United States, their history, constitution, and politics was as practical and full as his knowledge of the history, constitution, and politics of the various States of Europe, especially of their economic conditions, and he proved this in his journalism and his lectures. Nor were his intellectual interests confined to these matters. He eagerly discussed and wrote about the philosophical theories of the day as one by one they emerged, and brought to bear upon them a mass of previous reading and knowledge of philosophy. I remember with much pleasure the various talks we had till late at night concerning literature, and the grave and quiet appreciations he made of the poets. He took so vital an interest in Walt Whitman, chiefly because his poetry bore so strongly on large social and democratic questions, that he wrote a little book on this American poet which is far the best-balanced treatment which exists of Whitman's work.

"His religion was the religion of Mazzini, and a better form of religion could not be possessed by one who, like William Clarke, felt that religion must be bound up with the general progress of humanity; with social duties, civic rights, and with a continuous struggle towards a complete regeneration of society. Mazzini satisfied his soul. That which most troubled me in him was his very despondent view of life and

of the world. He saw so much of selfish greed, of injustice and dishonesty in society that it was difficult for him to see the other side; and the darkness of his view sharpened the fierce hatred he had of those who were guilty of these sins, and the bitterness with which he denounced them. Much of this pessimism was caused by the continual attacks of influenza from which he suffered every year, and which he endured with a singular patience and manliness. Had he had better health he would have seen more of the brighter side of this world, which, like the earth itself, spins round from dark to light and from light to dark.

"Finally, of what he was as a friend and comrade many have known to their great delight, and to their progress in usefulness and goodness; nor have they ever ceased to remember him with a strong affection. For my part, I loved him well, and years of loss have not lessened my love."

William Clarke was essentially a religious man. In the light of advancing knowledge and of modern views that vexed word religion is often interpreted in two ways. Those who have given up the old rigid anthropomorphic ideas find compensation in the sense of definite conscious communion with what they believe to be the "power not ourselves which makes for righteousness," which more or less means to them a spiritual personality. Others who cannot go even so far as this, see in the underlying unity of Nature with man what Mr. Clarke calls, in the "Charm of Winter Scenery," the "vast spiritual life in which man and Nature are subtly enfolded," a spiritual life which in the ordinary sense is neither atheistic nor pantheistic, which is incapable of expression or definition, but which is to be found and appreciated by man in exact proportion as his inner life is attuned to the highest forces which he can see working for good in the universe at large.

Like most thinking people, he had passed through many phases of mental and spiritual evolution. Brought up in strict orthodoxy, he was in his early youth a believer in the biblical millennium. When I first knew him his orthodoxy was dropping away from him, and much of our earlier time together was spent in the oft-repeated task of mental reconstruction. Together we helped to found a Unitarian church at Cambridge, and although he never formally joined the Unitarian body, he used occasionally to preach for it at King's Lynn, Norwich, and other places. Together we read Theodore Parker, and found Unitarianism too narrow; and eventually, while I drifted more and more to Agnosticism, he rooted and grounded himself in Emerson, a position which I did not reach till some time after he had attained it. I think that to say that in his later years his religion was that of Wordsworth, Emerson, and Whitman is fairly and accurately to describe it. In "England's Debt to Wordsworth" he speaks of the sublime idealism which the poet inculcated, and which a "strong and naturally materialistic race most needed," and insists that Wordsworth "saw the unity of the world, the oneness of man with Nature, a unity not to be interpreted in terms of the lowest, but of the highest." In the "Spiritual Movement in the Nineteenth Century" he insists on philosophic unity as against dualism, and declares that the enforcement of the idea of spiritual monism was the principal achievement of that

century. In the "Uses of Agnosticism" he gives an impartial judgment in these words:

"Agnosticism cannot reach any principle of being, any permanent divine power, any heart from which all the streams of life take their source. While fully convinced that Agnosticism harms in the long run the spiritual nature, we prefer thinking of it now as intellectual adversity. Agnosticism if erected into a creed of nothingness is contemptible: it deliberately shuts the eyes on entire aspects of life and of the world; it is spiritual suicide. But Agnosticism may imply merely a disbelief in the existing statements, and in that sense it is rather a cry for more light than a deliberate determination to vegetate in utter darkness."

To "vegetate in utter darkness" was entirely foreign to William Clarke's nature. He was essentially positive in character; if the expression may be legitimately used, he was a positive idealist. This showed itself always in the political side of his life. In "England's Debt to Milton" he praises the "intellectual freedom of that worthy and noble inner life, in the absence of which the outer forms of liberty are worthless," and in his editorial introduction to the ill-fated *Progressive Review* (which was an outcome of the Rainbow Society, was the only unfortunate literary venture with which Mr. Clarke was connected, and which, it is due to him to say, was started in opposition to his better judgment) he says:

"Our appeal is to all stout upholders of freethought and of the cause of social justice, to all who believe that the pace and character of popular progress are not set or measured by the blind, unconscious efforts of the past, but that they may be indefinitely quickened and improved by imparting a higher conscious purpose to the operations of the social will. To the great unordered mass of right-feeling and sound-thinking men and women, at present bewildered by the jarring claims of ever-shifting sects, we appeal to unite in bringing the capacities of 'common sense' and sober judgment to bear upon political and social institutions, intellectual creeds and dogmas, without fear or favour, owning no other authorities than reason and a sense of the common good. Faith in ideas and in the growing capacity of the common people to absorb and to apply ideas in reasonably working out the progress of the commonwealth forms the moral foundation of democracy."

That was William Clarke's political religion, and it was based and founded upon his spiritual religion, for it is in direct line with his view of the soul of things. Faith in ideas as the moral foundation of democracy is directly akin to faith in the soul of man as the reflection of the Emersonian Over-Soul. In Mr. Clarke's essay on Emerson in "Prophets of the Century," a very fine piece of work, he interprets Emerson's thought and religion thus:

"His Soul is the Universal Soul, the Eternal Spirit that men have named God. That Soul stands in living relation to our personality, its life overflows into our own. Or rather, it is our life, and without it we have no real life at all. We are organs of that Soul, and we only live in so far as we are. It is a Power making for righteousness, but it knows if we obey its laws. It works over our heads, indeed, but it

also works in and through us, whether we resist or co-operate. Emerson enjoins sympathetic co-operation with a living, pure, rational purpose, and he may be said to find in that co-operation the whole duty of man —no, not duty so much as bent, tendency, inevitable purpose."

It is always dangerous to attempt to make the thought of an author the exact thought also of his reviewer, but in the main the thought of Emerson was the thought of William Clarke.

So was it with Walt Whitman. Incomparably the best appreciation of Whitman that we have is Mr. Clarke's monograph on the "Good Gray Poet," originally published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, and now as a remainder by Mr. Fifield. It is Mr. Clarke's only real "book," and it is a worthy monument of him. Written in eleven days, it takes every side of Whitman's life and work, and with subtle discrimination shows the deepest springs of the poet's nature. The last part of the book is concerned with Whitman's spiritual creed, and it is also an exposition of Mr. Clarke's own faith. With searching analysis it deals with the antitheses of annihilation and individual survival, of the continuance of the "good" which is to persist, "while the will in which alone the 'good' can be realised is destroyed." This Mr. Clarke declares is absolutely unintelligible, and he further declares, what he most positively thought, that "no agnostic doctrine of 'meliorism,' no positivist phrase-mongering about 'subjective immortality,' will deceive an eager and determined soul." William Clarke's own soul was ever eager and determined, and for him the universe was a vast fount and storehouse of living, conscious will, with which man can co-operate for the uplifting and betterment of humanity, while in so doing he will find and realise his own real mental and spiritual life.

To emphasise that life, in its highest aspects, was the main purpose of William Clarke's literary work. This volume is a partial record of the earnestness and enthusiasm he brought to that work and of the striking way in which he presented to his generation the message he had to give.

HERBERT BURROWS.

99 Sotheby Road,
Highbury Park,
London, N.

POLITICAL ESSAYS

POLITICAL ESSAYS

THE INDUSTRIAL BASIS OF SOCIALISM*

re visited a village or small town in England where rial operations were going on 150 years ago, what we have found? No tall chimney vomiting its clouds oke would have been visible; no huge building with its ed windows blazing with light would have loomed up the traveller as he entered the town at dusk; no din chinery would have been heard, no noise of steam ers; no huge blast furnaces would have met his eye, ould miles of odours wafted from chemical works have l his nostrils. If Lancashire had been the scene of it, he would have found a number of narrow red-brick with high steps in front, and outside wooden shutters s one may still see in the old parts of some Lancashire to-day. Inside each of these houses was a little family hop, containing neither master nor servant, in which mily jointly contributed to produce by the labour of their a piece of cotton cloth. The father provided his own of linen yarn, and his cotton wool for weft. He had ased the yarn in a prepared state, while the wool for eft was carded and spun by his wife and daughters, and oth was woven by himself and his sons. There was a division of labour in the tiny cottage factory; but all nplements necessary to produce the cotton cloth were by the producers. There was neither capitalist nor wage-er: the weaver controlled his own labour, effected his xchange, and received himself the equivalent of his own ct. Such was the germ of the great English cotton facture. Ferdinand Lassalle said: "Society consists

* A portion of a paper contributed to "Essays in Fabianism" (1888).

of ninety-six proletaires and four capitalists. That is your State." But in old Lancashire there was neither capitalist nor proletaire.

Or even much later had one visited—Stafford, let us say, one would not have found the large modern shoe factory, with its bewildering variety of machines, each one with a human machine by its side. For shoemaking then was a pure handicraft, requiring skill, judgment, and some measure of artistic sense. Each shoemaker worked in his own little house, bought his own material from the leather merchant, and fashioned every part of the shoe with his own hand, aided by a few simple and inexpensive tools. He believed there was "nothing like leather," and had not yet learned the art of putting on cheap soles, *not* made of leather, to cheap boots, which in a month's time will be almost worn out. Very likely the shoemaker had no vote; but he was never liable to be locked out by his employer, or to be obliged to go on strike against a reduction of wages, with his boy in prison for satisfying hunger at the expense of the neighbouring baker, or his girl on the streets to pay for her new dress. Such was the simple industrialism of our great-great-grandfathers. But their mode of life was destined to change.

. . . The great industry has supplanted the small one; such great industry involves the aggregation of capital; consequently competition on the part of the small producer is hopeless and impossible. Thus in the proletarian class the intensity of the struggle for existence is increased, keeping down wages and ever widening the margin of the unemployed class. The small producer must become a wage-earner, either as manager, foreman, or workman. As well attempt to meet Gatling guns with bows and arrows, or steel cruisers armed with dynamite bombs with the little cockle-shells in which Henry V.'s army crossed over to win the field of Agincourt, as to set up single shoemakers or cotton-weavers against the vast industrial armies of the world of machinery. The revolution is confined to no one industry, to no one land. Whilst most fully developed in England, it is extending to most industries and to all lands. Prince Kropotkin, it is true, reminds us, in an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1888, that a number of small industries can still be found in town

and country. That is so, no doubt; and it is not unlikely that for a long time to come many small trades may exist, and some may even flourish. But the countries in which small industries flourish most are precisely those in which there is least machine industry, and where consequently capitalism is least developed. In no country, says Kropotkin, are there so many small producers as in Russia. Exactly; and in no country is there so little machinery or such an inefficient railway system in proportion to population and resources. On the other hand, in no country is machinery so extensively used as in the United States; and it is precisely that country which contains the fewest small industries in proportion to population and resources. Many of the small industries, too, as Kropotkin admits, are carried on by persons who have been displaced by machines, and who have thus been thrown unemployed on the labour market; or who have drifted into large towns, especially into London, because in the country there was no work for them. At best the great majority of these people earn but a scanty and precarious living; and, judging from the number of hawkers and vendors who wander about suburban streets and roads without selling anything, one would imagine that great numbers can scarcely make any living at all.

Furthermore, when Kropotkin refers to the sweaters' victims, and to the people in country places who make on a small scale clothes or furniture which they dispose of to the dealers in large towns, and so forth, let it be remembered that so long as human labour is cheaper than machinery it will be utilised by capitalists in this way. The capitalist uses or does not use machinery according as it pays or does not pay; and if he can draw to an unlimited extent on the margin of unemployed labour, paying a bare subsistence wage, he will do so, as the evidence given before the House of Lords Committee on Sweating shows. While admitting, then, that a good many small industries exist, and that some will continue to exist for an indefinite time, I do not think that such facts make against the general proposition that the tendency is to large production by machinery, involving the grouping of men and the massing of capital, with all the economic and social consequences thereby involved.

Even agriculture, that one occupation in which old-fashioned individualism might be supposed safe, is being subjected to capitalism. The huge farms of Dakota and California, containing single fields of wheat miles long, are largely owned by joint stock corporations and cultivated exclusively by machinery. It was the displacement of human labour by machinery on these farms, as well as the crises in mining operations, which helped to bring about the phenomenon of an unemployed class in the richest region of the world, and led Mr. Henry George to write his "Progress and Poverty." These huge farms, combined with the wheat "corners" in New York and Chicago and the great railway corporations of America, have played havoc with many of the small farmers of the Mississippi Valley, as the statistics respecting mortgaged farms will show. And when it is remembered that the American farmer will be more and more obliged to meet the growing competition of the wheat of India, produced by the cheapest labour in the world, his prospect does not appear to be very bright.

. . . I now pass on to consider the social problem as it has actually been forced on the attention of the British Government through the new industrial conditions.

The unrestrained power of capitalism very speedily reduced a large part of England to a deplorable condition. The Mrs. Jellybys of the philanthropic world were busy ministering to the wants of Borioboola Gha by means of tracts and blankets, neither of which were of the slightest use to those for whom they were intended. But Borioboola Gha was an earthly paradise compared with civilised England. There was not a savage in the islands of the Pacific who was not better fed, happier, healthier, and more contented than the majority of the workers in the industrial parts of England. Children, it was discovered, were transferred in large numbers to the north, where they were housed in pent-up buildings adjoining the factories, and kept to long hours of labour. The work was carried on day and night without intermission, so that the beds were said never to become cold, inasmuch as one batch of children rested while another batch went to the looms, only half the requisite number of beds being provided for all. Epidemic fevers were rife in consequence. Medical inspectors

reported the rapid spread of malformation of the bones, curvature of the spine, heart diseases, rupture, stunted growth, asthma, and premature old age among children and young persons; the said children and young persons being worked by manufacturers without any kind of restraint. Manufacturing profits in Lancashire were being at the same time reckoned at hundreds and even thousands per cent. The most terrible condition of things existed in the mines, where children of both sexes worked together, half naked, often for sixteen hours a day. In the fetid passages children of seven, six, and even four years of age were found at work. Women were employed underground, many of them even while pregnant, at the most exhausting labour. After a child was born, its mother was at work again in less than a week, in an atmosphere charged with sulphuric acid. In some places women stood all day knee-deep in water and subject to an intense heat. One woman when examined avowed that she was wet through all day long, and had drawn coal carts till her skin came off. Women and young children of six years old drew coal along the passages of the mines, crawling on all fours with a girdle passing round their waists, harnessed by a chain between their legs to the cart. A sub-commissioner in Scotland reported that he "found a little girl, six years of age, carrying half a cwt., and making regularly fourteen long journeys a day. The height ascended and the distance along the road exceeded in each journey the height of St. Paul's Cathedral." "I have repeatedly worked," said one girl seventeen years of age, "for twenty-four hours." The ferocity of the men was worse than that of wild beasts, and children were often maimed and sometimes killed with impunity. Drunkenness was naturally general. Short lives and brutal ones were the rule. The men, it was said, "die off like rotten sheep, and each generation is commonly extinct soon after fifty." Such was a large part of industrial England under the unrestrained rule of the capitalist. There can be no doubt that far greater misery prevailed than in the Southern States during the era of slavery. The slave was property—often valuable property—and it did not pay his owner to ill-treat him to such a degree as to render him useless as a wealth-producer. But if the "free" Englishman were injured or killed, thousands could be had to fill his place for nothing.

Had this state of things continued we should have returned to a state of nature with a vengeance. Of man thus depicted we may say with Tennyson:

> "Dragons of the prime,
> That tare each other in their slime,
> Were mellow music match'd with him."

It was evident that capitalist monopoly must be restrained, reluctant as English statesmen brought up under the commercial system were to interfere. The zenith of *laisser faire* was at the close of the last century, but a great fabric often looks most imposing shortly before it begins to collapse. The first piece of labour legislature was the Morals and Health Act of 1802, which interfered with the accommodation provided to children by the employers, to which reference has been made. The Cotton Mills Act was passed in 1819, partly owing to the exertions of Robert Owen. It limited the age at which children might work in factories, and it limited the time of their labour to seventy-two hours per week. Seventy-two hours for a child of nine who ought to have been playing in the green fields! And even that was a vast improvement on the previous state of things. Saturday labour was next shortened by an Act passed by the Radical politician, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, in 1825. Workmen, Radicals, Tories, and philanthropists then joined in an agitation under Mr. Richard Oastler, a Conservative member of Parliament, to secure a Ten Hours Bill. Hobhouse tried by a Bill introduced in 1831 to reduce the time in textile industries, but he was beaten by the northern manufacturers. However, Althorp the Whig leader, who had helped to defeat Hobhouse, was obliged himself to introduce a measure by which night work was prohibited to young persons, and the hours of work were reduced to sixty-nine a week. Cotton-mill owners were at the same time disqualified for acting as justices in cases of infringement of the law. This measure is regarded by Dr. E. Von Plener in his useful manual as the first real Factory Act. Mr. Thomas Sadler, who had succeeded Oastler as leader in the cause of the factory operatives, brought in a Bill in 1832 limiting the hours of labour for persons under eighteen; but

it was met by a storm of opposition from manufacturing members, and withdrawn.

To Sadler succeeded that excellent man, who has perhaps done more for the working classes than any other public man of our time, Lord Ashley, better known as Lord Shaftesbury. And here let me pause to point out that it was the Radicals and a large section of the Tories who took the side of the operatives against the Whigs, official Conservatives, and manufacturing class. The latter class is sometimes regarded as Liberal. I think the truth is that it captured and held for some time the Liberal fort, and made Liberalism identical with its policy and interests. If the men of this class had the cynical candour of Mr. Jay Gould, they might have imitated his reply when examined by a legislative committee: "What are your politics, Mr. Gould?" "Well, in a Republican district I am Republican, in a Democratic district I am a Democrat; but I am always an Erie Railroad man." One of Lord Ashley's strong opponents was Sir Robert Peel, the son of a Lancashire capitalist, but the most bitter and persistent was Mr. John Bright. Lord Ashley introduced a Ten Hours Bill which included adults. Lord Althorp refused to legislate for adults, but himself passed an Act in 1833 prohibiting night work to those under eighteen; fixing forty-eight hours per week as the maximum for children, and sixty-nine for young persons; also providing for daily attendance at school and certain holidays in the year. As this Act repealed that of 1831, manufacturers were again eligible to sit as justices in factory cases; and although numerous infractions were reported by inspectors, the offenders in many cases got off scot free. In 1840 Lord Ashley brought to the notice of Parliament the condition of young people employed in mines, and through his activity was passed the first Mining Act, prohibiting underground work by women and by boys under ten. Peel then passed a consolidating Factory Act in 1844. Lord Ashley proposed to restrict to ten per day the working hours for young persons, but Peel defeated the proposal by threatening to resign if it were carried. By the Act of 1844 the labour of children was limited to six and a half hours per day, and they had to attend school three hours daily during the first five days of the week. The next year, 1845, Lord Ashley secured the passage of a Bill

forbidding night work to women. In 1847 Mr. Fielden introduced a Bill limiting the time of labour for all women and young persons to eleven hours per day, and after May 1848 to ten hours. Peel and the factory owners opposed, but the Bill was carried. The Act of 1850 further reduced the legal working day for women and young persons; and an Act of 1853 prohibited the employment of children before 6 A.M. or after 6 P.M. In 1860 bleaching and dyeing works were subjected to the factory laws. Further legislation on this branch of industry took place in 1870. A Mines Act was passed in 1860, and made more stringent in 1862 with reference to safety and ventilation. Acts with reference to the lace industry were passed in the years 1861–64, to bakehouses in 1863, chimney-sweeping and pottery works in 1864. The Workshops Regulation Act, relating to small trades and handicrafts, was passed in 1867, and a consolidating Factory and Workshops Act in 1871. The Act now in force is the Factory and Workshops Act, 1878, modified in respect of certain industries by the Act of 1883. Further Acts relative to the regulation of mines were passed in 1872 and 1887.

This brief and imperfect survey of the legislation which has destroyed the *régime* of *laisser faire* is sufficient for my purpose to prove: (1) That with private property in the necessary instruments of production, individual liberty as understood by the eighteenth century reformers must be more and more restricted, *i.e.*, that in our existing economic condition individualism is impossible and absurd. (2) That even hostile or indifferent politicians have been compelled to recognise this. (3) That unrestrained capitalism tends as surely to cruelty and oppression as did feudalism or chattel slavery. (4) That the remedy has been, as a matter of fact, of a Socialistic character, involving collective checking of individual greed and the paring of slices off the profits of capital in the interests of the working community. These four propositions can scarcely be contested.

The immense development of English industry under the conditions previously set forth was due in great degree to the fact that England had secured an immense foreign market in which she had for a long time no formidable rival. Most of the wars in which England was engaged during the

eighteenth century are quite unintelligible until it is understood that they were commercial wars intended to secure commercial supremacy for England. The overthrow of the Stuart monarchy was directly associated with the rise to supreme power of the rich middle class, especially the London merchants. The revolution of 1688 marks the definite advent to political power of this class, which found the Whig party the great instrument for effecting its designs. The contrast between the old Tory squire, who stood for Church and King, and the new commercial magnate, who stood by the Whigs and the House of Hanover, is well drawn by Sir Walter Scott in "Rob Roy." The Banks of England and Scotland and the National Debt are among the blessings conferred on their descendants by the new mercantile rulers. They also began the era of corruption in politics which is always connected closely with predominance of capitalists in the State, as we see in France, the United States, and the British Colonies. "The desire of the moneyed classes," says Mr. Lecky, "to acquire political power at the expense of the country gentlemen was the first and one of the chief causes of that political corruption which soon overspread the whole system of parliamentary government." What remained of the old aristocracy often found it convenient to form alliances with the new plutocracy; and it was this combination which governed England during the eighteenth century, and which specially determined her foreign policy. That policy was directed towards the securing of foreign markets and the extension of English trade. Napoleon's sneer at the "nation of shopkeepers" was not undeserved. The conquest of Canada, the conquest of India under Clive and Warren Hastings—the latter an agent of a great capitalist body, who illustrated well in his Indian career the methods of his class—the Colonial policy, the base destruction of Irish manufactures in the interest of English capitalists, were all part of the same scheme. The policy was successfully consummated in the war waged by Pitt against the French Revolution. That Revolution was itself brought about mainly by poverty. Not only was the French peasantry beggared, but some of the new machinery which had been brought from England had thrown many persons out of work. It was mainly unemployed workmen who stormed and

captured the Bastille. The chief counterblast to the Revolution was prepared by Pitt. What were his motives? The Austrian and Prussian monarchs, the emigrant nobles, the imbecile English King, and the Tory English bishops may perhaps have seriously believed that England was fighting for altar and throne. But Pitt was under no such delusion. While he derived from his illustrious father a real pride in England, his divinities were rather the ledger and the cash-box. He was no bigot: even while an undergraduate at Cambridge he was a close student of Adam Smith; he started in public life as a reformer, and his refusal to bow to the ignorant prejudices of George III. cost him office in 1801. It has been abundantly proved that at first he felt no violent antipathy to the Revolution. A long period elapsed before he was brought to join the monarchical alliance. But he was essentially the great capitalist statesman, the political successor of Walpole, the political predecessor of Peel. He saw that French conquest might threaten seriously the English social fabric, and that if England's chief rival were struck down, the English commercial class might gain control of the world's commerce. To secure that end he skilfully welded together all the moneyed interests, the contractors, landlords, financiers, and shopkeepers; and he tried to persuade the simpler portion of the country that he was fighting for the sacred cause of religion and morality. Those who resisted him he flung into prison or transported beyond the seas. When the long war was brought to an end, the working classes were in a wretched condition, although in those days also there were sophistical politicians who tried to prove that never had the people so much reason to be contented. When, in 1823, the Lancashire weavers petitioned Parliament to look into their grievances, an honourable member, who had presumably dined well if not wisely, had the audacity to declare that the weavers were better off than the capitalists—an observation not dissimilar to those we have heard in more recent times. As a matter of fact, the landlords, through Protection and high rents, the capitalists, through enormous profits, were enriched "beyond the dreams of avarice." But the time had come for a conflict between these two classes: the conflict which is known as the Free Trade controversy. Protection was no longer needed by the

manufacturers, who had supremacy in the world-market, unlimited access to raw material, and a long start of the rest of the world in the development of machinery and in industrial organisation. The landlord class, on the other hand, was absolutely dependent on Protection, because the economic isolation of England by means of import duties maintained the high prices of food which were the source of the high agricultural rents. Capitalist interests, on the contrary, were bound up with the interaction between England and the rest of the world; and the time had come when the barriers which had prevented that interaction must be pulled down. The triumph of Free Trade therefore signifies economically the decay of the old landlord class pure and simple, and the victory of capitalism. The capitalist class was originally no fonder of Free Trade than the landlords. It destroyed in its own interest the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and it would have throttled the trade of the Colonies had it not been for the successful resistance of Massachusetts and Virginia. It was Protectionist so long as it suited its purpose to be so. But when cheap raw material was needed for its looms, and cheap bread for its workers; when it feared no foreign competitor, and had established itself securely in India, in North America, in the Pacific—then it demanded Free Trade. "Nothing in the history of political imposture," says Mr. Lecky, "is more curious than the success with which, during the Anti-Corn Law agitation, the notion was disseminated that on questions of Protection and Free Trade the manufacturing classes have been peculiarly liberal and enlightened, and the landed classes peculiarly selfish and ignorant. It is indeed true that when in the present century the pressure of population on subsistence had made a change in the Corn Laws inevitable, the manufacturing classes placed themselves at the head of a Free Trade movement from which they must necessarily have derived the chief benefit, while the entire risk and sacrifice were thrown upon others. But it is no less true that there is scarcely a manufacture in England which has not been defended in the spirit of the narrowest and most jealous monopoly; and the growing ascendancy of the commercial classes after the Revolution is nowhere more apparent than in the multiplied restrictions of the English Commercial Code."

Cheap raw material having been secured by the English manufacturer through a series of enactments extending over a generation, and machinery having been so developed as to enormously increase production, England sent her textile and metal products all over the world; and her manufacturers supported exactly that policy which enabled them to secure markets for their goods or raw produce to work up in their mills.

. . . The appropriation of the planet has been powerfully aided by the developments of transport and communication in our time; indeed, it would have been impossible without them. The mere application of machinery to production could not have produced the economic results of to-day but for the shrinkage of the globe caused by railways and telegraphs. For it is through these inventions that the capitalist class has become cosmopolitan, has broken up old habits, destroyed local associations, spared nothing either beautiful or venerable where profit was concerned. It has assimilated the conditions of life in various lands, and has brought about a general uniformity which accounts for much of the *ennui* felt in modern life.

As England was the first country to develop machine industry, so was she the first to develop railways and to form a powerful steam mercantile marine. Through the latter agency she has now in her hands about sixty-four per cent. of the carrying trade of the world. Within sixty years about 350,000 miles of railway have been built throughout the globe. Atlantic and Pacific are united by several lines of steel, while the locomotive has penetrated remote regions of Africa inhabited by barbarous tribes, and wastes of Central Asia where it confronts the relics of dead and buried civilisations. This immense power, the greatest in the modern world, is mainly in the hands of monopolist corporations, among whom there is the same necessary tendency to aggregation, only far more marked, as is found in productive industries. The first small lines built to connect towns not far off have been added to others bit by bit, as from the original Stockton and Darlington Railway, less than twenty miles long, we get the great and wealthy North Eastern Railway of to-day. In America a single corporation controls as much as 7,000 miles of rail; and the end of the century will perhaps see the great Siberian Pacific in actual existence. As in railways so in steam vessels. Huge fleets like the Cunard,

the Orient, the Messageries Maritimes, are owned by cosmopolitan capital, and sustain the traffic and commerce, not of a country, not even of a continent, but of the whole world. Such is the immense revolution in the methods of distribution effected in our time by the operation of capitalism.

We must now consider what the term "capitalist" is coming to signify. Had the term been used half a century ago it would have connoted a class, unscrupulous perhaps in the main, with low aims, little culture, and less fine sympathy or imagination. It was nevertheless a socially useful class, which at that time performed real services. It is a leading thought in modern philosophy that in its process of development each institution tends to cancel itself. Its special function is born out of social necessities: its progress is determined by attractions or repulsions which arise in society, producing a certain effect which tends to negate the original function. Thus early society among the Aryan peoples of Europe develops a leader in war or council, who grows, by processes which in England, *e.g.*, can be clearly traced, into a king with genuine functions, a leader of the people in war like William I., or a powerful civil ruler and statesman like Henry I. The fact that such men were brutal or wicked is of little account; the important fact about them is, that in a barbarous chaotic society they performed some indispensable services. But the very putting forth of the kingly power arouses antagonism, then produces armed resistance by a combined group, and finally leads to overthrow either by the destruction of the king or by depriving him of all real power and reducing him to a mere ornamental puppet. The very power originally believed to be beneficent becomes tyrannical: it needs to be checked more and more, until finally it practically ceases to exist, and the curious paradox is seen of a monarch who does not rule. History proves abundantly that men do not rise and overthrow wicked and corrupt rulers merely because they are wicked and corrupt. It is part of the terrible irony of history that a Louis XV. dies in his bed, while a William the Silent or a Lincoln falls a victim to the assassin. What men do not long tolerate is either obstructiveness or uselessness.

Now, if we apply these ideas to the evolution of the capitalist, what is it we see? The capitalist was originally an *entrepreneur*,

a manager who worked hard at his business, and who received what economists have called the "wages of superintendence." So long as the capitalist occupied that position, he might be restrained and controlled in various ways, but he could not be got rid of. His "wages of superintendence" were certainly often exorbitant, but he performed real functions, and society, as yet unprepared to take those functions upon itself, could not afford to discharge him. Yet, like the king, he had to be restrained by the legislation already referred to, for his power involved much suffering to his fellows. But now the capitalist is fast becoming absolutely useless. Finding it easier and more rational to combine with others of his class in a large undertaking, he has now abdicated his position of overseer, has put in a salaried manager to perform his work for him, and has become a mere rent or interest receiver. The rent or interest he receives is paid for the use of a monopoly which not he but a whole multitude of people created by their joint efforts.

It was inevitable that this differentiation of manager and capitalist should arise. It is part of the process of capitalist evolution due to machine industry. As competition led to waste in production, so it led to the cutting of profits among capitalists. To prevent this the massing of capital was necessary, by which the large capitalist could undersell his small rivals by offering, at prices below anything they could afford to sell at, goods produced by machinery and distributed by a plexus of agencies initially too costly for any individual competitor to purchase or set on foot. Now, for such massive capitals the contributions of several capitalists are needed, and hence has arisen the joint stock company or *compagnie anonyme*. Through this new capitalist agency a person in England can hold stock in an enterprise at the Antipodes which he has never visited and never intends to visit, and which, therefore, he cannot "superintend" in any way. He and the other shareholders put in a manager with injunctions to be economical. The manager's business is to earn for his employers the largest dividends possible; if he does not do so he is dismissed. The old personal relation between the workers and the employer is gone; instead thereof remains merely the cash nexus. To secure high dividends the manager will lower wages. If that

is resisted there will probably be either a strike or lock-out. Cheap labour will be perhaps imported by the manager; and if the workpeople resist by intimidation or organised boycotting, the forces of the State (which they help to maintain) will be used against them. In the majority of cases they must submit. Such is a not unfair picture of the relation of capitalist to workman to-day, the former having become an idle dividend-receiver. The dictum of orthodox political economy, uttered by so competent an authority as the late Professor Cairnes, runs:—

"It is important, on moral no less than on economic grounds, to insist upon this, that no public benefit of any kind arises from the existence of an idle rich class. The wealth accumulated by their ancestors and others on their behalf, where it is employed as capital, no doubt helps to sustain industry; but what they consume in luxury and idleness is not capital, and helps to sustain nothing but their own unprofitable lives. By all means they must have their rents and interest, as it is written in the bond; but let them take their proper places as drones in the hive, gorging at a feast to which they have contributed nothing."

. . . I now come to treat of the latest forms of capitalism, the "ring" and the "trust," whereby capitalism cancels its own principles, and, as a seller, replaces competition by combination. When capitalism buys labour as a commodity it effects the purchase on the competitive principle. Its indefinitely extended market enables it to do so, for it knows that the workman must sell his labour to secure the means to live. Other things being equal, therefore, it buys its labour in the cheapest market. But when it turns round to face the public as a seller, it casts the maxims of competition to the winds, and presents itself as a solid combination. Competition, necessary at the outset, is found ultimately, if unchecked, to be wasteful and ruinous. It entails great expense in advertising; it necessitates the employment of much unproductive labour; it tends to the indefinite lowering of prices; it produces gluts and crises, and renders business operations hazardous and precarious. To escape these consequences the competing persons or firms

agree to form a close combination to keep up prices, to augment profits, to eliminate useless labour, to diminish risk, and to control the output. This is a "ring," which is thus a federation of companies. The best examples of "rings" and "pools" are to be found in America, where capitalism is more unrestrained and bolder in its operations than in Europe, and also where nearly all the active intellect is attracted to those commercial pursuits that dominate American life.

The individualist devotees of *laisser faire* used to teach us that when restrictions were removed, free competition would settle everything. Prices would go down, and fill the "consumer" with joy unspeakable; the fittest would survive; and as for the rest—it was not very clear what would become of them, and it really didn't matter. No doubt the "consumer" has greatly benefited by the increase in production and the fall in prices; but where is "free competition" now? Almost the only persons still competing freely are the small shopkeepers, trembling on the verge of insolvency, and the working men, competing with one another for permission to live by work. Combination is absorbing commerce.

. . . The individualist who supposes that Free Trade plus private property will solve all economic problems is naturally surprised at these "rings," which upset all his crude economic notions; and he very illogically asks for legislation to prevent the natural and inevitable result of the premises with which he starts. It is amusing to note that those who advocate what they call self-reliance and self-help are the first to call on the State to interfere with the natural results of that self-help, of that private enterprise, when it has overstepped a purely arbitrary limit. Why, on ordinary commercial principles, should not a copper syndicate grasp all the copper in the world? It is merely the fittest surviving. The whole case against Socialism is assumed by its most intelligent opponents to lie in that Darwinian theory. And yet when the copper syndicate or the "coal barons" survive, they arouse against themselves the fiercest and, from the commercial point of view, the most unreasonable antagonism. As sin when it is finished is said to bring forth death, so capitalism when it is finished brings forth monopoly. And one might as well

quarrel with that plain fact as blame thorns because they do not produce grapes, or thistles because they are barren of figs.

The story of the growth of capitalism is not yet complete. The "ring" is being succeeded by a more elaborate organisation known as the "trust." Although in England great combinations like the Salt Union are rapidly rising, yet we must again travel to America to learn what the so-called "trust" is. The fullest information on the subject of trusts is contained in a report of a Committee of the New York State Legislature, which was appointed to investigate the new combination. The following trusts were inquired into: sugar, milk, rubber, cotton-seed oil, envelope, elevator, oil-cloth, Standard oil, butchers', glass, and furniture. A trust is defined by the Committee as a combination "to destroy competition and to restrain trade through the stockholders therein combining with other corporations or stockholders to form a joint-stock company of corporations, in effect renouncing the powers of such several corporations, and placing all powers in the hands of trustees." The general purposes and effects are stated to be "to control the supply of commodities and necessities; to destroy competition; to regulate the quality; and to keep the cost to the consumer at prices far beyond their fair and equitable value."

. . . Now, what does this examination of trusts show? That, granted private property in the raw material out of which wealth is created on a huge scale by the new inventions which science has placed in our hands, the ultimate effect must be the destruction of that very freedom which the modern democratic State posits as its first principle. Liberty to trade, liberty to exchange products, liberty to buy where one pleases, liberty to transport one's goods at the same rate and on the same terms enjoyed by others, subjection to no *imperium in imperio*; these surely are all fundamental democratic principles. Yet by monopolies every one of them is either limited or denied. Thus capitalism is apparently inconsistent with democracy as hitherto understood. The development of capitalism and that of democracy cannot proceed without check on parallel lines. Rather are they comparable to two trains approaching each other from different

directions on the same line. Collision between the opposing forces seems inevitable.

But both democracy and the new capitalist combinations which threaten it are inevitable growths of an evolutionary process. We are therefore brought to consider the question whether the ring, syndicate, or trust either can or ought to be destroyed. These combinations can be shown to be the most economical and efficient methods of organising production and exchange. They check waste, encourage machinery, dismiss useless labour, facilitate transport, steady prices, and raise profits—*i.e.*, they best effect the objects of trade from the capitalist's point of view. Now, the opponents of Socialism say that without this enterprising capitalist we cannot live. He "provides employment," they say. Well, if we need him, we must obviously pay his price. If he has a natural monopoly of a function indispensable to social progress, society must concede the terms he imposes. These terms are briefly large combinations of capitalist ownership. In this way he can best organise business: if we do not choose to let him do it in this way, he will not do it for us at all. From his point of view that is a fair position to take up, and it places the individualist opponent of trusts in an awkward dilemma. For he must either submit to trusts or give up capitalists, in which latter case he becomes a Socialist. The answer of Socialism to the capitalist is that society can do without him, just as society now does without the slave-owner or feudal lord, both of whom were formerly regarded as necessary to the well-being and even the very existence of society. In organising its own business for itself, society can employ, at whatever rate of remuneration may be needed to call forth their powers, those capitalists who are skilled organisers and administrators. But those who are mere dividend receivers will no longer be permitted to levy a contribution on labour, but must earn their living by useful industry as other and better people have to do.

It may be said that society is not yet ripe for this transformation, nor is it. The forms of the democratic State are not yet perfected, nor has the economic evolution yet proceeded generally far enough, even in England, not to speak of the less advanced European countries. Much yet remains to be done

through both the education of the intellect and the development of a nobler public spirit. But on the other hand we seem to be rapidly approaching such an *impasse* that some very large and definite extension of collective authority must be made. This would seem to involve on one side general reduction of the hours of labour, and on the other an attempt to absorb by the community a portion of those social values which it creates. In reference to ground values, it may be anticipated that local democratic authorities will secure them for the benefit of the people by any means which may be found expedient.

As regards the great combinations of capital, State action may take one of three courses. It may prohibit and dissolve them, it may tax and control them, or it may absorb and administer them. In either case the Socialist theory is *ipso facto* admitted, for each is a confession that it is well to exercise a collective control over industrial capital. If the first of these courses is taken a distinctly retrogressive policy is definitely adopted, a policy of alarm at what Mr. Cleveland called the "communism of capital," a policy of reversion to the chaos of "free competition," and of cession of the undoubted benefits which combination has secured. Such a policy would signify the forcible prevention of acquisition of property, the very thing dearest to the individualist. If the powers of acquisition, now evidently dependent on combination, are to be restricted, what becomes of the "incentive to industry," the "reward of abstinence," and all the rest of the worn-out phrases which have so often done duty in the place of argument? If the syndicate or the trust represents the legitimate outcome of capitalism—if it is necessary to give order to trade and to prevent the ruinous waste of unrestricted competition, how absurd it is for the State to say to the capitalist: "You shall carry your privileges of acquisition just up to the point where competition is likely to ruin you, but there you shall stop. Immediately you and your friends combine to prevent waste, to regulate production and distribution, to apply new methods of manufacture, we shall absolutely prevent you or restrain you by vexatious regulations." To which the capitalist may be supposed to reply: "I cannot fulfil my function in society at this serious risk. I shall never know security—never be even moderately sure of reaping that reward to which I am admit-

tedly entitled. If you intend to fetter my action in this way, after having proclaimed me free to own the raw material out of which wealth is made—if you compel me to stop at a purely arbitrary line, I must inform you that I am not going to undertake business on such terms." Would not the capitalist say something like this, and from his point of view would he not be right?

If it were instantly possible to do so, we should take the capitalist at his word; appropriate the necessary instruments of production, and make them common property, the values they create accruing to the community. But the human race generally contrives to exhaust every device which stupidity can suggest before the right line of action is ultimately taken. I think therefore that some probably inefficient method of taxation and public control over combinations will, as a matter of fact, be adopted. Such legislation will immensely restrict individual liberty in certain directions, will produce much friction, and may possibly hamper production; until by a long series of experiments men shall discover what is the most reasonable way of acquiring for the community as a whole the wealth which it produces. But in any case individualism, or anything whatever in the nature of *laisser faire*, goes by the board.

And now, finally, what is the immediate policy for rational students of economics and genuine social reformers to adopt? Their motto must be, *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*. To all quack proposals they must offer a steady resistance. These proposals will take the form of attempts to bring back some economic condition out of which society has emerged. One quack will desire to revive the old British yeomanry; another will talk nonsense about "Fair Trade"; a third will offer to the rustic "three acres and a cow"; while a fourth will see salvation in getting rid of primogeniture and entail and "planting" prosperous labourers on the soil—as though the labourers grew there like trees. Those who understand the economic crisis may be ready and eager to support any reform, however small, which is a genuine step forward, but they cannot support any effort to call back the past. They may help to build a new bridge across the gulf that separates us from the co-operative commonwealth, but they can never repair the old broken-down structure

which leads back to individualism. Instead, therefore, of attempting to undo the work which capitalists are unconsciously doing for the people, the real reformer will rather prepare the people, educated and organised as a true industrial democracy, to take up the threads when they fall from the weak hands of a useless possessing class. By this means will the class struggle, with its greed, hate, and waste, be ended, and the life hinted at by Whitman in his "Song of the Exposition" be attained:

> "Practical, peaceful life, the people's life, the People themselves,
> Lifted, illumined, bathed in peace—elate, secure, in peace."

THE LIMITS OF COLLECTIVISM*

[CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, *February* 1893]

UNLESS the democratic movement is a merely temporary phenomenon, it is manifest that the people, as they advance in knowledge and power, will demand democracy in industry as they are demanding it in politics. The notion of hundreds of men being dependent on a master for the means of living is utterly alien to the democratic idea, and will most assuredly in some way or other be got rid of. If men are considered fit to determine who shall administer the affairs of the State, it is inconceivable that they will permanently put up with autocratic rule in the mill or the workshop. This principle, as a principle, is not seriously contested by any person who has thought about the subject, whatever may be his solution of the problem. Whether he favours the complete State assumption of industrial processes, or the co-operative principle, or industrial partnerships, or the small independent owner—in each case alike he admits the democratic theory. It is obvious that, in the realm of the great industry with which alone collectivism is concerned (because from it alone can collectivism be born), either the capitalist must rule, the workman must rule, some working arrangement between the two must be effected, or a third power must control and supervise. As a matter of fact, modern society is coming to see that this latter method is the one way out of the *impasse* into which modern scientific contrivances have brought us.

So long as industry was carried on by the aid of simple tools which almost any man could easily command, so long as distribution and communication were effected by the simple

* Being in substance a paper read at the Social Reform Circle of the National Liberal Club.

methods of the ages before the steam engine and electric telegraph, so long as vast tracts of surplus land were procurable with comparative ease—in that state of things it may be admitted that individual ownership might easily furnish a solution of the social problem. But, given modern industrial conditions, the outcome of scientific invention, and this is no longer the case. The small cultivator could take his produce to the market in the neighbouring town in a cart, which he could buy out of his savings. But the modern method of taking produce to market involves the use of a contrivance called a railway train, with a locomotive engine costing from £3000 to £5000, which can only travel by prescribed methods. And no small cultivator could command this, even by the savings of several lifetimes. The handloom weaver could, with the aid of his family, produce a tiny stock of cloth which he sold to the dealer, receiving in return what it is usual to call "the full fruits of his labour." But all the handloom weavers of old Lancashire put together could not have paid for the building and machinery of a single modern mill.

Now, unless we are prepared, like the people in Mr. Butler's amusing romance of "Erewhon," to destroy all our machinery and deliberately to revert to the economic conditions of the middle of the eighteenth century, the individualist protest against collective control is without avail. No one assuredly cares for regulation merely for its own sake; but if we accept modern inventions, we must accept their inevitable results, on the good old principle that we cannot eat our cake and have it. Those results, in a word, substitute collectivism for individualism in the instruments of production and distribution. This fact, brushing aside all the difficult questions of value, of economic rent, &c., is the foundation of modern Socialism, and no criticism as yet has been able seriously to shake it. For the results of invention mean, and must mean, the aggregation of capital, the increasing complexity of industry, the substitution of co-operative effort towards a joint product for the simple working on one's own account. And this necessarily involves interaction of human beings, and consequently regulation, and the fading away of independence before interdependence. Not all the Liberty and Property Defence Leagues in the

world can prevent this new industrial growth from ripening into a different social order—always assuming that society is not rent in pieces by some cataclysm.

If regulation must be, shall the private capitalist regulate? That of course would mean absolute plutocratic despotism. If one wants to know its fruits, he has only to study the English Blue-books, which give an exhaustive account of the industrial conditions of England before the era of mining and factory legislation.

Per me si va nella citta dolente might have been inscribed over the portals of every factory or at the yawning mouth of every mine in England at that tragic time, as the great Florentine inscribed those fateful words over the gates of hell. But need we concern ourselves with the question as to whether the capitalist shall have unlimited control. For the modern world has decided that he shall not. Whether he is a mill-owner, a railway director, a mine-owner, a ship-owner, the law has irrevocably decided that he shall not carry on his business exactly as he likes, but that he shall carry it on only under certain conditions. The thing is settled, and all the gnashing of teeth on the part of individualists will not alter it. And it is settled, not for any arbitrary cause, but simply because experience has proved that a capitalist is no more fit for arbitrary power than a king.

But is the workman any more fit? Are we to hand over the Oldham cotton mills to the Oldham operatives? or the London docks to the dockers? or the coal mines to the National Federation of Miners? or the farms to the agricultural labourers? This was the old unscientific communist answer to the question which was always haunting the minds of the Red Republicans of 1848. Such a strike as that at the Carnegie mills at Homestead reveals the fact that this is still the dream of many working men. By one of the ironical paradoxes with which history abounds, it is evidently the view of modern individualism, which is here at one with the quack communism of half a century ago. Mr. John Morley, *e.g.*, informs the working men of Newcastle that he heartily favours the shortening of the hours of labour, but is absolutely opposed to State regulation of the question. Now what does this mean? Mr. Morley cannot suppose that all the workmen

in the country, one by one, will be able individually to induce employers to restrict hours of toil. Assuming Mr. Morley to have thought the question out, he must mean that he is in favour of the workers in any particular industry, through their trade unions, imposing, by means of a strike or any other agency, their terms upon the capitalists engaged in that industry. Let that action be repeated again and again, all over the land and in every branch of trade, and the result would be the complete control of each several industry by the workers employed in that industry, which is just the communist solution. It is curious to see how the individualist, spurning collective control, throws himself into the arms of an effete group of economic cranks.

The collectivist contends that the London docks do not exist for the dockers, but for the people of London; that the working of the coal mines in Great Britain affects every human being who requires artificial heat; that the operations of the Oldham cotton mills are as truly the concern of the poor woman who buys a yard of calico in a country shop as of the people who spin cotton inside the mills. These and all other forms of industrial production do not exist for particular groups of workers any more than for particular groups of capitalists. They exist for us all, and they are only properly controlled and utilised when the general well-being is the object which is aimed at.

Precisely the same objection applies to any working arrangement of capitalists and workmen, though with less force. It can easily be conceived that some such arrangement might be effected in some industry that enjoyed a monopoly, by which both capitalist and workman would profit hugely, but by which the consumers suffered. The consumers would either have to pay an enhanced price, or determine to do without the product in question; and in either case they would suffer. But apart from this, the growing intensity of the industrial struggle is forcing the reluctant admission from most observers that no *modus vivendi* between capitalist and workman is likely to be voluntarily effected. Smooth after-dinner orators speak of the interests of both classes being identical, and the next day reduce wages, and order a lock-out when reduction is resisted.

We turn then to the last alternative—public control, expressed through the local or national instruments of the State. Modern political thought discovers no other basis for the social bond than utility. Not, indeed, the crude balancing of pleasures against pains, which is a mere shallow delusion, unless we are to give to these words a quite new connotation. But there is a larger utility—the utility of a social order which exists for the purpose of giving every one of us a better opportunity for expansion, for becoming wiser and more many-sided than we possibly could, left each to himself. Whatever conduces to that end is good and politic; whatever makes against it is bad, and in the end impossible. Modern society, therefore, moved by this idea, has substituted the community, in place of either workman or capitalist, as the rightful controller. To a great degree this has not been done altogether consciously, for we may be moved by ideas of which we can neither give a complete explanation, nor, indeed, recognise with any deliberate consciousness. Especially has this been the case in England, where the average man thinks an ounce of practice better than a ton of theory. We began our factory legislation in a tentative, almost haphazard way, never thinking to build up the complex code we now possess. But this very fact affords the stronger testimony to the inevitableness of State regulation. It shows that we have not been working on any mere *à priori* theory, but that we have invoked and secured State aid because State aid was necessary. The community represents, as Matthew Arnold was never tired of preaching to anarchical philistinism, the "larger self" of every individual, and it is the community alone which can secure the common interests of everybody.

The fact of this increasing State action, so terrible to individualists, can no more be denied than they can deny the existence of an atmosphere, for it is too patent. We used to be told that this State action was peculiar to old European despotisms, but impossible in new countries. The facts are dead against any such notion. It is precisely in the most backward countries in Europe (industrially considered), such as Russia, Spain, Portugal, that the least interference with industry exists. It is also in the newest and most democratic country of all, Australia, where we find the largest amount of

ublic ownership and control. One might, indeed, almost rade the semi-socialistic legislation of the various European ountries by their extension of democratic institutions.

The great error of "administrative nihilism" consists in ›icturing to oneself a number of originally free people being ;radually enfolded in the octopus embrace of some monster alled the State. Sir James Stephen, *e.g.*, when defining liberty as the "entire absence of restraint," gives a perfect expression of the individualist notion. That definition may do for a lawyer; it will not pass the tribunal of philosophy. In opposition to it I take the definition of the greatest of modern philosophers, Hegel: "The destiny of the spiritual world and—since this is the *substantial* world, while the physical remains subordinate to it, or in the language of speculation has no truth as *against* the spiritual—the final cause of the world at large we allege to be the *consciousness* of its own freedom on the part of spirit, and, *ipso facto*, the reality of that freedom." Its own development, or as Hegel has it, itself as its own object of attainment, is the sole aim of spirit. What a profound conception as compared with the trite platitude of the English lawyer! From this point of view we see that man was not originally free. The "noble savage" of the last century was a perfectly mythical person. Until he began to co-operate with his fellow men, he was absolutely at the mercy of wild beasts and the dreaded forces of Nature. And as co-operation necessarily involves some regulation, some subordination of one's ordinary self to a good which is general, it follows that freedom really began in what is called restriction; the truth of history being exactly the opposite of that taught by Rousseau and the eighteenth century individualists. But we need not go back to primeval man to see the falsity of the individualist conception. Take the nineteenth century working man. How often do we hear some one say respecting this personage: "I am against all interference with the liberty of the working man to work for as long and for whatever wage he likes." The assumption is that the working man starts free, which, as our old friend Euclid says, is absurd. Rigid adherence to fixed rules is of the essence of factory work. No one could run a mill if all were free to come and go when they chose. How could the members of the Liberty and Property Defence

League travel about the country to lecture against State interference if railway employés could do as they liked about taking trains out? No; the workers must be held to their duties under social penalties. And, just in proportion as machinery becomes more costly and more complex must the liberty of every one to do as he likes become more curtailed.

In Sir James Stephen's sense, therefore, the development of society means, and must mean, the decline of liberty. But the truth of course is that "absence of restraint" has not necessarily anything to do with liberty at all. It is not in the absence of restraint, but in the presence of opportunity, that freedom really consists. And if we compare the English artisan or mechanic of 1892, I will not say with Neolithic man, but with the workman of a century ago, we shall see that his freedom has increased to a marvellous degree. The workman at the beginning of the century was formally "free" to make his individual bargain with his employer, and was exempt by statute from trade union "tyranny." At the same time the said employer was in a position to impose any conditions he chose, any hours of labour, any wage, any wretched den as a place of work. Parliament did nothing; no inspector interfered, no machinery was fenced, there was no regular weekly pay-day, the only shop in the district was owned by the employer, and the most horrible cruelties were perpetrated, "the men dying off like rotten sheep," as has been said. The working man and the employer alike have lost this formal liberty, and are restricted in many ways. The present-day workman in a large mill has his 56½ hours a week regulated by Act of Parliament, his trade union interfering with the sacred right of working on any terms any person chooses, his employer hedged in by legal obligation, and liable to be examined at any moment by a public official as to what goes on inside the mill. "Absence of restraint" has entirely disappeared, but every one outside Colney Hatch or the offices of the Liberty and Property Defence League is aware of the fact that substantial freedom has increased. It is indeed manifest that, given modern industrial conditions, increasing public control means increasing substantial freedom as contrasted with mere formal liberty for the mass of the people. The most enslaved part of the community is precisely that which has

not attained modern industrial conditions, the large class of casual labourers and small workers. These are not at all under restraint of a legal nature, but they are the slaves of poverty.

Such being the case, we must infer that public control will spread, and that its spread will be for the public well-being; the more so since it proceeds from a genuine demand from the working classes themselves. It is indeed now the possessing classes who are for formal liberty, the working classes who are for public control. In the realm of economics the old notion of formal liberty, with its accompanying dogma of *laisser-faire*, was based on a doctrine of supposed harmonies enunciated by Bastiat, which declared that if each man followed his personal interests he would work for the general good. A soothing doctrine for the burglar and the absconding bank cashier! But in material things, if one man possesses an article another cannot possess it at the same time. And as the great mass of men think the possession of material things to be their chief good, it follows that Bastiat's notion of an economic harmony is a delusion. There is, it is true, a real harmony, but it is latent, not actual; it is an ideal to aim at, not a material fact to start from. *Laisser-faire*, then, in the nature of things, must break down as a working hypothesis in a complex industrial State, and every one knows that, as a matter of fact, it has so broken down. Carried to its logical conclusion, it leads to anarchism; and one sees, therefore, the dishonesty of the propertied "individualist" who marches along to join the Ravachols and the Mosts, and yet in a most cowardly fashion draws back when he sees what anarchism really involves.

The tendency, therefore, to intenser industrial collectivism is inevitable. This is not due to agitators, to meddling statesmen, or to the necessity of securing votes. It is due to the nature of capitalist industry, or, in other words, it is a part of the evolution of human society. The hopeless economic breakdown of the *petite bourgeoisie* is the leading economic fact of our time. The ring, the syndicate, is an inevitable form both of producing and distributing machinery. In the United States there has been a certain amount of anti-trust legislation passed in obedience to temporary and ignorant demands. But in every case the trust has evaded this legislation by merely

reconstituting itself in a different manner, so that the law does not touch it. The development of the syndicate is not specifically due to greed, for the large capitalist is less greedy than the small. It is your small man, used to petty transactions and small economies, like the French peasant proprietor, who more than any other class acquires the spirit of greed. Along with the concentration of capital goes the narrowing of the area of investment as a chief factor in the destruction of the *petite bourgeoisie*. The rate of interest has fallen so heavily that people cannot live on the small capital they formerly could. Profits now must be spread over a large scale of transactions if a business is to be kept going. The area of investment is and will be immensely restricted through the acquisition by Government or municipality of such monopolies as gas, electric light, water, tramways, railways, docks, harbours, &c., all peculiarly safe and desirable modes of investment. This fact will force investors into more risky and speculative fields, with the result of such widespread ruin as the Panama smash has involved in France, or as the Baring crisis would have involved in England had not artificial and very doubtful methods been resorted to in order to avert calamity. The abolition of the American public debt, which will before long be a realised fact, the tiny interest on the British debt, and the probable—in some cases certain—repudiation of European debts, will render it hard indeed for the small investor to live. We see that capitalism itself, therefore, is evolving a new social order, that it is a powerful revolutionary agency. The outcome will be the economic depression of the hitherto dominant middle class and the survival of the great capitalists. Facing them will be the great federated labour unions, constantly becoming more international in character. Like it or not, no one who is not blind can doubt the tendency. Aggregated capital will face organised labour; and what solution of the problem is possible but the mediation of the larger self, the State, as against either exclusive capitalist or exclusive proletarian domination? That is to say, collectivism, with its control of the forces and natural agents of production in the great industry, seems the only possible means of advancing the progress and preserving the real freedom of society,

Are control and ownership to be co-extensive? It is

obvious that this is not necessary. Manchester, *e.g.*, owns her water supply, but her mills are merely controlled by general legislation, which will become tighter and tighter, but will not *ipso facto* develop into public ownership, until a point is reached at which the capitalist, thus controlled, finds that his mills no longer pay, that it is not worth his while to keep them going. As there is no other guiding principle but utility, or the general interest of the whole body, it is impossible to draw any clearer line between those forms of production and distribution which are rightly subjects of both public ownership and control and those which are subjects of control merely. A nation may have (every nation, as a matter of fact, has) three distinct forms of industry existing simultaneously within her borders: (1) industries which are subjects of both ownership and control, as gasworks or railways; (2) those which are merely subjects of control, as cotton mills; (3) those small survivals of a past economic era which are subjects of neither ownership nor control, as, *e.g.*, a small shop where no assistants are employed and no licence is needed. It would obviously be much easier for the British Government to own and manage the railway system than for the Municipal Council of Oldham to own and manage the Oldham spinning mills. But it may certainly be expected that, with the development of electricity and perhaps of hitherto undreamed-of forces of nature the forms of one category may be constantly passing into another, just as management is more perfected, capital more concentrated, and methods of working more automatic.

There are commercial and even industrial forms which will disappear at once or gradually as the State becomes increasingly collectivist, forms which are the necessary products of a commercial civilisation, and which could not survive in any other. The Stock Exchange, for instance, is a product of our present civilisation which in an even approximately complete collectivist community would become an anachronism. It would be absurd for the State to acquire any such form, because it could not manage it, because there would be no more demand for its products or services than there was for stage coaches after railways girdled the land. And here, let it be said in passing, care must be exercised in considering the desire expressed for municipal workshops. These ought not to be established merely because

people are out of employment. That was done in Paris in 1848, with disastrous effects. It must be considered whether the products of such workshops are needed; they must meet a real demand, otherwise they will of course merely cause a glut, producing what no one will take, whereupon they will be closed, and the last state of the people thus turned adrift will be worse than the first. In general it may be said that the immediate line of collective effort lies in the direction rather of appropriating rent by taxation, and of such rational control as shortening the hours of labour and providing more complete inspection, than in direct assumption of industrial processes. The exception to this lies in the municipal ownership of those natural or artificial monopolies which are prime necessaries of life. As necessaries of life extend themselves—people needing in common certain things to-day which they did not dream of requiring half a century ago—and as management is more centralised, one after another monopoly will, I venture to submit, pass from the category of mere control into that of ownership.

So far, then, collectivism holds the field. But is it to cover the whole of life's varied relations? Is there to be no sphere in which the individual can turn about as he thinks fit, in which free association and purely voluntary effort will be supreme? In his work on the "Impossibility of Social Democracy" Dr. Schaeffle has pronounced against democratic collectivism on the ground that it affords no free scope for spiritual energy, for individual character, for voluntary union. Let it at once be admitted that, if collectivism makes every human being a mere function of the whole, a mere pin in the wheel, a mere end to others' purposes, then it is impossible, for every strenuous ardent mind will rise in revolt against it. A mechanical uniform civilisation, with complete centralisation and tremendous intensity of working power, with the general conditions of life very much as they are now, with the exception that no one would starve, would be a very close approximation to hell, whether closer or not than the present system of society I am not prepared to say. We all want to see physical suffering, whether of starvation or overwork, ended. But the finer minds among us are even more distressed by the intense and growing vulgarity of life. This is

the real danger of democracy, not the anarchy and insecurity which Sir Henry Maine in his superficial work on "Popular Government" imagined. As a matter of fact, a democratic government like that of the United States is immensely strong; and it is in the quasi-monarchical governments that we find weakness and confusion. When a whole people back up a government of their own choice and furnish it with modern weapons of offence or defence, its strength is tremendous. No, it is not anarchy but vulgarity, the sway of the commonplace, which has to be feared. It is the complacent satisfaction with a low level of attainment that is democracy's besetting sin. Dr. Schaeffle thinks that collectivism would be quite feasible if an aristocracy or an able bureaucracy could direct the collective action. But any reversion to class rule may at once be set aside as out of the question. We must take both democracy and collectivism as factors given in the problem, and we must ask ourselves whether, on this basis, man's whole life will be covered by the regulations and standard of the collective authority.

Now I contend that it is machinery, scientific invention, mere mechanical produce and effort, which will be inevitably regulated by the collective will; and further, that as time passes, all that side of life will consume a smaller and smaller proportion of the time of every human being. The present age is scientific, desiring the extension of phenomenal knowledge and the satisfaction of bodily needs. The social expression of this organisation of knowledge and satisfaction of elementary needs in a rational way is what I understand by collectivism. In itself, collectivism is no more a Utopia than is commercialism: it is merely another and, as things are, a better way of doing business. It embraces the machinery of life, and so gives the higher self, the real individual, a freedom for self-development and artistic expression which individualism can never furnish. It does this because it releases the mass of men from the pressing yoke of mere physical needs. It is not itself the artistic or spiritual expression, but it gives opportunity for that expression to manifest itself. Here then is the real limit of collectivism; it is co-extensive with the machinery and the lower part of life; it furnishes in a right way the physical basis on which the

spiritual structure is to be reared. For the first time in the history of the human race there would be freedom for *all*. The ancient Eastern monarchies, says Hegel, knew that only *one* was free; the States of classical antiquity that *some* were free; the modern world knows that *all* are free. The modern world knows this as an idea, the abolition of chattel slavery and serfdom being a recognition of formal liberty. But only when the people own or control the necessary instruments of production in the large industry will the formal be translated into substantial freedom. The necessity of work in order to live is a decree of Nature, and is no real abridgment of freedom so long as work is certain and not burdensome. And when the necessary mechanical toil is over, all will be free to pursue the higher ends of their being. The limit of collectivism will have been overstepped and the sphere of free individual energy and initiative will have opened itself.

Now, the kind of activity which man will display outside the domain of collective authority will be spiritual and æsthetic. As the mere mechanism of life would run with less friction, as all men would have more and more leisure, another and a grander realm may be conceived as unfolding itself, not to a chosen few, but in process of time to every human being. This is the realm of the imaginative reason, of pure thought, of the deeper affections and apprehensions, the world of art and the spiritual. This is the world adorned, to use the superb imagery of Plato, with the patterns of earthly things laid up in heaven, into which it may be the destiny of the human race to enter. Not necessarily that art will express itself exactly in the same forms as in the past. Consider what an immense vista is opened up by music to humanity. We are all apt to be deceived and carried away by the almost exclusive domination of physical science over our age. It is a mere interlude in the history of mankind. Art and the spiritual expressed in new language will again emerge, and prove to be the great permanent factors in men's lives. Almost every one, excepting either persons of great imaginative power or very deep historical culture, is so affected by his environment as to find it difficult to conceive of forces quite other than those surrounding him operating with deepest power on the world. And yet nothing is more certain than the

fact that there have been whole epochs in human history when the dominant forces were not at all those which impel us most strongly to-day. Physical science is the great fact of our time, and the Philistines all chant its praises because its results are obvious and tangible. The most stupid blockhead living is impressed by a Gotthard Railway, a Forth Bridge, or an Edison phonograph. But place him before Titian's "Assumption," and he will only see a woman in an improbable garb standing on empty space. Let him hear the "Sinfonia Eroica," and it will be to him mere sound. But to the higher minds of the race the more subtle and delicate creations of philosophy and art (I use the word art in the German sense of *Kunst* to include all the forms invoked by the imaginative reason) must ever take higher rank than mere physical science. The age of dissection, of criticism, of analysis, is as necessary a stage in human progress as the age of art, religion, synthesis, of which it is an essential preliminary. But it is nothing more than that. And if human progress is to continue on this planet we may be certain that this scientific period will be followed by a great creative epoch—an "epoch of rest" William Morris calls it —when the satisfaction of man's æsthetic and imaginative nature will, bodily needs being satisfied through collective effort, be the main incentive.

Now it is here that we perceive the value of democracy and of the results it has brought about. The greatest gain civilisation has achieved is not material at all, it is the gain of liberty of speech, of thought, of teaching; and this liberty prepares the way or opens up the conditions for free spiritual and æsthetic activity. Democracy will, when once material conditions are properly organised, give opportunities for that activity which monarchy and aristocracy could never give. For it is only democracy which can afford to allow perfectly free association within the State so long as such association does not actively conspire against the existence of the State itself. In all other political conditions there are avowedly special interests with whose preservation the State is identified. But there is no private interest possible as against the common good, and however imperfectly this idea may at present be realised, it is distinctly the *idée mère* of democracy.

Consequently, in the sphere of the intellect, individual opinion will reign. We permit, and shall continue to permit, the expression of every kind of opinion, no matter how absurd and erroneous. No laws against blasphemy or for the protection of any special form of religion should be retained. Let every individual or group be free to express, as he or it chooses, man's relation to the universe. Here lies the answer to the problem Ibsen concerns himself with in his dramas. Ibsen stands for pure individualism and for the negation of the State. If the State could be destroyed, which is in the nature of things impossible, the true individual would be destroyed also. Anarchy would ensue, and the majority would rush to some "saviour of society," who, to maintain his power, would suppress every criticism on his own rule; and thus the world would fall back into the old ruts of despotism or oligarchy from which democracy has rescued us. Ibsen's solution is no solution at all. The true solution lies in the conception of the twofold function of the collectivity: the control and organising of the material necessities and mechanical side of life, and the preserving from bigots and fanatics of a free field for the development of æsthetic and spiritual activity and the spontaneous and imaginative side of every individual.

Why cannot the collective body organise and control the æsthetic and spiritual, as it can and will organise the material activity of a man? Let me say at once that there are doubtless many things in the domain of art which can be so organised: all those things in which the common artistic feeling is so developed as to make a demand possible and to render an answering supply efficient. Well-built school edifices can be reared, and town halls can be decorated by artists, while the awakened taste of the public already calls for more artistic furniture and houses. But all this is but a tiny fraction of the realm of *Kunst*, the higher forms of which will never be in general demand in their innovating stages. This is why the really great artist can never be maintained by the people, by the collectivity, while he is actually engaged in producing. It is usually only when he is old or dead that his work is generally recognised. We must, in short, distinguish between *wants* and *needs*. Wants

are consciously felt, and can often, though not always, be supplied. Hence their supply is capable of being collectively organised. Needs are deeper than wants, they are often not felt; nay, the greatest attempts to meet the deepest human needs have been rejected by mankind with scorn. Socrates was needed at Athens, Dante at Florence; but the one was poisoned by public decree, the other exiled. No country ever needed spiritual food more than England needed the "Lyrical Ballads" at the beginning of the century. But did England *want* them? Not a bit of it; they were scoffed at by the foremost critics and neglected by the mass. The Pre-Raphaelites, to whom the new quickening impulse in English art is due, met with the same fate, trained artists thinking them lunatics. Even in Germany, special home of music, Wagner had to depend on the private friendship and generosity of a king supposed to be mad. Could the State of New York have been depended on to maintain Whitman when he was composing his "Leaves of Grass"? Or the British taxpayer to help Carlyle to pour his magnificent satire on the head of poor John Bull? No; the very deepest needs are those which the community does not feel and will not provide for. But the community is growing in knowledge and intelligence? Assuredly; but the great innovating thinkers and artists will always be ahead of it, and if they were not, they would be of no value. As long as the world lasts the greatest minds, when they furnish men with a new revelation in religion, art, philosophy, will be ignored, despised, persecuted, perhaps detested, I do not say merely by the majority, but by the clever, cultivated, essentially superficial people one meets in drawing-rooms or at clubs. And therefore it is that *Kunst* can never be organised by the collectivity as railways, docks, or food supply can be organised. All that the State can do here, it seems to me, is to give perfectly free scope for the artist or the thinker; and this democracy will do. The mass and the clever critics will content themselves with jeering at or ignoring the new Wagners and Wordsworths: poisoning and crucifying, even imprisonment or exile, will not be established methods of dealing with genius under the *régime* of democracy.

There remain certain other results of the general principle

urged, at which I can merely glance for a moment. If the province of the collective authority lies in organising man's material needs and wants, and in securing to him a free scope for the play of his higher being thus rescued from the petty, wearing misery of getting bread to eat and clothes to wear, in uncertainty as to how long they will be forthcoming, it follows necessarily that in one of the highest and most delicate of life's relations, the sexual union, there should be the *minimum* of collective control. Whatever may be the ultimate effects on society of the union of a man and a woman, they consciously unite for one another, and their free union is their own affair. Facility of divorce on equal terms for both sexes, and no legal commands or restraints apart from the formal State registration of the union in question, should be the guiding principles. It is assumed that there is no force. When force is used, as in the case of abduction, let it be dealt with *as* force, not as related to the sexual relation. So long as sexual desire remains a factor in life so long will tragedy of some kind growing out of it be inevitable. But it is the kind of tragedy which the clumsy machinery of law can never convert into a comedy. And as so much of the present unhappiness between man and woman is bound up with the twofold fact that marriage is closely connected with pecuniary considerations, and that it is indissoluble excepting on one ground, we may reasonably hope that freer conditions would lead to freer choice, less artifice and deceit, and therefore to far greater happiness than is at present known.

The case of children is different and more difficult in some respects. The liberty of children must always be curtailed for the sake of the child itself, and we have, after a long period of shameful neglect, discovered that the liberty of parents and guardians must also be restrained. Both kinds of restraint would be lessened in a well-organised collectivist community, but neither could be entirely abolished.

To come to crime and the criminal. In a collectivist State crime would obviously decrease, for the majority of crimes are connected in some way with property, or they arise out of poverty and bad social conditions. This is the conclusion of such experts as Lombroso. And as the opportunity to make money by dishonest means would be more and more restricted

at one end of the scale, while at the other end abject poverty would be done away with, it follows that at least half the crimes which now occupy the attention of our courts, and which are purely artificial, would disappear. But as collectivism is no Utopia, but merely a better business arrangement than now exists, crime may be expected to persist, though in more subtle forms. As to the general treatment of the criminal, the old notion of a definite punishment inflicted by external authority is a mere relic of barbarism. There is no rational relation between stealing from a shop and being locked up in a cell for twelve months. The criminal knows this, and he comes out usually much the same kind of person as when he went in, prepared for new depredations. One cannot take up a newspaper any day in the year without seeing instances of this. Sentence is piled on sentence, with the result that we are deliberately engaged as a nation in the manufacture of criminals. Real punishment comes from within; it is self-inflicted; it lies latent in the deed. The collectivity cannot properly usurp this function. Whatever good it may have done in the past, its work will be less and less useful in this regard in the future, because as men advance they will be keener and more sensitive in relation to suffering; they will need no external power to punish, but will feel the interior anguish, the self-degradation, more and more.

> "Ritorna a tua scienza,
> Che vuol, quanto la cosa è più perfetta,
> Più senta 'l bene, e così la doglienza." *

The collective authority in the future can and will do two things: it will restrain socially objectionable practices by a period of confinement, and it will set itself to effect a moral cure of the criminal.

The most difficult subject comes last: the relation of the collective authority to education. Our present educational system is certainly not final; some would say, with Mr. Frederic Harrison in a recent article, that it is a mere makeshift. No very great change can be made in primary education so long as our industrial conditions remain as they are. The teaching in platoons is inevitable under the board school system, but it

* "Inferno," Canto vi.

is not education in the highest sense of the word, since among hundreds of children uniformity must be the order of the day, and you can never penetrate to the individual. The ordinary private school will, of course, disappear, and very properly so, no one being permitted to teach who is not thoroughly competent, and the element of commercialism being entirely eliminated from education. But the wholesale imparting of information will, as the people enjoy more leisure, and as the labour of every person under fifteen is absolutely forbidden, be supplemented perhaps by a higher kind of teaching conveyed by those who have special capacity to selected groups. Parents, too, when the scramble for existence is over, will perhaps also take a direct part in the training of their children; and thus a closer tie will bind parent and child, as is generally the case when both share in a common intellectual life. The universities and higher colleges should be left a good deal to themselves. For generations to come subjects will or should be taught in these, the utility of which is not perceptible to the mass. If, *e.g.*, a direct popular vote were taken on the mathematical teaching of Professor Cayley, the chair of Pure Mathematics at Cambridge would probably be suppressed. Such institutions should be reasonably provided for, and then left very much to themselves and to the guidance of experts. The demands of the students and the irresistible influence of the *Zeitgeist* will tell upon them, and will lead to the placing of subjects in the order of their relative importance. For confirmation of which view one needs only consider the attitude of such a university as Cambridge towards natural science during the last forty years, or the remarkable development of teaching in economics at Harvard. Both are due to reforms from within, influenced by the intellectual pressure outside. The special schools which are now arising over England and America for imparting higher education through the best teachers indicate what the universities of the future will be like. They will far more closely resemble the University of Paris in the Middle Ages than the aristocratic English collegiate system of later times.

I now sum up the conclusions of a paper suggestive rather than dogmatic. I venture to submit: That the tendency to collectivism is inevitable, since it proceeds from the growth of

scientific invention, and can only cease when invention ceases. It is a good tendency, since it leads to greater substantial freedom, while curtailing in some ways mere formal liberty. It is, in the main, confined to organised material industry, carried on by machine labour on the large scale. It leaves untouched the intellectual conquests of civilisation, and gives every person opportunity for free range in the spiritual and æsthetic spheres. Under these conditions art will receive an immense impetus, and the new era will be dominated by artistic rather than by scientific conceptions, by synthesis and imagination rather than by analysis and calculation. Outside the purely industrial sphere man will be more free, both in form and substance, than he ever was before, while the restraints necessarily imposed, as on children and criminals, will be educational, consciously designed with a view to helping them on to a larger freedom afterwards. All this, I repeat, is suggestion, but all suggestion, so far as it is founded on knowledge, thought, and sympathy, is in a way prophetic. It is the endeavour to see into the reality of things, to discern the essential human tendencies, to become, however feebly, a voice of the "prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come."

THE SOCIAL FUTURE OF ENGLAND

[CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, *January* 1899]

IN dealing a short time ago in the pages of this *Review* (September 1898) with the unreal Liberal agitation against the House of Lords, I laid down the doctrine that the people of England were not in the least degree democratic, and that therefore any agitation against the House of Lords on grounds of theoretical democracy would surely fail. The fact is but a part of a larger issue, viz., whether the political evolution of society is inevitably leading to democracy, as was generally assumed a generation ago. There is no evidence showing any such inevitable tendency. Just as the democracies of the ancient world revealed the tendency to decline into tyrannies or oligarchies, so it is quite conceivable that the modern industrial movement which determines our political evolution may draw society into the clutches of an oligarchy. Take, as the best illustration, the case of the greatest and most absolute democracy ever created, that of the United States. At the moment of writing, one of the rival candidates for the Presidency asserts that his object is to prevent the actual President and the party in power from making of the United States a real oligarchy under Republican forms, and those who know the state of things, the power of the rich corporations, the division of wealth, the control of legislation by trusts, the complete domination of great States like New York and Pennsylvania by "bosses," agree with Mr. Bryan as to the danger, though they may not agree with his chief remedies. The truth is that, up to the present, it would be far more true to say that the industrial movement has led, and is leading, up to a new aristocracy of wealth than that it is leading up to democracy.

I shall not deal with the problem as to which tendency is

the better, that of democracy or class government in any of its forms. I am not now discussing the merits of democracy, but only attempting to find out whither we are tending. But it is obvious that if we are to speak of a tendency in a rational sense, and not as a mere natural process, we must include in the synthetic view the reason and aspirations of man. Out of the movements of machinery, the combinations of capital, the aggregations of population, the colossal fortunes made in modern business—out of these elements in themselves you cannot get any rational social structure. That can only come when men are determined that it should come, and employ intelligent means to bring it about. In a word, without human reason and will the course of evolution does nothing for us, even when embodied in vast machinery instead of in animal or plant life. But human reason and will only act in accordance with an ideal conceived in the mind and consciously influencing action. Therefore, industrialism of itself will not bring democracy, but only a democratic ideal formed in the mind and governing action will accomplish that result. Now, my contention is that for all practical purposes no such democratic ideal animates the mass of English people. Their ideal does not include what they understand as liberty, it does not include the faintest aspiration towards equality, and consequently the English mind does not make for democracy. If, therefore, the chances of the safe establishment of democracy in its chosen haunt, the United States, are yet problematical, what are we to say of its conquest of a country without any democratic ideal, like England? We must say that it is as unlikely an issue as we can well conceive. All the forces in the England of our time are, it seems to me, making quite the other way, and that is the root cause of the prevailing political indifference.

Now, even though modern industrialism led of itself inevitably to democracy, there is another vital factor to be considered. Is the future of England certainly industrial? But a few years ago this question would have been considered superfluous. Every one believed without hesitation that England not only held, but would continue to hold, the industrial supremacy of the world. Time was when England was always to be the workshop of the world. This theory had

to be given up in the face of facts. America was doing without most English products, Belgium was invading England with her wares, and Germany was rising into an industrial position undreamed of by an earlier generation. But it was impossible to suppose that England could in the main be dislodged from her industrial citadel. Germany might turn out cheap goods for low-grade customers, America might spin and weave and smelt for herself, as she had grown her own food, India might produce a very few low-class cottons, but English supremacy was fairly secure.

We all know now that this diagnosis is false. German goods are not only constantly rising in intrinsic value, but they oust English manufactures in every market in the world. America has long passed England in the iron and steel manufacture, her annual product being now almost double that of England, while last year for the first time the American output of coal surpassed that of England. In every great international competition in machinery, America easily beats England. We go to her for our electric railway machinery, for our big Nile bridge, for our tools, our oil; and Russia, South America and other parts of the now opening new world repair to America for railways. Many American critics of the situation are confidently predicting that within another generation England will be merely an industrial annexe of the United States. Whether that be true or not, it is clear that the serious decline of England as a great industrial centre has begun. Good work is done in England in many departments of industry, such as shipbuilding and cutlery, but the giant is visibly exhausted, and is slackening speed, while our great transatlantic rival, with resources compared with which ours are tiny, is only at the beginning of his race. Germany and America both had the good fortune to begin their industrial development at what is called the psychological moment. England, long accustomed to take her industrial supremacy for granted, and never very acute in her outlook, was encumbered with antiquated machinery, suitable for the older grade of a generation ago, but unsuited for the newer forces which were just then coming into play. Germany and the United States started on their career with the new machinery, and England is vainly trying to catch up. The energy of

Englishmen will certainly lead them to make prodigious efforts, but America has even greater energy, indefinitely greater resources, while both Germany and America display greater intelligence and originality than does England. All these considerations, therefore, point to English industrial decline.

A still more revolutionary factor has entered into the situation, viz., the industrial competition of the Yellow Peoples, so ably diagnosed by the late Mr. Pearson at a time when even intelligent persons were disposed to be scornfully sceptical. Now, without sharing the view expressed by M. Gustave Le Bon, that if China is "opened up," as the phrase goes, Pekin will become the "Bourse of the world," and European working men will be begging for work on any terms, it seems clear that the coming of the Yellow race into our Western industrial sphere will hardly make for the industrial prosperity of a country which is already showing signs of being unable to match its Western competitors. For what are the conditions of any Chinese competition? In the first place, China has admittedly all but unlimited resources in coal and iron, which happen to be the materials that are beginning to show signs of exhaustion in England. In the next place, the Chinese people, more than any other, reveal a capacity for industrial life of the most signal kind. They can learn any industrial process with ease, they can work all day long and most of the night; their wants are simple, their wages low, they never strike, they are never drunk, they would never give one tithe of the trouble to the employer given by the English workman. If we take into consideration the constant quarrel between capitalist and workman in England, with the losses entailed on the former, and the dislocation of industry, under conditions of small profits and keen international competition, is it absurd to suppose that the capitalist, who, *qud* capitalist, knows no patriotism, but looks out for the best conditions, will, if he can contrive it, turn to China, start new enterprises with new plant there, and so rid himself of what he regards as the tyranny of English labour unions? Such a prospect is probable in the highest degree, and it renders the future of England as a great industrial nation still more improbable than we find it even with keen Western competition

Imperialists who look upon the British Empire as a valuable "commercial asset," as Mr. Rhodes told the world he regarded it, think that England, as a great industrial country, will be saved by her oversea Empire. These persons suppose that some kind of Imperial Zollverein will, in some mysterious way, keep English mills going and English workers busy supplying the wants of the British Colonies and dependencies. There can be no greater delusion. Every British Colony wishes to manufacture for itself. Every British Colony shows a distressing tendency to buy in the most convenient market, and the mills of the Teuton in Saxony and Westphalia are as busy as are those of Yorkshire or Lancashire in supplying the demands of Melbourne or Montreal. The naked truth which the solid Imperialist will not face is that the various countries composing the British Empire have not common economic interests, never had, and never will have, except as, in the last resort, the whole planet may be said to have a common economic interest. The whole tendency, especially under the stress of fear of the Yellow competition, is, as the late Mr. Pearson showed, with marvellous prescience, towards self-supporting communities. The ideal cannot be reached anywhere, perhaps, but everywhere an approximation will be attempted, and Prince Kropotkin has shown us, in the most interesting and suggestive way, the steps that are not unlikely to be taken, in his book entitled "Field, Factory, and Workshop." If we leave aside the self-governing Colonies and come to the dependencies of England, the prospect is even less promising from the industrial point of view. England has been annexing territories which are, economically speaking, of no use. No effective demand can come from the Soudan or Uganda, or even from Rhodesia. One single first-class Continental city is of more value to England, from the economic point of view, than tens of thousands of square miles in Africa. As Macaulay said, an acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia—a hint for present-day expansionists.

We may therefore regard the existing schemes for maintaining England's industrial supremacy as all doomed to failure. Nations, like men, have their exits and their entrances. England was the first to develop to mighty proportions the

"great industry," she will be the first to lose it. Not, of course, at once, not equally in every branch, but it will surely pass to other lands, which will carry it to proportions scarcely dreamed of yet even by our most eager inventors. We in this island country will retire from the race.

But if the future of England is not predominantly industrial, if the great staple trades are to pass from her grasp to the United States and the Yellow races, what is England's future likely to be, and what will be the political effects resulting from her future economic conditions? Two possible solutions of this interesting problem present themselves, but in very different degrees of probability. If the English were a democratic people the same solution would present itself which has been seized on by so many of the Continental peoples—a vast peasant ownership, avoiding the pitfall of extreme *morcellement*, which would politically express itself in such democratic feeling and institutions as Switzerland, or perchance Denmark, shows. But the economic movement in England is certainly not in that direction, nor is it among English-speaking people generally. On the contrary, the movement is so absolutely towards the towns that at the moment of writing one learns that in many parts of England the harvest can hardly be reaped for lack of agricultural labour. Eighty per cent. of English people live in urban sanitary districts, while millions of acres are untilled, and if we did not import under the most favourable conditions, half of us would starve. In Australia, the most purely English of English Colonies, to wipe out of existence about a score of towns would be nearly equivalent to wiping out of existence the entire population. Personally I believe that the result of this tendency on English character is entirely bad, but I am now dealing with the fact, not with its results. The undoubted fact is a tendency to town life.

This tendency is not favourable to the theory of a future peasant democracy such as one finds in France, Switzerland, Denmark, or Sweden, nor is it consonant with the later evolution of the English character. There is no discernible pressure on the Government for legislation which should create such a peasant democracy. The labourer, it is true, wants better cottages, and perhaps more allotments; but he does not think

of any fundamental social change. The stratification of society is accepted by him as a final fact; it would, indeed, be difficult to conceive of rural England released from the controlling influence of its present social hierarchy. We must look to the alternate probable means of solving the future English social problem, and it goes without saying that serious students of sociology must look at it with unprejudiced eyes, though it quite discredits the hope of the enthusiastic democrat.

England, then, is destined, on this alternate view, to be the pleasure-ground of the English-speaking peoples, the summer resort to which increasing multitudes will repair to find rest and recreation, and to drink in those ancient historic influences so greatly needed by a not very imaginative population living in new countries void of human interest, devoted to daily gain, and dominated by rather commonplace and at times distinctly sordid and vulgar aims. The mass of English people, on this hypothesis, will more and more tend to be the ministers in some way of this new rich class of English-speaking people who will repair, for purposes of health or culture, to their ancestral seats. This does not necessarily mean that the great mass of English people will be relegated to an entirely servile class, but it does mean unquestionably that conditions will be established unfavourable to the growth of democracy. If this view of the probable social future of England is founded in any degree of truth, a diagnosis of existing tendencies should furnish it strong support, and such a diagnosis may now be made.

In his remarkable analysis of modern economic society, Karl Marx has shown the significant growth of the servant class. Those householders who are bewildered by the problem of efficient domestic service may doubt this fact, but in the larger sense a fact it is, and a very significant one. At the beginning of the century the seaside resorts of England might have been counted on the fingers. Now the coast is lined with watering-places, the hotels have increased a hundredfold in number and a thousandfold in size. In such places as Brighton, Bournemouth, Torquay, Llandudno, Scarborough there are mighty armies of the serving classes, whose sole business it is to wait on the needs of the seekers after pleasure. Sir Henry Irving has, I think, calculated that there are some

20,000 people entering London every day who want to be amused—and therefore waited upon. Who shall measure the growth of hotels, restaurants, cafés, clubs which has changed the face of London in less than a generation? The cluster of big hotels within a few hundred yards of Charing Cross alone means the addition of many thousands to the servile population of London. The hall-porters, waiters, messengers, cooks, chambermaids, laundry, kitchen, scullery employés, and all either auxiliary to, or dependent on, these—think over the list and you will see the kind of human addition being made to London's population. No café but has its uniformed commissionaire—a quite modern spectacle. Consider the thousands of employés engaged in ministering to the wants of the hundreds of thousands of patrons of the popular refreshment places—quite new institutions. What London is other towns are, in proportion to their size, the exceptions being precisely those industrial towns which, *ex hypothesi*, are not likely to have any great future, save in so far as they will be engaged in manufacturing special articles of luxury or articles which administer most conveniently to luxury. It is but a few years since London clubs were almost confined to the aristocratic, military, and higher literary classes. But now clubland is invaded by all classes, and hundreds of waiters are employed in attending to the wants of tradesmen, attorneys, clerks, and the authors of sensational stories, who lounge in smoking-rooms and drink whisky and sodas innumerable in a way unknown but a generation since.

But, still further, there is another sign. That is the growth of new rich family establishments in England. Unless a man of aristocratic birth possesses money also, his social chances in modern England are admittedly small. Hence the desire to make wealthy alliances, particularly with the daughters of American millionaires. Unless this can be achieved, the heavily-burdened estates of the English aristocracy are but a source of hourly anxiety. One of two things must happen: either marriage for money or sales for money. In either case there is practically the same result, a rich establishment with an immense growth of the servile class (and a class, moreover, between whom and its employers the sole relation is apt to be the cash nexus rather than the old half-family, half-feudal

feeling), or substantially the same outcome as we see in London and our scores of fashionable towns. This tendency will certainly develop fast. Already Park Lane is associated with South African millionaires, and the Scottish Highlands with American millionaires, while the tourist, in whatever part of the country he may find himself, discovers wealthy *parvenus* in actual possession of proud old ancestral parks. England has been described as the "paradise of the rich, the purgatory of the poor, and the hell of the wise." Whatever may be the truth of this saying, it is certain that the whole world yields, all things considered, no more pleasant abode for the rich than does England. Here the rich man can say with that *confrère* of his in the Gospels, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." The climate may not be ideal, but it is generally genial, and when it happens not to suit one form of sport, it falls in with another. The opportunities for sport exceed those furnished anywhere else. No revolutions are probable; there is no likelihood of dynamiter or other assassin meeting the rich man round the corner. As there is absolutely no instinct for equality, no dependent person is likely to assert himself against the rich, as one finds in America. Vested interests soon grow in the congenial soil, and they are well looked after by Parliament. Nowhere do such charming old houses, a part of the very landscape, offer themselves:

There lawns extend that scorn Arcadia's pride—

and we may add, after the filth of industrialism has vanished—

And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.

As America's vast cities grow, as the din of her giant industries more incessantly stuns the ear, as her forests are felled and her streams polluted, and the roar of life wears out the nerves, it is plain that an ever-increasing number of her people will recruit in England, and not a few will purchase estates in the old country. As means of transport become quicker and easier, the rich Australian will turn to England from the monotony of daily life, and he will help to dominate English society and to gain admission into the House of

Lords. The process is already begun; it only needs to grow in order to confirm the present diagnosis.

To the wealthy classes England also furnishes two attractions, felt by them to be of vital importance—a great fund of personal service, and an inexhaustible supply of the necessaries and luxuries of life rapidly and economically furnished. It is true that English middle class service is bad, and even growing worse, and this will continue so long as factory labour is preferred to domestic service. But there is probably no country where the wealthy can secure such efficient and fairly honest service in the butler, valet, lady's-maid, and housekeeper lines as in England. To the American or Australian, with his uncertain "helps" and hirelings, who have no age-long superstitious regard for their "betters," the ease of the wealthy English establishment must seem attractive. If this is the case inside the house, still more is it the case with outdoor service. It is only a nation which stands by social inequality that could furnish such a retinue of retainers in the domain of sports—and the wealthy cannot indulge in sport without many such retainers. One can hardly imagine French or Germans acting as "caddies," but in England these people are plentiful as blackberries. While it is true that the articles one purchases in shops are becoming much alike the world over, yet it is also true that nowhere, unless Paris and New York be exceptions, are such varieties of attractive goods concentrated in such a limited space as in London, nor can they anywhere else be so quickly distributed. A half-hour's visit to the "stores" will secure the richest all he wants, and the small size of the country will enable him, even in a remote part, to receive what he has ordered in a very short time.

For all these reasons England will certainly prove an attractive spot to the rich, whatever comes of her present industrialism. Situated as she is close to the historic lands of Europe, and yet nearest of all lands to the American continent, ships from all the world calling at her ports, with an old and well-ordered society, a secure Government, an abundance of the personal service desired by the wealthy, a land of equable climate, pleasant if not grand scenery, a large and ample life organised for sport, amusement, and the kind of enjoyments pleasing to the leisured classes—how can England help being

attractive to the wealthy people who speak her own language?

But England does not appeal solely to the wealthy; she has nobler attractions, which draw other English-speaking people to her shores. Most Americans visit Chatsworth, but it is safe to assert that not one of them misses Stratford-on-Avon. If they do not, with Daniel Webster, burst into tears when they enter Westminster Abbey, yet they find it a new and interesting experience. For one non-academic Englishman who knows Oxford and Cambridge, there are probably a score of Americans. You will find more tourists from Massachusetts or Ohio under the old walls of Chester or York than you will Londoners or Lancashire folk. The truth is that the thoughtful and cultivated American hungers and thirsts for these scenes; he feels that their personal knowledge is an essential part of his culture. He longs for the day when he shall see the ancient tombs of Canterbury, or visit Lincoln "on its sovereign hill," or gaze down the long nave of Winchester. America can yield him much, but she cannot yield him these, and he needs these to round and enrich his life. All English-speaking countries, when they have arrived at maturer consciousness, will feel this need also, and will seek to meet it. True, England cannot show the historic grandeur and mighty ruins of Rome, she cannot show the profusion of art treasures of Venice and Florence, she cannot show the stately mediæval city architecture of Nuremberg or Lubeck, she cannot show the glow and grace of Seville. But, after all, the old close of an English cathedral city, with its rich greenery of lawn and trees, its rooks sailing at sunset round the grey old towers, the air of stately repose, forms a scene which may well move to tears, and which impresses and enriches the memory in long after years. Still more unique are the village churches of England; there is nothing like them in any other land, and to study them may be truly said to be part of a liberal English education. What a future source of humanising culture is here opened up for the benefit of the English-speaking student from over the seas!

The English universities are of less value to Americans and to British colonists than they ought to be. For purposes of modern culture Harvard and Columbia are probably better

organised than Oxford and Cambridge, since they have been remodelled on German lines, and since they offer post-graduate courses which the English universities are slow to follow. A great number of American students find in Berlin and Leipzig what they cannot get in England, and so the English universities fail to secure any considerable number of students from outside England itself. But it only needs a judicious enlargement of their studies and functions to render the English universities attractive to young American or colonial graduates, and so widen those higher influences which will draw many English-speaking people to England. Indeed, the quieter, less industrial England of the future might well be as Athens to the younger Roman Empire, a source of culture, a fountain of humanising influences. Heine feared with much reason the contagion of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity and philistinism, but in monumental England there is a virtue to counteract the crude self-assertion of young English-speaking communities.

As compared with our black, dingy industrialism, such a prospect as is here outlined will be not unwelcome to many. Artists, quiet people who are weary of the present din, the growing number of Ruskin's followers, would not be sorry to see once more a clean, healthy England, cleared of her pall of smoke, with pure streams and pleasant red-tiled towns instead of our black "hell-holes." They would not be sorry to see the growth of the London octopus arrested and the general encroachment of sprawling cities on green nature stopped. But our question relates not so much to æsthetics as to sociology, and the one result of the prospect here opened up which cannot fail to strike us is that the kind of community here visualised could not possibly be democratic. There is no class less open to democratic ideas than a contented servant class. Compared with them, their titled and wealthy employers are revolutionists. They cannot bear change; their minds are saturated with the idea of social grades and distinctions, they will not even live with one another on terms of social equality. Huxley has said that the mass of the English poor believe that the Queen and the gentlefolk govern the country after the fashion of King David and the Elders of Israel; and in an England which was a centre of pleasure for wealthy people and a home for their contented dependants government would be

the affair of the titled and rich classes. The level of popular demands does not run high, and these satisfied, the high affairs of State would never be interfered with by the masses. Indeed, are they seriously interfered with now? It would be made plain to a people naturally inclined to inequality that their interests and those of their masters were bound up together; in the absence of any theoretic belief in any different kind of social order, the people would, on condition of English liberty being respected, acquiesce in class government. It would not be necessary to curtail the suffrage, for the voter's choice would only lie between two different candidates of the same social class; there would be few vital questions, and politics (already manifestly declining in popular interest) would cease to be the all-absorbing subject of average English thought. England would have entered on an "epoch of rest."

Two series of important considerations suggest themselves in relation to this problem of England's future. In the first place, would not the present urgent and appalling questions which vex the souls of reformers tend to shrink to far smaller proportions in a society such as is here outlined? Take three present-day problems — drink, housing, and population. Enthusiasts must, of course, believe that anything is possible, but cool observers despair, under existing social conditions, of any solution of the first of these problems. The massing of the people in huge aggregations brings about conditions which create a demand for constant stimulants of a peculiarly dangerous kind. The manufacturers of these stimulants see to it that there is an abundant supply; they join forces in big companies and syndicates, and they convert the heretofore independent owner into their agent, with every conceivable facility for pushing the sale. Thus a gigantic interest is created, which up to the present has unquestionably prevented any legislation; and the immense city crowd of artisans and labourers, thirsting for something that stimulates and excites, has shown no disposition to put any pressure on Government to extort such legislation. The housing question is also looming up into such vast proportions as to bewilder the boldest of reformers. Here again is a fatal chain of causation. Industrialism draws men from field to town, the indigenous town population tending to extinction in three generations.

The economic effect of this is the rise in urban rents, while it is all but physically impossible to meet the demand for houses. It is easy to say that local bodies should build houses to meet this demand, but it will be more difficult to show how this is to be done. Space is limited, ground values grow, people must be conveyed from and to their work, unless they are to be sorted out in "sky-scrapers" of twenty stories on the spot. How, as a matter of business, are these demands to be satisfied by any local authority? By the population question one does not, of course, mean what Malthus meant. His theory stands hopelessly discredited. While we do not yet know what is the "law of population," we do know that the lowest organisms breed the most rapidly; and the population question for English towns means the larger increase of the least desirable people. How are our "Tales of Mean Streets" to be lessened under existing social conditions?

The second consideration is that the coming events seem to be casting their shadows before, or, in other words, that what little democratic power was evolved in England a generation ago is visibly declining. The obvious sign of this is the steady weakening of the House of Commons. The weakening process comes both from without and within; all manner of outer forces are attacking the House, and the House itself seems powerless to resist the attacks. Now, I do not mean to assert as a general principle that democracy is bound up with parliamentary government. Indeed, in the United States the newer progressive movement is enlarging rather the powers of the representative person than the representative assembly. President, governor, mayor, are all looming up in greater proportions, while Congress, Legislature, and municipal palaver are receding into the background. Switzerland is so distrustful of the representative body that she calls in the direct popular power to control it. Parliamentary government in France and Italy is not calculated to reassure believers in its universal excellence. In Austria the Parliament is such a farce that it has been closed, without any apparent protest or agitation. Whatever may be the course of evolution of Russian democracy when it comes to self-consciousness, it is quite certain that it will not express itself in Western parliamentary forms. In the South

American republics the President rules as an autocrat and fills the Legislature with his own partisans. Obviously democracy in general is not making for parliamentary government. But the course of English evolution has been in some respect peculiar, and here it is difficult to see how the democratic movement can express itself save through parliamentary institutions. Weaken, therefore, these institutions and you inevitably weaken the democratic movement. The House of Commons is now so weak that it is treated by Ministers with but slightly veiled contempt—and the House does not effectively resist. Power has passed from it to the Cabinet, and to the higher permanent officials, who must grow more powerful in proportion as supposed Imperial interests extend themselves. A world-wide Empire cannot be "run" by a popular debating club.

Hence it is that we see the Liberal party stricken with paralysis and all democratic progress stopped. No democratic movement can make headway under such conditions as ours. For democracy is no ideal scheme born of the moral consciousness; it is a political state, based on economic conditions and brought to the birth by ideal convictions widespread among the people. But England's economic conditions are not making for democracy, while her convictions by no means tend towards any democratic ideal. Economic causes mainly determine political evolution, and all the economic factors in England to-day appear to be making against democracy. Two apparent exceptions there are, but they are more apparent than real. Trade unionism might seem a democratic force. But, in the first place, it only concerns a small fraction of the working classes, and, in the second place, it only concerns itself (doubtless quite rightly) with the interests of that fraction. It cannot pretend to speak for the nation. Neither can co-operation, a useful movement with excellent features, but, after all, little more in fact than joint stock shopkeeping. Still, in so far as any clear democratic opposition to the prevailing tendency is apparent, it will proceed from these two sources. In a word, it is here suggested that the marked decline in the democratic movement and the corresponding growth of bureaucracy are not temporary phenomena, but symptoms of permanent change.

POLITICAL DEFECTS OF THE OLD RADICALISM

[POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY, *March* 1899]

IT is not altogether easy to give an adequate definition of the earlier Radicalism, for the simple reason that English Radicalism had a complex origin. We may trace it partly to the Puritan movement of the seventeenth century, of which many of the political ideas and some suggestion at least of the moral fervour survive to our own time. Again, it is partly connected with the set of political conceptions which came to a head in the French and American Revolutions, the basic principles of which were derived from English political philosophy. In return, both France and America exerted an influence on the growth of English Radicalism which has never yet been adequately estimated. Through Thomas Paine, who is the most striking personality in the early Radical movement, the revolutionary ideas which had given birth to the Declaration of Independence and to the political creed of the average American filtered down into the minds of the more public-spirited middle class and the intelligent section of the working class, and they are probably still the prevalent *idées mères* of "advanced" politicians. In spite of the repressive policy of Pitt, the French Revolution powerfully affected England, slow though the process was, and hostile as was the English mind towards the excesses and the terror of the revolutionary crisis. The very name Liberal, it is well to recollect, is of French origin, and was applied here to a political party after the July Revolution of 1830. Nor can we overlook, as an element in the general Radical movement, the contribution made by the progressive section of the Whig

party after the issues caused by the Revolution and the rupture between Burke and Fox.

Radicalism must be regarded, therefore, as a complex movement, built up in different ways, and not to be summed up in any one formula. We may, perhaps, say that at the close of the last century Priestley and Price represented the seventeenth-century tradition, deprived of some of its Puritan fervour and completely rationalised. Paine and Godwin represented the nascent republicanism, based on a conception of human rights as against the claims of the dead hand of privilege and caste. Fox and Sheridan represented the generous aspirations of the liberally-minded upper classes who sympathised with the French Revolution, at least until the 10th of August or the September massacres. It is not pretended that these diverse elements came into any definite amalgamation, or that, taken together, they formed any coherent opposition to the hard, black Toryism which then ruled England with a high hand. It is, however, necessary to insist on the fact that, when we are talking of English Radicalism, we are not talking of one set of clear-cut doctrines, such as may fairly be connected with the German Liberal movement of 1848. The English stream of political progress was fed from varied sources.

There are, nevertheless, some features common to these diverse sections, as against the creed held by their Tory opponents, so far as these held a serious creed at all and were not merely bent on a policy of brute repression and defence of vested interests. Of these the chief was a common doctrine as to the nature and foundations of government. It was more specifically on this point that Burke and Paine came into collision in their respective treatments of the French Revolution. Government, according to Burke, is something given, something which we may not criticise or examine: it is a mystery to be approached with a feeling of religious awe. It is doubtful if it may even be reformed: at any rate, Burke was resolutely opposed to parliamentary reform—a point on which, it may be observed, he was in harmony with Alexander Hamilton, the chief conservative force in the making of the American Constitution. The English system of government, as it existed in the reign of George III., was assumed to have

struck its roots so deep into the past and into the historic consciousness of the people, that to meddle with it was like the analysis of religious faith, in which, to quote Wordsworth, we "murder to dissect." The half religious, half political, wholly fantastic conception of the Holy Roman Empire held during ages of human history was in essence the conception of Burke. In common with a school of English political philosophy, Burke made no distinction between State and government, between the inevitable political association of definite groups of human beings and the mere machinery by which such groups so combined arrange to carry on the public functions. We may grant that the State is, in its last analysis, beyond criticism, but to regard the machinery as sacred is a curious instance of sentimentalism overcoming reason. This, however, was the position taken by Burke.

In opposition to this idea, Paine lays down in the "Rights of Man" the doctrine that "government by precedent, without any regard to the principle of the precedent, is one of the vilest systems that can be set up"; that "a nation has a right to establish a constitution"; and that "government is nothing more than a national association," whose object is vaguely stated to be "the good of all, as well individually as collectively," and is somewhat more clearly defined by saying that man should be enabled to "pursue his occupation, and to enjoy the fruits of his labours and the produce of his property in peace and safety, and with the least possible expense." Paine here seems to share Burke's mistake in identifying the State and the government, for it is the former, not the latter, which is the "national association" of which Paine writes; but, apart from that, one sees at once the wide difference. It is the difference between the school of historical prescription and that of contractual relations, and it marks the fundamental divergence between Toryism and the older forms of Radicalism. As an almost necessary inference from these respective views, we see that, while Burke laid stress upon the centring of institutions in persons supposed to call forth feelings of respect and veneration, Paine regarded government as purely impersonal—as, in fact, a kind of automatic machine in which rulers do not count. For, says he, to take the accidents or death of persons into consideration "presents a degrading character of

national greatness." Machinery for enforcing right contractual relations—that is Paine's view of government.

It is scarcely needful to dwell on the respective attitudes of the two men, and of the parties or schools they represented, toward the distinctive doctrine of the eighteenth century philosophy—that of the "rights of man." Burke held that men have no inherent rights at all—no rights, in short, that do not grow out of the social union. Paine held the prevailing theory, most clearly stated by Rousseau, and regarded government as designed to protect "the imprescriptible rights of man." Burke therefore looked at government as something given, and at rights as something to be won. Paine, on the contrary, regarded rights as given, and government as something to be deliberately made.

We may further fairly allege that the idea of political finality was common to all the groups which can be summed up as Radical. Regarding institutions built up in the past as irrational, because condemned by the analytic intellect, and holding that a certain kind of new order could be definitively established, they assumed that this new order would prove normal and permanent. The idea of relativity was weak, as the idea of evolution was unthought of. It was supposed that there was some permanent and normal order to be discovered by the intellect, and when discovered, to be at once applied. The idea survives to our own day: indeed, it forms no inconsiderable part of the stock notions of the average American, French, or British citizen. It is forcibly expressed in the two works directed against Socialism by M. Yves Guyot: "La Tyrannie Socialiste," and "Les Principes de Quatre-Vingt Neuf." In these books M. Guyot treats the principles set forth in the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen very much as one treats the axioms of Euclid—as being self-evident, unanswerable, final truths, which having been at length reached by the human intellect, must now be regarded as placed beyond criticism, thus constituting a kind of infallible Bible for modern Radicalism. A large section of Continental Socialists, who base their schemes ultimately upon the supposed individual rights of the *ego*, are, philosophically speaking, to be classed with M. Guyot, since these nominal opponents differ only as to the means to be adopted to arrive at the same end

—the gratification of individual desires. They take the same view of certain political and economic dogmas, which they regard as above criticism. They have a notion of a definite order, shortly to be reached, which will so solve all problems, present and to come, that no further change will be needed, and mankind will settle down contentedly to what Carlyle would have called a celestial lubber-land.

In close connection with this belief in finality was an equally firm conviction that parliamentary government, as it had established itself in England, answered all the needs of the modern State. Hunt, Cartwright, the later Chartists, never seemed to doubt for one moment that, if only the suffrage were widened and *they* themselves were to sit as representatives instead of the "gentlemen of England," the political problem would be solved. The establishment of a similar system in Continental countries was looked on as the goal of all political effort there; and accordingly, when imitations of the English system were set up in France, Italy, Spain, and Belgium, great was the jubilation of English Liberalism. It was not understood that the English parliamentary system had grown out of peculiar conditions, and that peculiar conditions in the legislative chambers were necessary to render it a success. This way of looking at this problem was, in fact, like the manner in which all political questions were approached in the last century and in the early part of this century: it was static, not dynamic. The fluid nature of human institutions and of human progress was not comprehended.

The older Radicalism also tended in general to centralisation. Power was to be concentrated in the House of Commons; and no shadow of the coming legislative impotence, or of the numerous groups of that chamber, haunted the vision of the earlier reformers. We are now so accustomed to talk about devolution, home rule, and the like, and to discuss county and parish councils, that we are apt to forget that the old Liberalism had little or nothing to say about these things. Due credit must be given to the Whig Ministry of 1835 for the measure of municipal reform which has proved one of the most useful pieces of legislation during the century; but, speaking generally, our reforming politicians were, as Toulmin Smith pointed out, bent on carrying out great schemes requiring much

centralising machinery; and so they ignored that idea of local self-government which has struck foreign writers and observers as being perhaps the most valuable element in the English political system. For this attitude the older Radicals are as little to be blamed as for any other defects which were of necessity inherent in their fashion of thinking. As well blame a child because he is not a man. Radicalism had a definite work of emancipation to do, and this it accomplished with courage and wisdom. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the early Radical movement was, as a matter of fact, more critical than constructive, and that it has bequeathed to us problems which, in the nature of things, it could not solve.

We are now in a position to see what were, as a whole, the defects of the old Radicalism—defects which party leaders, living from hand to mouth and with their minds concentrated on the division lobby and the local caucus, have not even yet consciously and formally recognised. The notion (partly a fiction, partly a reality) of a political apostolic succession, from Fox and Grey down to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, has hidden from the view of the eager party politician the fact that a very wide gulf does and must separate us of to-day from the fathers of English Liberalism. We shall see that political thinking and experience have combined to prove how inadequate for our present purposes are the theories of the earlier reformers. Once more to state them, the defects of the earlier Radicalism seem to have been as follows. It regarded government as a thing which could be made according to some preconceived idea of what was rational, as opposed to Burke's theory of a sacred constitution which must not be touched by the rude hand of reform. It laid stress on the impersonal nature of government as a mere organ—or, perhaps we should say, a mere piece of mechanism—for the enforcement of contractual obligations. It held fast to the doctrine of the natural rights of man, though English moral sense of duty and English distrust of clear-cut formulas prevented Radicalism from ever acting on this theory with logical precision. It believed in finality—that is, in some definite constitutional system which might be regarded as normal and permanent. It looked upon parliamentary government, when reformed, as providing such a system, and recommended it to other nations, regardless of

their very different experiences and national characters. Finally it tended to centralisation.

It is to-day evident that neither the theory of Burke nor that of Paine can be accepted by any political thinker. Between these two extreme views there has been developed a kind of working compromise, which we can perhaps best see in the United States. The Declaration of Independence was a statement of the "rights of man" theory, but when it came to making a constitution for the United States, it was found impossible to construct one on the lines of individualistic Radicalism and of an absolutely impersonal state. The great institution of the presidency, limited in such a way as to prevent anything like imperialism, was designed to meet those needs for the assertion of personality which are deeply rooted in human nature. The fundamental institutions were developed largely from English and colonial experience, so as to preserve something like historic continuity. On the other hand, the constitution recognised the impersonal nature of the new government by setting over all a great court of justice for interpretative purposes, and by so limiting legal power that it could not interfere with certain supposed inalienable rights of the citizen—rights really acquired through centuries of English struggles for liberty.

The other contemporary movement, the French Revolution, presents some similar features, especially if we regard the Revolution as being in progress long after the dates within which it is conventionally limited. The French Revolution began by attacking the old institutions of France, and then led up to an impersonal system: government first through the Convention and public committees, and then through the Directory. But the theoretical principles on which this impersonal system was based were counteracted in their operation by the rise to power of successive individuals, until finally the strongest individual arose, overthrew the Directory, established the Triumvirate, the Consulate, and then the Empire, with the aid of the very men who had designed an impersonal system based on individual rights. As in America, so in France, compromise between two different political principles had to be adopted as a matter of necessity. Neither in France nor in America, when men came to the actual business of govern-

ment, were they able to act on Burke's idea that the foundations of government are not to be examined or criticised—that government is to be treated as a Sacred Ark of the Covenant, not to be subjected to the rude touch of reform. But they were equally unable to accept the abstract doctrines of the eighteenth-century school as furnishing material for the construction of a water-tight vessel of state. It was found that the power and influence of the individual must count; and it may confidently be predicted that under democracy, so far from the individual leader withering and the impersonal authority becoming more and more, the people will passionately demand real leadership, and that the risk to which democracy will be exposed will lie in a tendency to slide gradually into imperialism. What a chance, for instance, the existing political situation in England offers to an able man, who knows his own mind and has some other policy to guide him than that of the jumping cat!

In England itself political principles are never so clearly seen in working as they are in France and in the United States, but we are able roughly to generalise some of the results of the conflict of the different principles of government which have been identified with the respective names of Burke and Paine. On the one hand, the nation has largely rid itself of those abuses which Paine recognised as interfering with human rights (by which we must signify man's capacity for action), and to which Burke was foolishly blind. We may now say that these abuses have been abolished with general consent, since there is no serious proposal to restore one of them. This is a testimony to the wisdom of the liberating policy of the old Radicalism. On the other hand, there is no inherent difference in the constitutional working of the English system. Monarchy has lost somewhat in power since the latter years of George III., but it has probably gained in other ways. The Cabinet has gained at the expense of both the monarchy and the House of Commons. The latter body, as Seeley has shown, is a government-making institution, sharing this function with the electorate, not a law-making body proper, like the American Congress. The real law-maker is the Cabinet, aided by the permanent civil service. So far as it takes part in making the laws, the House of Commons merely registers the

decrees of the Cabinet. The House of Lords is substantially the old House, and a far stronger agitation than the Liberal party has yet dreamed of will be needed to eliminate it, or even seriously to modify its powers. In short, the British system has been modified and liberalised, but has not been radically changed. Now we can perceive the strength and the limitations of the rival theories. Both failed, in that they did not make allowance for the adaptability of old institutions. Touch the vested rights of a single rotten borough, said Burke, and you lay impious hands on the Ark of the Covenant; you undermine the fabric of the constitution. You are suffering under an impossible system, said Paine; you must rid yourself of it and construct a new system on a rational basis. Each was wrong: Burke, when in the name of the historical spirit he resisted reform; Paine, when in the name of reason he resisted the historical spirit.

This, then, was the fundamental weakness of the old Radicalism: it resisted—or, at least, ignored—the historical spirit. It is true that in England this temper never flamed out into fury as it did in France, for in England there was no fuel to feed the flame. But in a milder form the same temper confronted the ancient institutions of the land in a spirit of hard utilitarianism. These institutions were indeed, from the point of view of analytic reason, irrational, but they were bound up with memories and traditions, with art and poetry, with records of passionate and stirring deeds. Early Radicalism looked upon them much as one of our bare and rather cold ethical societies confronts the majestic institution of the Catholic Church, which, with all its countless shortcomings and contradictions, is yet the outcome of long centuries of the imaginative reason of Europe. If rational analysis were the fundamental factor in human progress, all the world would have gone over to the old Radicalism, but this is not the case. The function of rational analysis will always be confined to the humbler though needful task of modifying, but not of absolutely changing, the constitutive elements of human society. We cannot "make a constitution," as poor Abbé Siéyès found to his cost. Constitutions made by the analytic reason, even according to the best known rules, have an awkward habit of not marching.

The Radical notion of political finality has also been doomed. Since Radicalism was first preached as a creed in England, all political as well as all scientific thinking has been vitally affected by the conception of evolution. To the modern thinker, as to the ancient Greek, all things are in a state of flux, and institutions are never so much made as in a condition of "becoming." The written constitutions, which in the last century were regarded as so many bulwarks of individual "rights" and of certain fundamental principles, are found either to be somewhat hampering to progress or are liable to be stretched in interpretation so as to cover accomplished facts. We do not think now of a fixed order—of a state of things in regard to which no great changes have to be made. In other words, we have arrived at a different conception of human progress from that entertained by the Radicalism of the early century. The notion of definite creation is abandoned both in science and in politics, and has been replaced by the idea of organic growth. Indeed, this latter concept has been stretched to a point which can scarcely be approved by the rational thinker; for the evolution of the State is aided at different times by definite acts, which imply intelligent efforts directed to distinct ends, and so are referable to another category than that of the development of nature. In time we shall come to a balance between the two extremes, but that balanced view will be very different from the crude notion of finality which early Radicalism and the cruder variety of Socialism have held with almost religious tenacity.

Closely connected with this theory of finality was, as we have said, a belief that parliamentary government, as established in England, answered all the needs of the modern State. This theory seemed to be verified by experience, so long as the House of Commons was divided into two and only two parties, both of which accepted the fundamental institutions of the State. The system has, however, proved far less successful in the various Continental countries in which it has been set up. There the two parties have given way to a number of groups, a combination of which can at any moment upset a ministry and so change the executive. As a result, disillusion has set in and Liberalism has declined in every Continental country. In 1848 it looked as though German Liberalism would carry

all before it; to-day it is in decline, and is treated with undisguised contempt by both Conservative and Socialist. In Italy the system has reached the lowest ebb, and a very competent observer has told us that if the Chambers were closed altogether scarcely a single Italian would trouble himself. In Spain the Government maintains its position by manipulating the elections and so turning the formal government by a parliamentary majority into the veriest farce. The much-lauded Liberal constitution of Belgium has been turned upside down, and the Liberal party there is almost annihilated. In France the adoption, by a reactionary majority in 1875, of a modification of the English system has led to a perpetual change of ministries, which has been comparatively harmless only because behind the fleeting personalities of hundreds of politicians in office has stood the great and powerful permanent bureaucracy, which is really the substantial government of the country. Few who know them will adduce the Legislatures of the various British Colonies as bright and shining examples of the success of parliamentary government. In England the early assumption of two parties, and only two, on which the English system—as conceived by Radicalism—was based, has been falsified by events. England has not reached the kaleidoscopic group methods of the Continental Chambers, but assuredly it is verging in that direction, especially in the absence of any one strong lead. There are now, excluding minor divisions, five distinct political parties, with abundant material for more. Under such conditions can we expect the House of Commons to act with efficiency; even as the mere government-making body to which Seeley confines its present functions? Without considering the intelligence and the *personnel* of parliaments—matters that are aside from the issue—the expectations formed of parliamentary government by the early Radicals have scarcely been justified by facts. On the Continent the system has proved, on the whole, a failure, and even in England it is not a conspicuous success. This is no argument against democracy, but only against one of its forms. As regards this form, the inference drawn from limited experience in England was too sweeping.

It is needless to insist on the vital importance of local self-government, as distinct from the centralising tendencies o

early Radicalism. All are agreed that one of the chief sources of the strength of the institutions planted by the English people in so many regions of the globe lies in the fact that in each locality the inhabitants are responsible for the affairs of that locality, so that each village is a little republic, in which its people receive valuable training for the larger work of the nation. Without the institution of self-government in local matters, England could never have become a great colonising power. Both parties have accordingly given up the centralising idea, which was only too prevalent early in the century.

In the early days of the century Radicalism was largely a working class movement, with an ethical and even a religious tone, as may be learned from that most interesting work, Bamford's "Life of a Radical." Such writers as Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, though standing aloof from the popular agitation, were yet of it and for it; and they imparted to the cause a noble idealism and poetic fervour which has been paralleled by the efforts of William Morris in connection with the Socialist movement of later days. Godwin and later writers furnished early Radicalism with a kind of philosophic creed. This ideal side of Radicalism has always remained, and it has affected the democratic movements of our own day. But it was, perhaps, never more than an inspiration, a poetic and idealising impulse: it could not get itself embodied as a political power. Cheated by the "bottomless Whigs," who had allied themselves with Radicalism to win the victory of 1830, this inspired and ethical movement of Radicalism, for whose cause brave men had suffered, declined more and more as a political force, leaving practically but one strictly Radical group in the field of politics — the so-called Philosophic Radicals, led by Grote in the House of Commons, and represented by James Mill in the field of literature. This group was small, and powerless for practical purposes. It was also hard and dry, destitute of imagination, though earnest enough. According to James Mill, its chief object was to end the rule of the country by the aristocracy. The facts of to-day show clearly enough that this end was far from being attained. The House of Lords is, indeed, stronger at the present time than it was in the days of Lord Melbourne. The enfranchised working classes do not, rightly or wrongly, feel for it that

antipathy which we can see in every line of James Mill's writings on the subject.

There was at hand, however, a new movement which was to transform the Liberal party and give direction to English politics for a whole generation. The Philosophic Radicals had studied with deep earnestness and had accepted in its entirety what we now know as English "classic" economics. This devotion to political economy, it is true, was not confined to the Philosophic Radicals: Peel, Huskisson, and later on Mr. Gladstone addressed themselves with vigour to the then new economic ideas, and Toryism itself carried some measures modifying the old hard protectionist system. But, speaking generally, we may say that it was especially the philosophic school of Radicalism which carried into economic matters those individualist doctrines that were the common property of the early Radical party in all its branches, which found intellectual justification for its course in the writings of Adam Smith. The school, as such, however, did nothing until English business men took up such of its economic teachings as they could appreciate, in order to secure commercial wealth and prestige, as well as political supremacy, for the middle class. The outcome was the Free Trade movement, and the Manchester school, often identified with Radicalism, which was by no means its adequate representation. What the Manchester school did represent was the economic idea of freedom of contract, applied indiscriminately and divorced from all the idealism which had shed a lustre on the early Radical cause. Nevertheless, it was this energetic and persistent Manchesterism which, taking hold of such ideas of Radicalism as suited its purpose, made the final expression of the old Radicalism a mere trading dogma of buying cheap and selling dear, of reducing to "administrative nihilism" the functions of the State, and of making England the workshop of the world. *Manchesterthum* is, in short, a conception of the final end of the State as non-interference with men in their pursuit of money, with strict guarantees of their possession of it.

It must be said that the inherent ideas of Radicalism do not necessarily imply this rather unworthy conception of organised public life. Paine certainly did not hold it, for he distinctly advocates national insurance, free public education, and the

taxation of landowners. Shelley, who abhorred the evils of unrestricted industrialism, as England knew it eighty years ago, would have revolted against any such notion. To Hobhouse, the Radical leader and friend of Byron, we owe one of the early Factory Acts. Yet, when we speak to-day of the old Radicalism, we almost at once think of Manchesterism. How was it that this degeneration took place? It was due, in the first place, to the isolation of the economic factor from all the other varied factors of political life, and the making of that one factor the expression of all public purpose. In the second place, it was apparently largely due to the action of that section of the Chartists who, under the lead of Feargus O'Connor, resolutely and vehemently cut adrift from the middle-class Radicals, leaving the latter immersed in business, without the helping hand of labour, absorbed (as it was inevitable they should be) in the problem of material production, and with no fruitful view of the position and functions of the State. The Chartists themselves, on the other hand, were still more weakened by the loss of many who should have been their natural allies; and, when it came to a competition between Chartism and the Anti-Corn-Law League, the latter easily won. Thus a great working-class movement—the strongest since the Peasants' Revolt of the fourteenth century—ignominiously collapsed. If this view be correct, both the middle-class Liberals and the party of independent labour must seriously consider the situation to-day, for the inference is that the political separation of classes appears to lead to sterility. After the League, with its practical direct programme, had killed out Chartism, with its six points and its incompetent leaders, it was inevitable that the subsequent history of the old Radicalism in its declining days should be mainly the history of the men who made and sympathised with the Free Trade movement. The one clear and direct sustaining principle of later Liberalism has been the Free Trade doctrine. When that was exhausted, the party was necessarily committed to a policy of opportunism, watching for chances of securing a majority. The chance now lay in Ireland, then in Bulgaria, then again in Ireland. Where it will lie next, none can say. Suffice it for us that the old basis is gone.

The middle-class supremacy thus created has been by many

actually mistaken for democracy or popular rule, on the supposition that the better-paid artisans would rally to the side of their employers, and so give a popular flavour to the war which the new rich class waged against the aristocracy. This, however, has hardly been the case in the long run. For, in the first place, as Cobden himself foresaw, Free Trade has so enriched the mill-owner class as to make them conservative and to lead them to ally themselves largely with the aristocracy. In the second place, the working classes in the industrial towns are evincing a marked tendency to forsake old Liberalism, either for the Labour party or for the singular hybrid called Tory Democracy. This remarkable development, so different from what the middle-class reformers of half a century ago expected, seems to us to be due to the partly erroneous, partly deficient, ideas of middle-class Liberalism. That school, of which Cobden was by far the greatest representative, did not, perhaps, so much err in its affirmations as in its denials and in its neglect of aspects of life which no statesman can afford to ignore. The affirmation of doctrines of free exchange was right, and this is a policy to which England must adhere. But why connect it with an impossible notion of "administrative nihilism" and with a narrow and poor idea of public life? This was what middle-class Liberalism did, and in so doing it began to lay open the gulf which is now beginning to yawn deep and wide between the Liberal party and the popular mind and aspirations.

In addition to its fatally narrow aim, Liberalism—as expressed by the Free Trade school which captured the party in the forties—made three great assumptions, which have turned out to be erroneous: (1) that England was to be the workshop of the world; (2) that Free Trade was to solve the economic problem; and (3) that the world was very soon to adopt the unrestricted exchange of products on the basis of ordinary capitalist commercialism. Now, it is manifest that England must become less and less the world's workshop, for she must encounter the great and growing industries of Germany, the vast industries of the United States, the nascent but potentially huge industries of Russia, and the growing industrialism of the cheap labour of the East. We smile to-day at the futile notion that Free Trade could destroy poverty, but readers of the brilliant

speeches of W. J. Fox will see that such a belief was seriously held. It was, indeed, a necessary inference from the doctrine of economic harmonies as formulated by Bastiat. The third assumption was that free exchange would everywhere be adopted forthwith. Never was a rash prediction more completely falsified. England still remains the one Free Trade country, and she remains so because of her urgent need of cheap food and cheap raw material. Free Trade is farther off than when Cobden died, and it is not likely to be generally adopted, one fears, for some generations to come.

We have seen that economic Radicalism—in this, its final stage—has wrought the strange result of making Conservatism strong, by reason of the great increase of wealth it has caused. In the second place, it has converted to the Jingo creed the very class which was formerly for peace and retrenchment. The policy identified with persons like Mr. Rhodes is popular with the commercial class, and the reason is plain. Commercial considerations are now the measure of political action. As Emerson says, "*things* are in the saddle, and ride mankind." Such considerations induced men to support high tariffs and Pitt's wars in the eighteenth century, and to support low tariffs or no tariff in the middle of the nineteenth century; while now they induce the same men to support "little wars" and a policy of almost undisguised plunder, wherever a weak barbarian can be persuaded or compelled to yield up his lands. Mr. Bright said, in 1875, that a statesman who could not administer the country on £70,000,000 a year ought to be dismissed. But the very classes who are profiting by his policy are now clamouring for expenditure on military and naval defence which alone will soon amount to that sum. From these considerations we are compelled to conclude that, in its final and commercial stage, Radicalism of the old type has lost its power, and now presents absolutely no principle for our guidance.

Let us now recapitulate. We find that what we call the Radical movement was a composite force which had many and varied exponents. It was based mainly on an attempt to recast institutions in accordance with the conclusions of the analytic reason. In so doing, it attacked and destroyed serious abuses, and stimulated the intellect of a large section of the people. It, however, left the fundamental institutions of the land very

much what they were, but enlarged and modified. It conceived of the State in a narrow, rigid way, and of its own principles as furnishing a normal and permanent system of politics. It commended British parliamentary government as a universal political solvent, without due regard to national diversities and different historical methods of growth. Although individualistic, it never, by a singular paradox, allowed for the importance of individuals, but was too impersonal and unreal; while true democracy, on the other hand, will rely more and more on personal administrators, and less and less on the "national palaver." It intensified the process of centralisation, making or trying to make the central Parliament a supreme ruler, thus concentrating all power in its hands, so that it is now overburdened with tasks and is visibly declining in public esteem and interest. Finally, when the unfortunate separation between middle-class and working-class reformers was brought about, Radicalism degenerated into an economic scheme for stimulating production without giving any thought to the proper ordering of the general life.

Our own philosophy of history compels us to hold that the Radical movement has been necessary and good, as a part of the *Aufklärung* or analytic stage in modern English progress. Especially did it break up shams, turn the popular mind upon itself, and lead to greater self-reliance among the people. Its chief valuable result, however, has been to compel, by destroying illusions, a deeper consideration of what social progress really means and how it may be achieved. The practical answer to these problems, if England is to solve them, will be found in the next century. But that answer is one of those mysteries which lie on the knees of the gods.

AN ENGLISH IMPERIALIST BUBBLE

[North American Review, *July* 1885]

Any person who reads English newspapers at the present time will see much about a proposed Imperial federation between England and her Colonies, and if not very well versed in English affairs, he may be pardoned for imagining that there is a serious movement of great importance toward the attainment of this object by means of a sagacious and well-defined political scheme. As a plain matter of fact, nothing could be farther from the truth. During the year 1884 two conferences were held in London, at which a great deal of vague talk was indulged in as to the delightfulness of a permanent union between England and her Colonies; but not a single practical proposal for the accomplishment of this object was placed before either conference. No two speakers seemed to agree as to methods; the only agreement consisted in inflated rhetoric about the splendour of the Empire. To the English Liberal or democrat, most of those who took part in these deliberations were politicians of a doubtful kind, some of them connected with other very pernicious political movements, while nearly all were animated by what are termed Jingo sentiments.

Let it be noted that the strong political thinkers and leaders do not give any encouragement to this movement. Neither Gladstone, nor Derby, nor Chamberlain, neither Salisbury, nor Cairns, nor Northcote, so far as I know, has defended or proclaimed Imperial federation as a theory. All of these statesmen may be, doubtless are, quite prepared to defend the Colonies by force of arms, so long as they remain *de facto* portions of the British Empire. To this few will object; but this is something quite different from Imperial federation. Mr. Bright

says he does not even know what this new theory means. Mr. John Morley calls it "pan-Britannic gimcrackery." Lord Randolph Churchill says it is "all moonshine." Mr. Courtney regards the movement as most pernicious, as did his friend and political associate, the late Mr. Fawcett. It is opposed by Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the interests of a higher international morality, and by most advanced Radicals as tending to perpetuate English political superstitions and to impose them on the young and growing commonwealths beyond the seas. Of Canadian politicians, Sir Francis Hincks regards federation as impossible, and says that Canadians don't want it. Mr. Blake looks forward to severance between Canada and England as essential to the growth and dignity of the former country, and the majority of the Liberal party in Canada are with him in this respect. And the diners at the Empire Club in London, a short time ago, must have been disagreeably surprised to hear Sir John Macdonald declare that federation between Canada and England was prevented by insuperable difficulties. In South Africa the two principal leaders, Messrs. Sprigg and Upington, are not only opposed to federation, but seem generally to be decidedly unfriendly toward England. Australia seems a little more bitten with the idea, but recent events have shown conclusively a growing differentiation between the interests of England and those of her Colonies in the Pacific.

The whole question is essentially a matter of details, for the question to be asked is, What are the necessary implications of a federation? The *Federalist*, which is the principal summary of federal politics known to the world, alleges four reasons in justification of the American Federal Union: First, federation would remove the usual causes of war. Second, it would secure a more perfect administration of government. Third, it would defend the several States thus united against the neighbouring powers. Fourth, it would prevent commercial rivalry. Not one of these reasons can be alleged in behalf of this Imperialist proposal. There is practically no possibility of war between England and any of her Colonies, or between any two or more of these Colonies. But, on the other hand, it is possible that England's connection with two of them might involve her in war. South African experiment involve

her in war with the Dutch, which, in view of current movements both in Europe and Africa, would sooner or later mean war with Germany. Canada might involve her in war with the United States. Such considerations would therefore lead rather to the dissolution of existing ties than to the formation of stronger ones. Let me dwell specially on the case of Canada, the Colony that will probably determine the whole question.

Every one in England has admitted, since the Civil War revealed to Englishmen the true stuff of which the Northern States were made, that, with whatever other nation we go to war, we must be at peace with the United States. There is one and, so far as I know, only one cause that would produce a quarrel, and that is any attempt on the part of England to build up a great empire in North America. This would mean, sooner or later, war. The excited London editors would ask for double the number of ironclads, guns, and torpedo-boats they have recently been demanding, and a big American army and navy would soon be added to the armaments by which the world is cursed. Some English people suppose that England has already an empire in North America, and indeed such an assertion is constantly made even by educated Englishmen. Of course nothing could be more absurd. Empire, *imperium*, signifies rule, and England does not rule in North America. Canada governs herself without the slightest regard to what the opinions of England may be. The English Government exercises no more rule in Ontario or British Columbia than in New York or Massachusetts. By federation, therefore, England would not be developing still further a power already existing; she would be attempting to create a new power, and in so doing would inevitably meet with strong resistance. The path to peace, therefore, certainly lies not that way.

Nor would Imperial federation secure a better administration of government. English administration may not be perfect, but it would certainly not be improved by subjection to the criticism and control of farmers in Manitoba, miners in British Columbia, lumbermen in Nova Scotia, tradesmen in Toronto, gold-diggers in Ballarat, sheep-masters in New South Wales, [illegible] Jamaica, and fighting missionaries and

quite differe.

Calvinistic Dutchmen at the Cape. Nor, conversely, would the affairs of Canada or New Zealand gain by being remitted in any degree to English squires, Scotch farmers, Durham miners, London shopkeepers, and East Anglian agricultural labourers. And in any proper federation all these and many more would be called on to decide, for even in aristocratic England the days of limited suffrage are gone by for ever.

Nor, thirdly, would Imperial federation defend any State from the superior power of its neighbour. Practically, Canada is the only Colony that has such a neighbour, and, as has been already maintained, Imperial federation is just the one method of inviting the hostility of that neighbour. A defensive alliance between all English-speaking States is practicable and just, and would answer all the purposes for which a federation could be formed.

In the next place, Imperial federation could not prevent commercial rivalry, because that exists already and grows every day. Canada, Victoria, Queensland, maintain formidable tariffs expressly to keep English goods out of their markets. Interests have already grown up that will demand the retention of these tariffs as in the United States. In the case of the American Union, no interests of a special kind worth naming had grown up in any single State before federation. Hence we cannot argue from one case to the other. If commercial rivalry was to be prevented (an impossibility in the nature of things, for you cannot prevent manufacturing industries from developing in great countries abundantly supplied with raw material), it should have been done half a century ago.

But if an Imperial federation were established, it could only assume one of two forms. It must either resemble the original union of the thirteen American Colonies prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution of 1787, or it must resemble the present American Union as it has existed subsequent to that period. The original Union was a mere alliance of independent sovereign states, none of which could be constitutionally coerced, with a central apology for a government unable to raise men or money, with no real sanction, authority, or power. It would be superfluous for English and colonial statesmen to repeat the experiment made

by the American Colonies last century. But if they should adopt a true federal union similar to that of the United States, what would such a step mean? One of two things: either the *de facto* English government must become the government of the whole federal empire, or a brand-new government must be formed, to which every government in the Empire, including that of England, must be subject; or, in other words, England must cease to be a sovereign state. From this dilemma there is absolutely no escape. Can colonial politicians be admitted into the English Cabinet? Obviously not, for that Cabinet is formed necessarily on English party lines, and is pledged to carry out English party objects; unknown to the written law of the country, it is a purely national growth and cannot be made Imperial. But, on the other hand, can a new body be created to which the English Parliament, with all the colonial legislatures, should be subject?

If any kind of federal government or parliament were created, England would of course be related to that government or parliament as any particular State is related to President and Congress at Washington. How many Englishmen can be found who, with full knowledge of the matter and without any bias of interest, would be prepared to say that the "sceptred Isle," which has been a sovereign state for centuries, shall be so no longer, but shall become a single unit within a world-wide federal empire? And under this scheme the English unit would gradually but surely decline relatively to the other units. They must increase, England must decrease; this is the decree of nature. To these Colonies belongs the future; they must expand in resources and increase indefinitely in population. But England herself has no such future. She may be, probably will be, the great centre of culture and of intellectual production for the English-speaking peoples. It may be given to her to spiritualise the English-speaking democracy of the world. To her the inhabitants of distant regions may repair to visit their ancestral seats and to drink from the ancient fountains of historical inspiration. But in the future power will depend absolutely on population plus material resources; and as the Colonies will in time easily surpass England in these matters,

it follows that in a federation she would sooner or later be relegated to a very subordinate position. As a sovereign state, even though small, England would control her own destiny; as a unit in a federal empire, she would be compelled to acquiesce in whatever millions of other people in every part of the world thought was good for her. The advocates of Imperial federation do not, it is true, mean this. They intend, in some inexplicable way, that this federal empire shall redound to the glory of Great Britain, and give her a prestige she cannot otherwise acquire. They are for the most part people who hold that any country is specially honoured by being connected with England, and cannot possibly imagine that a people may have great respect and regard for England, and yet may not in the least desire to share her political life. In short, they desire to extend and intensify the political power of England at any cost—at the cost of bloodshed in Egypt and the Soudan, Zululand and the Transvaal; at the cost of a gigantic and ever-increasing expenditure in England; at the cost of domestic democratic reform, which many advocates of Imperial federation wish to prevent by distracting the attention of the country with the problems arising out of a spirited foreign policy; and lastly at the expense of the whole future of the Colonies themselves.

For it is this last consideration that is the real pith of the whole matter. Imperialists do not understand that this question will be settled by the Colonies themselves, and not at all by England. The Imperialists never concern themselves with the legitimate interests of the Colonies, but always with the prestige and fancied interests of Great Britain. It is such an honour, they think, to be connected with England, that they assume that the interests of the Colonies must lie in such a union. This may be natural from an English point of view, but it is a palpable *petitio principii*. English prestige and interests have nothing to do with what is purely a colonial question. And the chief objection to these federation schemes is that they attempt to set aside decrees of nature and facts of politics in favour of some artificial contrivance of their own. England's Colonies are separated from her by thousands of miles of sea, and they consequently belong to

different political systems. England herself has always belonged, and will continue to belong, to the European system. She cannot help herself in this matter, but must remain within the limits of the European diplomatic circle, of which for centuries she has been an integral part. To this she is pledged by a hundred guarantees, a thousand treaties. She is interested in the Eastern question, in the neutrality of Belgium, in the independence of Holland. With none of these matters have the people of the United States anything to do. Why should the people of Canada have anything to do with them either? Their interest is on the American continent, that of English statesmen is on the European and the other continents of the old world. England has European possessions; she owns Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Heligoland. She is bound by the Anglo-Turkish convention to defend the Asiatic dominions of the Porte against attack, and there are not wanting people in England who would go to war to prevent Constantinople from falling into the hands of Russia. By her occupation of Egypt, England is more deeply involved than ever in the European system. Her troops must stay there, and probably in the Soudan also; and yet she cannot exercise supreme sway, owing to the European control that she is compelled to acknowledge, spite of the bluster of London journalists. And in Asia England is absolutely responsible for the government of two hundred millions of people, while her rulers and agents are called upon to watch with unceasing vigilance the resistless stride of the eastern Slavonic power. In short, England has built up an ever-increasing empire, which needs an ever-increasing supply of men and money, and which everywhere comes in contact with the real or fancied interests of other European powers, resulting in endless wars and deeper and deeper complications. So much is this now the case that the English Cabinet is no longer master of the situation. The Liberal Cabinet comes into office with professions of peace and retrenchment, and its career is one long record of war, conquest, annexation, and huge expenditure. And this not because Mr. Gladstone did not honestly mean to carry out a policy of peace and retrenchment, but because Imperial necessities overruled personal inclinations.

Into this lazar-house of old-world political diseases the advocates of Imperial federation propose to introduce the healthy, vigorous peoples of the new continents, taking them from their proper sphere and connecting them with an old-world power in whose ever-increasing complications they would be inextricably involved. It must be deliberately said that he who knowingly and of set purpose does this is an enemy of these young countries. And if we take the most important of them, Canada, we cannot fail to see that its interests are sacrificed even now to the Imperial connection, and that they would be sacrificed to a far greater extent under Imperial federation. While the debt of the United States has been reduced by enormous sums, the debt of Canada is increasing by leaps and bounds, until now a people numbering only five millions, who ought to have no debt at all and scarcely any expenses of government, are crushed to the ground with financial burdens. And how incurred? Incurred mainly for Imperial purposes. First, there is the *roi fainéant*, with his silly court at Ottawa, to keep up. This institution is positively degrading to democratic Canada, as well as being a prolific cause of corruption. Then there are the railroads, constructed so largely for Imperial and strategic purposes, some of them almost useless, but all having cost enormous sums, out of which contractors and politicians have notoriously enriched themselves. What can be thought, from a rational, commercial point of view, of the Inter-colonial Railway, which was built for political purposes? And would such a line have been constructed had Canada not been politically connected with a European country? And the Canadian Pacific Railway, constructed mainly to keep the Dominion together and to prevent British Columbia from seceding, is proving a tremendous additional burden to the people.

Then, again there is the huge tariff. Why should there be any Canadian tariff, except for purposes of revenue? And why should hundreds of customs officials be stationed at vast expense along an imaginary line of three thousand miles to collect insignificant dues, a process connected with which there is a large amount of inevitable corruption? The answer is, that Canada must be protected against the United States. But seeing that people who speak the same language, in whose

veins flows the same blood, who have the same religion and practically the same laws, and very nearly identical systems of government, and are separated only by an imaginary line, must have substantially identical interests, why do they not reciprocate, instead of keeping up this insane system by which Canada is being slowly but surely impoverished and exhausted? The answer is, that Canada is artificially connected with England and so is prevented from consulting her own interests and forming a commercial, leading inevitably to a political, union with the United States. There never was a more palpable instance of all the just interests of a great country being sacrificed at the shrine of Imperialism. If the people of Canada cannot be induced to see that this line of policy is certain economical disaster for them, Carlyle's estimate of the proportion of fools in England will not be wholly inapplicable in England's chief Colony. But happily a considerable and increasing portion of the Canadian people have arrived at the conclusion that they cannot afford to carry on this policy for the sake of an Imperialist sentiment. At a conference of the Canadian Liberal party, under the presidency of the Liberal leader, Mr. Edward Blake, a resolution has been unanimously adopted demanding the right of the Canadian Government to conclude and ratify treaties with foreign powers, without any reference to the Government of Great Britain. This means, of course, Canadian independence, to which the Liberal party in Canada is now committed. Both in Manitoba and British Columbia there is a growing party in favour of secession, as there is even in the specially "loyal" province of Ontario. Such a feeling is still more widely spread in the Maritime Provinces.

Such facts as these show that, spite of the loyalty to England which is admitted to exist in Canada, the people of that country will ultimately take whatever course may be regarded as conducive to her legitimate interests and necessary development. In a word, Canada never can become a great country so long as she is politically connected with England. That connection involves the crippling of her resources, the undue taxation of her people, the restriction of her immigration, and the reign of a stagnant provincialism which forces itself on the attention of every visitor. The connection likewise renders

Canada liable to be involved in any war into which England may be plunged, a contingency that may be brought about at any time by the course of events in Europe, Asia, or Africa. Further, the federal union of England and Canada would, by building up an English power on the American continent, probably bring about at some time a collision with the United States. It may fairly be demanded, therefore, that those who place the general interests of humanity above the prestige of Great Britain should resolutely oppose Imperial federation, so far at least as Canada is concerned.

No one can doubt that the independence and secession of Canada, whenever accomplished, will produce a profound effect upon the whole Imperial connection. It will destroy the prestige of the Empire and will act as a solvent upon the Imperialist sentiment. But it would be erroneous to suppose that the connection of England with her other colonial groups stands on the same footing as her connection with Canada. In the case of Canada, the proximity of the United States is the great determining factor. Even were there no American Republic, the difficulties of a federal union between Canada and England would be immense, for the reasons already alleged; but the presence of the United States—Canada's natural and inevitable ally—renders the difficulties insuperable.

The case of each of the other colonial groups must be considered on its own merits. The Cape has been a source of trouble and of enormous cost to England ever since she had it, and the situation there to-day is worse, from the English point of view, than it has ever previously been. I do not know who would weep for its secession, except Mr. Forster and the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The past seven or eight years of South African history form one of the most disgraceful chapters in modern records. The colonists have been unscrupulous, the British agents have countenanced plunder under the specious names of protectorate and annexation, the natives have been swindled and murdered, religious cant and commercial greed have formed an unholy alliance, and the English Government has proved itself blundering, ignorant, and incompetent. Its blunders, however, are due, not to the ill intentions of its members, but to the system. England tries to do what in the nature of things she cannot do. A

committee of gentlemen sitting round a table in Downing Street cannot possibly understand the condition of affairs thousands of miles away in South Africa. Accordingly, they rely on their agents for information. These agents are all of the class that believes in annexation and a spirited policy. They advise the Cabinet in accordance with their own predilections. The Cabinet acts on the advice, to find, when it is too late, that the facts of the case are erroneously reported to it. This was exactly what Sir Bartle Frere did in South Africa when he led the English Government to believe that a South African confederation was generally desired by the people, and that the Boers of the Transvaal were consumed with a burning desire to be incorporated into the British Empire. What disasters have accrued from that fatal policy all the world knows. A similar process, it may be pointed out in passing, has been going on in Egypt. The necessity for the ultimate cessation of the connection with the Cape is rendered the more obvious because Englishmen there are in a minority, and the present Premier is absolutely hostile to the home Government. Union is quite impossible, for a very strong assertion of Imperial authority on the part of England would almost certainly lead to a great civil war throughout South Africa, which would not only dangerously tax the not too immense military resources of England, but would lead to further far-reaching consequences by reason of the probable reversion of Holland and of all Dutch colonies and possessions to Germany, and the very striking development of German commerce and colonisation recently manifested in South and Central Africa.

The third group of Colonies is the Australasian, comprising Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and the smaller islands of the South Pacific. The position of this group is different from that either of South Africa or Canada. The Australasian Colonies are more intensely English than either of the other groups. There are no fellow-colonists of foreign birth or extraction, like the Dutch in South Africa or the French in Canada; nor is there any great neighbouring nation like the United States. These Colonies are to a great extent isolated from the rest of the world, and are peopled almost entirely by persons of English birth or extraction. Consequently some of the forces that in Canada and in South Africa are making

for political separation do not operate here, and it is possible therefore that the close relation of these Colonies to England may be of much longer duration. But when all this has been duly allowed for, the objections to Imperial federation between England and her Australasian Colonies still remain. Such a federation would take these Colonies out of their rightful sphere, and introduce them into the European political circle. Their blood and treasure would become liable to be spent in maintaining English rule in India, or in fighting France on the Egyptian question. If war broke out, what would be the situation of these Colonies, on the unimpeachable testimony of the military and naval authorities that have lately been trying to frighten the English people about the condition of their ironclads and coaling-stations and the supply of their torpedo-boats and big guns? It may be gathered from the testimony of these persons that a peaceful citizen of Sydney or of Melbourne might find a telegram in his morning paper telling of a rupture between England and France on the subject of Egypt, or between England and Russia on the subject of Afghanistan; might learn before retiring to bed that war had been declared; and after a sleep, broken, feverish, and haunted with dreams almost as awful as those of a London editor, might listen to the guns of a French ironclad or a Russian cruiser while shaving in the morning at his dressing-table. Seriously, can any arrangement be permanently justifiable that places the peace, progress, and prosperity of Australia and New Zealand at the mercy of some European quarrel or intrigue with which those countries have no more legitimate concern than Greenland and Patagonia?

The sum of the whole matter lies then in this: What are the manifest interests of the Colonies themselves? The question will not be settled, as most of the English Imperialists appear to imagine, in England: it will be settled in the respective Colonies. And the colonists will settle it in accordance with their own interests. They will consider whether their fiscal policy shall be moulded in accordance with the wants and wishes of English capitalists. They will consider whether their interests will be promoted by connection with the intrigues of European diplomacy and the rivalries of European statesmen. They will consider whether they should

impose financial burdens on themselves in order to promote English foreign policy. They will consider whether either the British Parliament or some hypothetical federal council could manage any portion of their own affairs for them better than their own governments and parliaments can do. And they will do this freely and independently, quite regardless of the opinions or wishes of English "fair-traders," or military men or colonial agents.

It is the more necessary to insist upon this, since in England the question is always looked at from the English point of view. The Imperialists in England always, avowedly or tacitly, advocate federation because it would be good for England, not at all because it would necessarily be good for the Colonies. No doubt they assume it to be good for the Colonies, or have persuaded themselves that it is so, but this is a matter with them of quite minor importance. To the average Englishman England is as much the "hub" of the solar system as Boston to any Bostonian; and, to quote Dr. Holmes, "you couldn't pry that out of" an Englishman, "if you had the tyre of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." Thus the "fair-traders," as they call themselves, look upon the Colonies as convenient instruments for maintaining the supremacy of British trade. And the average Jingo wishes the Colonies to contribute toward an Imperial navy that shall be equal to the combined navies of Europe, and shall thus maintain English prestige in the eyes of European sovereigns and statesmen. All this is to be done for the glory and profit of England.

The real motive-power, therefore, of this agitation for Imperial federation becomes perfectly obvious. It is by no means a great humanitarian movement for securing peace on earth and goodwill among men. It is, stripped of all the pretentious verbiage and vague rhetoric with which it has been adorned, an attempt on the part of certain interests to maintain their hold over mankind. The military and aristocratic class has joined hands in this matter with a large section of the capitalist class in order to secure the promotion of English financial interests, and to strengthen, if possible, English Imperialism. Well-meaning men with other objects in view may have helped in the movement, and may do so in

the future, for it cannot be denied that the idea of a close bond connecting English people acts as a powerful sentiment, which may be felt to be convincing when unconnected with reason and with a complete knowledge of the facts of the case. But the accidental presence of well-meaning men should not blind any one to the real character of a movement that constitutes the greatest, because most insidious, danger that the cause of democracy in England has to face. It is a movement that in its essence is intended to divert the broad stream of human progress into the narrow channel of English capitalism. Readers of Professor Seeley's "Expansion of England" are misled by the glittering ideal they see in that book. The real thing is the union of such people as Lords Brabourne, Rosebery, and Dunraven, who know perfectly well what they want, in the interest of a cause fatal to the development of English democracy, and still more fatal to all the just interests of those young commonwealths beyond the seas.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

[CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, *September* 1899]

THE majority of Liberal members of Parliament and agitators seem to be of opinion that the ending or mending—they are not sure which—of the House of Lords is the best and only card to be played at the next General Election. This conclusion may be doubted. In the first place, so long as the present craze of militant Imperialism lasts, no internal reforms of importance will be dealt with, and therefore no collision between the House of Lords and the House of Commons is likely to take place. We may look forward to a Conservative Government in this country for many years to come, unless some wholly unforeseen contingency should arise. It is quite true that a Liberal Ministry might, owing to those political oscillations so common in modern politics, come into office, but I see no reason to suppose that it would hold real power, and I feel confident that its useless and undignified existence would be of brief duration. Consequently the question of the House of Lords must, under such conditions, be mainly academic, because the English people, immersed in business and amusements, slow-moving, and caring nothing whatever for the theoretic absurdities of their constitution, will never trouble their heads about the House of Lords unless on the ground of a practical grievance. I have no sympathy with their point of view—I am merely stating it. The House of Lords presents no problem at all to the average Englishman so long as it is in rough harmony with the other House, and therefore it will not be touched until such harmony comes to an end. But the Conservative party will be foolish if, before that time arrives, it does not make the attempt at reform on generally Conservative

lines. Only the pressure of foreign affairs can prevent that.

There is a second difficulty in dealing with the House of Lords from the point of view of a strong Radical, who, unlike his so-called "leaders," is really in earnest on this question. This difficulty is that the English people are not democratic in feeling. By the English I mean the "predominant partner," and not his lesser partners in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The English are, perhaps, the least democratic people on the planet, if we except the Prussian junker and the Austrian archdukes. Were one considering a policy for Dakota, Norway, or New Zealand, the course would be plain; nothing which was not absolutely democratic could be entertained for a moment. But it is John Bull with whom we have to do—John Bull, with his rooted instinct for inequality. Mr. Bagehot spoke of the English as a "deferential" people, which is, I suppose, a pleasant euphemism for a people steeped in the feeling and tradition of inequality. Mr. Arnold said that inequality had materialised our upper classes, vulgarised our middle classes, and brutalised our lower classes. Thackeray went further in saying that an Englishman would rather be kicked by a lord than taken no notice of by him. Emerson, the most acute critic we ever had, saw in the persistence of the aristocracy evidence of the English acquiescence in the main outlines of an old-world structure of society. Democracy is not by any means, as Maine tried to show with wearisome reiteration, merely a form of government. It is a temper, a spirit, an all-pervading sentiment. The life precedes the form in politics as in physiology, and the form of politics in England is not democratic because the life is not. It is folly to try to force artificial democracy on a people who are not by instinct democratic. The recent investigation into the Hooley companies proves that when an adventurer wants to extract money out of the pockets of the average English investor, the best bait he can use is a lord—a fact which speaks volumes as to the real structure of our society. As national characteristics are rarely changed, it may be assumed that England will remain what she is, an oligarchic country, dominated by the idea of inequality.

But the newspapers are constantly talking about some-

thing they call "the democracy," and so an impression grows that we are a democratic people. By the democracy, however, the newspapers mean the working classes, who are thus opposed to the upper and middle classes. But in a true democracy, if special and separate classes there be, they are all united in democratic union, and the wage-earning class has no more right to arrogate to itself the title of democracy than any other class. A true democracy is not one class taken by itself and sundered from all other classes. Another mistake constantly made is in the confounding of democracy with liberty. It is assumed that because liberty exists in England to a greater degree than in any country in the civilised world, therefore democracy exists. Such blunderers forget Mill's admirable discussion of this subject, where he compares the political ideals of England and France. I agree with him in preferring liberty to equality, *i.e.*, in preferring the English to the French ideal, assuming that the two ideals are incompatible, as two such eminent thinkers as Taine and Renan think they are. But the point is that the two are perfectly distinct, and that while England has always stood for liberty, she has never shown any permanent and consistent devotion to the idea of equality. An opportunity was given to England in the seventeenth century to establish a republican commonwealth, and she missed it. The remarkable closing chapter of the second volume of Mr. Gardiner's "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate" shows us the democratic ideal dead in the heart of Cromwell and of the nation, and the idol of trade set up in the place of the dethroned goddess of the Republic. When the Restoration came the Whig reformers and the middle classes tried to secure liberty, not equality. That ideal has guided the Whig and Liberal parties ever since in the reforms they have undertaken.

The aristocracy, on their part, have managed to maintain their power substantially, though here and there concessions have been made. They have even thrown up, in the persons of Lord Grey, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Salisbury, men, if not of genius, yet of high talent and capacity for political leadership. The character of the aristocracy, which in the last century was their weak point,

has undergone a change for the better. Scandals there have been of a grave character, but on the whole the newer and younger peers have improved greatly on their predecessors. Many of them have devoted not a little time to the study of social questions, so much so that you will probably hear as intelligent a discussion of these subjects in the House of Lords as in the House of Commons. The economic decline of the Lords, also, which was freely anticipated a few years ago, has been broken if not wholly prevented by prudential marriages with the daughters of American plutocrats. In the next place, the rampant Imperialism of the last few years has brought to many peers appointments in army, navy, and public service, and it has enabled peers to lend their names for a consideration to companies which have been engaged in commercially exploiting the countries opened up. By a peculiar dispensation of Providence it has also happened that the standard of ability and character in the House of Commons, especially among the younger men, has simultaneously declined. On the Liberal side not one of the younger men has taken hold of the country or ever will. And as everything which weakens the House of Commons fortifies the House of Lords, it is clear that the latter institution has received a new lease of life.

Moreover, the masses suspect, and well-informed persons are aware, that the Liberal agitation against the House of Lords is half-hearted and insincere. There have been at intervals agitations directed against the House of Lords ever since 1831, and to-day the House of Lords is much stronger than at any other time during that long period. Some reason for this striking fact must exist. Recollect the threats and the actual violence of the Reform era, of the Corn Law agitation, of the Irish Church controversy, and ask yourself why this institution, so threatened, said to be so unpopular, has maintained its life unimpaired till now, and why its members are to-day quite indifferent to the menaces coming from Liberal politicians. On every occasion during my time when any measure brought in by a Liberal Ministry was thrown out or mutilated by the House of Lords I have heard vague threats as to what was going to be done with that assembly of bold bad men, and the threats have proved to be

vain. How many hundred resolutions have been passed demanding that the House of Lords should be put down? But the House of Lords has not been put down; it has been added to, and that by Liberal Ministers. When more innocent than I am now, I mentioned the singular discrepancy between the deeds and talk of Liberal leaders to a well-known academic Radical of the old school. He smiled and said to me, "You will know one day what nonsense all this is. The Government Front Bench and the Opposition Front Bench put their heads together at one of these so-called crises; they allow their dupes to shout, and meanwhile a little arrangement, to which the Sovereign is a party, is come to, and another great demonstration against the Lords collapses." These sham fights resemble the contests between Tammany and the Republican machine in New York. Mr. Croker would be the first to mourn the utter overthrow of Mr. Platt, while Mr. Platt would rend his garments at the hopeless collapse of Mr. Croker. They are necessary to one another, though they must appear to the public as bitter foes. So the Liberal leaders profess great indignation at the wicked Lords, while one or two of them are preparing actually to join their ranks, and both Front Benches unite in maintaining the principles and methods on which the House of Lords is based.

The truth is that the demonstration against the Lords is not a democratic but a party agitation. The Liberal politicians do not oppose the House of Lords because it is a House of Lords, but because it will not pass Liberal bills. It is not because it is a hereditary chamber, but because it is, as has been said, a committee of the Carlton Club. If there were a majority of Liberal peers—as there was a great majority of Whig peers at one time—we should never hear one word about the House of Lords. It is, from the point of view of the Lords, an unfortunate fact that so few Liberals sit in that body, but that is a very different matter from the question of its hereditary and ecclesiastical constitution, which is the thing that ought to irritate the democrat. If the Liberal party really took the democratic point of view, would it have given away more peerages than the Conservatives? Yet this is what has actually been done. Would it have encouraged rich men to secure easy seats because of the

money they paid into the party funds for the sake of a peerage? Yet this is what has been done. The offence is so notorious that it is needless to name names. Many Liberals who abuse the House of Lords on the platform are burning to enter its walls. John Stuart Mill's famous saying about men who were Radicals because they were not lords is as true now as when it was uttered, and it is to be feared that it will remain only too true for a long while yet to come in a land where, while inequality prevails, it yet suits demagogues at political crises to pretend that it does not.

Omitting the anachronism of the presence of Bishops, it may be said that the House of Lords now rests on two bases —landed possessions and the wealth of the *parvenu* class. The first class is mainly Tory; the second has no convictions, but is determined by its obvious interests. But the first class is well represented in a Liberal as well as in a Tory Ministry. The Liberal Ministry of 1892 was supposed to be as democratic a Ministry as we have had, and its second chief, Lord Rosebery, tried, in 1894, to make his party believe that he was going to head a serious attack on the Lords. Now I find that this Liberal Ministry represented landed property to the extent of 764,361 acres, and a total rent-roll of £446,741. Is it likely that such men will cut away from their feet their own standing-ground? If the question at issue were a purely theoretical one as to whether we should or should not have a second chamber, and as to the manner in which that chamber should be constituted, we might, no doubt, believe that the landed proprietor would vote on it with as complete dissociation of economic problems from his mind as any one else. But the question tends to concern the rich man, the landowner, *as such*. The House of Lords is composed of rich men, it exists for rich men, and I do not expect to see rich men destroying it, whether they sit within its walls or not. The one political power now dominant in civilised countries is wealth, and wealth has no political assembly in the world more fully representative of its claims and ideas than the House of Lords.

But I may be told that the rich are not in a majority, and that therefore they will be compelled by the poor, who are, to give way. To this I reply that it is nonsense to suppose that

the majority in all cases rules, even under a suffrage more extended than our own. An intelligent and well-organised minority is generally more than a match for a loose, badly organised, and, above all, dishonestly led majority, and this is precisely the condition we are now considering. Besides, the people of England have no prejudices against wealth as such. They like rich people, so long as the rich are free with their money. The idea of an enormous fortune being an offence to the principle of equality never enters their head, because they have no principle of equality. Prejudices against the rich! Why, the people pack the House of Commons with rich men when they could, if they chose, send thither representatives of their own class. Compare the *personnel* of the London representation in the House of Commons with that of Berlin in the Reichstag or that of Paris in the Chamber of Deputies. A more striking contrast it would be impossible to conceive. The passion for equality which you find dominating the masses of Paris, Berlin, Milan, Copenhagen, Munich, wakes no echo in London. Continental journalists have often spoken to me about this phenomenon, to them so strange: I do not now pretend to explain the fact, I merely state it. I find that the wealthy class, so long as it does not interfere with the liberty of the people and permits them to share in the crumbs which fall from its table, rules the land unchallenged. A fair section of the people contrive to secure a hold on local self-government, a much smaller section manage to get elected to the House of Commons, where they sit as "items," but not one person outside the so-called "governing classes" (who all live in a small corner of the West End, belong to the same clubs, dine with one another, and marry into one another's families), dreams of controlling the executive government of the country. I am compelled consequently to assume that the House of Lords, which represents in a peculiar way the wealthy classes, is strongly buttressed, and is not likely to be attacked save in a very serious revolution.

A practically oligarchic Government is not in the least affected by the pretence of one of the parties to represent democratic principles. Since the days of Cromwell, who was himself a wealthy middle-class man, this country has been governed by the aristocracy, and it is as much so at this

moment as it ever was. Glance over the list of the present Cabinet, and of its predecessor, and see if that is not true. Look through the list of members of the House of Commons, and you will find over fifty names of persons connected with titled families. Such facts disillusion one as to the democratic tendencies of Englishmen. Who could conceive in England of a rail-splitter like Lincoln being Premier; of a young member of Congress like Mr. Bryan, without money or connections, leaping into fame in a moment; of a young man like Hanotaux, who lived in a suite *au quatrième* in the Quartier Latin, being Foreign Secretary; of a man like M. Witte, the Russian Finance Minister, who is said to have been a railway porter, being Chancellor of the Exchequer; of a university professor like Castelar becoming the first political figure of the land? Two leaders of the Danish Liberal party in succession were respectively a village shoemaker and a village schoolmaster. Who can think of the son of a Jewish grocer in a small town wielding the masses of England as Gambetta wielded those of France? No, these things are inconceivable. The utmost a man outside the charmed circle here can hope is that, if he can contrive to save money so as to make himself independent, stick to his party, and deliver not too frequently ponderous speeches in the House of Commons, he may perchance become President of the Board of Trade by the time he is sixty. I am not, be it understood, arguing that the state of feeling elsewhere is better than it is here, or that it produces better results than in England. I put aside any such question, and content myself with affirming that, while the English masses would probably make ugly work if they believed their liberties were interfered with, or if some fixed moral or religious craze possessed their minds, they do not in their wildest dreams, if they ever dream, think of themselves as administering the affairs of the country. All that they leave to the "gentlefolk." In other words, they are not the least democratic in tone or temper, and personally I doubt of their ever being so. We must therefore, if this diagnosis is correct, assume that the House of Lords will, by the grace of the people of England, continue to exist, whatever our personal predilections may be.

One argument against the position taken up may be considered for a moment. It may be argued that since English-

speaking people in other parts of the world have established communities in which there are no Houses of Lords, we in England may anticipate a time when this institution shall terminate here. But this argument is fallacious, as it takes no account of *milieu*. There is no House of Lords in the United States or in any of the several States, because there was no material out of which to construct such a body when these political organisms came into being. The economic conditions of the early settlers of New England imposed democratic institutions; these institutions were not the product of pure reason, but of environment. So with the newer Colonies of Australia to-day; you could not create a House of Lords there, because you have no materials for its construction. Institutions are not "made," as Abbé Siéyès found to his cost; they always grow out of the human conditions. In America and Australia democratic conditions of life have endured long enough to impress themselves on the habits, the ideas, the prepossessions of the people, so that it would be hopeless, even with the influence of the new wealth in the hands of a small class, to overthrow democracy. But in England, where original settlement was all made not by colonisation but by conquest, where centuries of inequality have bred deeply-rooted class feeling in the minds of all but a few, where will is intensely developed but intelligence little, where men have never been told or have conceived themselves as "born free and equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights," and where all persons contrive to fall into socially allotted places, it is not easy to raise any strong democratic feeling. It is less easy than it was half a century ago, since men of exceptional energy in the ranks of the working classes have left the country as emigrants. If English industry should, as is probable, decline, it will be even more difficult fifty years hence.

The fact that the House of Lords will continue to exist relieves us from the necessity of discussing the question whether there should be one or two chambers. From the point of view of pure reason one sees no argument for any second chamber which will be either a duplicate of the first or its antagonist. But in considering the mysteries of the British Constitution we have nothing to do with pure reason, so we may take Dante's advice—*non ragionam di lor, ma guarda*

e passa. So we come to what I may call the "shoemaker" proposition. By this I mean the argument of those who think that to overcome the opposition of the Lords to Liberal measures, five hundred shoemakers should be made peers to compel the House of Lords to bow to the popular will—or what is imagined to be such. Notwithstanding the advocacy of this proposition by one or two distinguished persons, I venture to think it will never be adopted, and that it ought not to be adopted. In the first place, no sovereign would consent to it, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that the sovereign reigns here but does not govern. So long as monarchy lasts the Crown, which is supposed to be the fountain of honour, ought not to and will not consent to such a degradation as this proposal would involve. The degradation is not due to the fact that the proposed peers are of humble origin, but because the proposed creation cancels the very bases on which the House of Lords rests. Neither would the House of Lords itself consent, nor ought it to consent, to anything of the kind. The chamber which refused to admit Lord Wensleydale will not, we may be certain, admit hundreds of persons *en masse* for purely party political reasons. The thing is childish. If you are going to get rid of the rule of the peers, do it honestly, and not by a side wind like this. Remember, too, that the resistance of the sovereign and the Lords to this measure would make it harder than a straightforward proposal for the abolition of the House of Lords. Both would be revolutionary measures, but the one would be honest and manly, the other would not. Remember, also, that the defeat of any such proposal would mean the practical annihilation of the party which proposed it.

But even if the Crown were a party to any such trifling with a great question, how would the Liberal party gain by it? It can scarcely be supposed that the five hundred would be appointed *ad hoc*, and be allowed to throw up the position in a fortnight. But if they remained, is it imagined they would be permanently progressive? There is no guarantee of anything of the sort. Indeed, exactly the opposite may safely be assumed. For the class of men to be ennobled would not be cobblers, but well-to-do shopkeepers and professional men. There would be a flutter in Tottenham Court Road and Bedford

842684

Row, while great agitation would be visible in the high society of Leeds and Manchester. In not a few prosperous Nonconformist chapels and suburban churches would the thoughts of the worshippers stray during the devotions. In short, a new peerage, it may safely be averred, would consist of elements of a very reactionary character. When the special occasion had passed away the country would find itself saddled with a more Conservative House of Lords than it had before, a House which represented a narrow conception of the rights of property without its duties, a House with all the pushing smartness of the modern shopkeeper without the redeeming qualities of an old aristocracy. Those who are now chastised with whips would then be chastised with scorpions. Worst of all, we should be told that, the great Liberal reform having taken place, nothing more could be done, and we must all sit down happy under the new dispensation with our venerable assembly packed with the *novi homines*—the lords of the shop-till, the heroes of the yard-measure, the grandees of the bargain counter. This proposal need surely be discussed no further.

I will now consider for a moment the proposal often urged by the late Mr. Thorold Rogers with his characteristic vehemence and wit—viz. the refusal of the writ of summons to peers, so that no House of Lords at all should be constituted at the opening of a new Parliament. Mr. Rogers contended that this course would be perfectly legal, but that is not the general view. Freeman has shown ("Historical Essays," Fourth Series, p. 43) how the regular Parliaments began in 1295, and how from that time the position of the peerage is fully established, the right of the baron who has been summoned to be always summoned secured, the same right passing to his successor after him. When one speaks of a right in this way, one always means that the English Constitution has settled down so by a succession of legal precedents. The word Parliament means not one order, but three—Sovereign, Lords, and Commons. It is of course open to us to alter this, but alteration would mean revolution. Until such a revolution has made itself good against all contending force, it is clear to my mind that the courts would hold, and would be justified in holding, that no Act of Parliament was valid which omitted the authority and sanction of the House of Lords in its preamble. Again, the

reformer is attempting by a side wind to do what he is not willing to do by open methods. But is it not equally clear that the Crown would decline to refuse the issue of writs of summons to persons who have a customary right to be summoned? If so, again the Ministry of the day would be brought into conflict with the Crown. It is as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and so we may say that it would be as easy for a Ministry eager to deal with the Lords to propose the abolition of that House at once, and have done with it, as to attempt by some dodge or trick to deal with the problem. It has even been proposed, as a variant on the proposition of Mr. Rogers, that writs should only be issued to such peers as were in harmony with the Ministry that issued them. One thinks of the *serrata del Maggior Consiglio*, and wonders how any person can propose such a scheme to-day. A more unfair dodge, a more cowardly evasion of the issue, I cannot conceive. The members of the House of Lords may sleep soundly in their beds for many years to come if this is the means whereby their opponents think to rid the land of them. Think of the Queen issuing a writ to her trusty and well-beloved Baron Stern and refusing it to Lord Salisbury, or issuing it to Lord De La Warr and refusing it to Lord Spencer! It is amusing, too, to notice the calm assumption that it will be always the Tory peers that will be excluded. For, if that were not the result perpetually in the minds of those who make the suggestion, their whole case would fall to the ground, since the charge brought against the Lords is that they are permanently Tory. But, as a matter of fact, nine times out of ten it would be the Liberal peers that would be kept out under this precious plan. In fact, Lord Salisbury would have been able from 1886 to the present moment, save during the brief Liberal *régime* of 1892–95, to prevent a single Liberal peer from taking his seat.

A proposal of a far higher order than this piece of party infatuation has been more than once made by Mr. John Morley—viz., that a peer should be able to elect whether he would sit in the House of Lords or divest himself of his rank with its drawbacks and become eligible for the House of Commons. There is much to be said from the point of view of theoretical democracy for this proposition. But in practice

it would not help on the cause which the Liberal is supposed to have at heart, except in one respect—it would reduce the influence and weight of the House of Lords by stripping it of most of its talent. The able peers on the right side of seventy would become candidates for membership of the House of Commons, and, owing to the "deferential" character of the majority of English people, would be elected. This we may fairly assume after having during the last few years seen mayors and town councils on their knees before local peers begging them to take up the office of mayor, which in many cases the peers did, much to the satisfaction of the humble townsfolk. Thus the Duke of Norfolk became Mayor of Sheffield, the Duke of Devonshire of Eastbourne, Lord Beauchamp of Worcester, Lord Warwick of Warwick, and so forth. Now if towns prefer not very distinguished peers to rule over them, much more will they be likely to elect peers, other things being equal, as their members of Parliament. What Radical candidate would care to fight Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Devonshire, or Lord Halsbury, or Lord Ashbourne, or Lord Dudley, or the Duke of Norfolk? What young Tory advocate, however able in his own eyes, would care to face Lord Rosebery, or Lord Coleridge, or Lord Carrington? The fact is that, while under such a scheme we should get a much weaker House of Lords and a much stronger House of Commons, the latter would be a far more reactionary chamber than it is now, because all the reactionary talent in the country would flock into it. This result, as I have said, may be defended from the purely theoretical point of view, but it would not be welcome to those who want to rid themselves of the Lords, not from any theoretic standpoint, but in order to secure more readily Radical measures.

A word may here be said on the difficulty of securing in England any clear statement of the argument for advance. Do you want the perfection of democratic machinery? Or do you want certain practical changes which make your way? It may be remembered that, in his "Reisebilder," Heine has compared the Liberalism of Russia with that of England. Russian Liberalism, he says, is the Liberalism of ideas, English that of interests. When we think of the tasks of a reforming character which English Liberalism has carried out for more

than two generations, it is obvious that each change made was a payment, so to speak, to a section which had the official leaders by the throat and which was in a position to levy political blackmail. This does not mean that many of the great reformers were not very single-minded, earnest, and even noble men. But it does mean that, so far as the leaders were concerned, the changes in question did not flow from a central idea, but were concessions to interests without whose support the whole fabric of party, with its imposing proportions, would have melted away. The position of the Liberal party towards the House of Lords now illustrates the dictum of Heine. There is no principle of democracy set forth, save by Mr. Morley; there is only this or that party measure which cannot be carried unless the House of Lords is out of the way. And the very suggestion of Mr. Morley, which is in form democratic, will be rejected because it does not suit the party purposes. There is still a good deal of the "bottomless Whig" about your Liberal. You cannot get at a basic principle.

I turn from an impossible proposal to consider for a moment the suggested reforms of the House of Lords. The first is that proposed by J. S. Mill, in his "Representative Government," for the election of peers by themselves—*i.e.*, an extension of the present method by which the peers of Scotland meet and send a certain proportion of their number to the House of Lords. The second is that of life peerages, or a second chamber of titled persons without the hereditary element. The proposal for the elimination of black sheep from the House is not, of course, a reform in the proper sense of the word, and may be ignored for our purposes. As regards these proposals, I would say at once that they must be judged from the point of view of what it is you want. If you want a body which will let all Liberal Bills through easily, it is clear that any such method is quite hopeless. The Liberal Bills would be no more likely to get through than they are now. Indeed, if the House of Lords were composed of a small select number of peers, and all the useless idlers were turned out, the debates there would be very much more real than they are now. The sitting peers would be the ablest members of their class, and they would attend with unremitting care to the interests of their constituents, the wealthy people all over the country.

That would be the outcome of Mill's plan. On the other hand, if there were life peers, they would, I presume, be named by the Crown—*i.e.*, jointly by the sovereign and the Ministry of the day. Every Ministry would certainly pack the House with its supporters as far as it could do so. Nothing of a popular character could come out of either change. On the other hand, if it is merely a well-organised revising chamber to check hasty legislation that is desired, both the method of Mill and the system of life peerages have a good deal to be said for them, and I expect that the Conservative leaders will not unlikely consider the whole matter with care.

If from the point of view of securing popular reforms without the veto of a second chamber we must reject the two methods of reform just considered, what are we to say to the notion of a brand-new Senate on elective lines? We must say at once that for this purpose it is worse than useless, it is fatal. By creating a second chamber of the elective kind you must either reproduce the House of Commons, which is a ridiculous work of supererogation, or you would create a new body hostile to that House. In the latter case that would happen here which has happened in France—you would get a new master with power co-ordinate with that of the House of Commons. Recollect what happened to the Ministry of M. Bourgeois. That Ministry was defeated in the Senate and it had to resign in consequence, with the result that henceforward it was understood all over France that the adverse vote of the Senate was as fatal to a Ministry as was the adverse vote of the Chamber, though the latter was elected directly by the people and the former indirectly. The same phenomenon would take place here. And recollect once more that, once saddled with a reformed second chamber, you could not get rid of it: you could not get up meetings in Hyde Park to denounce it; you would have to put up with it, and to curse the day when you were fool enough to go constitution-mongering. I think I need not take up valuable space by referring to the assemblies of aged fossils called nominated Senates which are to be found in Italy, Spain, and other European countries. It is not probable that we shall find our ideal in them. If this is so, we must, I think, conclude that if the devotees of inequality in this land compel us to keep going

a House of Lords which along with the monarchy symbolises inequality, while on the other hand this House sometimes is found obstructing needed reforms, the only way out of the *impasse* is to limit in some way the powers of the House of Lords; and here alone will be found, in my judgment, the solution of our problem.

In the year 1883 I heard Mr. Bright, at Leeds, advocate the limitation of the veto of the House of Lords; I thought at the time it was the plan which took the line of least resistance, and I think so still. But how will you do it? The Lords will not of themselves do away with their own veto, of that we may be sure. Nor will a mere *dilettante* way of approaching the subject effect such a purpose. The Lords would not pay any attention to a casual resolution to the effect that their veto was useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. No; the question of the Lords' veto must be vitally connected with a measure that the people feel to be important, and it must be handled by a Ministry which the people feel to be in earnest. These two conditions are essential. Now, how could the right conditions conceivably be fulfilled? In the first place, the progressive party which desired to rid our politics of the power wielded by the House of Lords should first go to the country and state to the electorate its view quite clearly. It should at the same time put forward as clearly some large measure of social reform, moderate it may be, but distinctly intended to equalise burdens and to raise, if by ever so little, the condition of the toiling classes. Such a measure would be one dealing with land or taxation, or both, since there is no other way of dealing with the social problem. You can, of course, tinker at small labour Bills, but they do not lift the people as a whole, and the House of Lords has no objection to them. But to any measure of a comprehensive character, however moderate in temper, dealing with the monopoly of land or the taxation of unearned wealth, the House of Lords must either object or it must sink into insignificance. It will and must stand by its clients, and they are the whole class of landlords and the wealthy people of the land.

Here would be the chance of the progressive leader. He must be in earnest, he must even be prepared to face revolution. The thing he must do, having pledged his word to the

people when he unfolded his programme, is to assert that if the Lords dare to throw out or vitally modify his Bill or Bills he will instantly dissolve, will not permit any royal pressure to stand in the way, and will appeal to the country. If he failed, it would be a sign not only that the people are not opposed to a House of Lords, but that they care nothing about their obvious material advantages. If, on the other hand, the electorate rallied round the leader, he would, in the political atmosphere thus generated, secure the passage in the House of Commons of a solemn resolution to the effect that the veto of the Lords should be a suspensive veto for one session only and no more, and that the exercise of any further power by the House of Lords would be regarded as a gross breach of privilege inconsistent with the rights of the electorate under the Constitution. Such a procedure seems to me the only way in which to deal with the House of Lords, if the institution itself is not to be abolished. But it depends on the temper of the Ministry and the country being fused to the right heat, and that can only be brought about by the pushing of some large measure in which the nation is vitally interested, and the effect of which would be manifestly to improve the life of the nation. If it fails, I confess I see nothing between revolution on the one hand and oligarchy on the other. For we are moving on present lines to oligarchy. As Aristotle says in the "Politics," the test of an oligarchy is that its rule is vested in wealthy citizens though inferior in numbers. This is our condition even to-day, it will be still more so to-morrow. At present the temper of the country is averse to dealing with the problem presented by this oligarchic power. It may possibly continue so, since, as I have said, the feeling of the country is not democratic. But if the present temper should not prove permanent, the means here suggested might well be adopted for ridding the country of an irritating power which few intelligent Conservatives can wholly approve, since it is a challenge to revolt, while yet preserving to the country an institution really liked by most Englishmen, and by none more than by those persons who, as John Stuart Mill put it, are Radicals because they are not lords.

I cannot end without suggesting that, before the Liberal party takes upon itself to deal with the House of Lords, it

should attempt to put straight the House of Commons. The most superficial person can see that parliamentary government is not gaining in the world. Alike in Europe and the United States the representative person, whether called Emperor, President, or Chancellor, is more and more accepted as the exponent of national purposes, and not the representative assembly. Indeed, were it not for the House of Commons, one might be tempted to say that there was no future for the representative assembly. But the House of Commons, to say the least, is not gaining ground. Were its roots not very deep in the nation's past, one could hardly look forward to its future with any sense of its permanent power or influence. Thoughtful men, seeing this fact of parliamentary decadence, hesitate to entrust supreme and undivided power in the hands of such a body as the House of Commons. Therefore, if that House is to magnify its position, if it is to justify itself in the eyes of the nation, if it is to decline to admit the hitherto recognised claims of the House of Lords, it must begin to put its own house in order, and prepare itself to be what its demands imply—a fit supervisor of the administration. Not idle debates, not aimless rhetoric, not quibbling and petty platitudes, but bold and watchful vigilance, devotion to principle, control over finance, control over departments, great aims carried out by worthy means—these are methods which the country will demand from the House of Commons if that body is to be the guiding force of the State, as is presumably intended by those in the Liberal party who desire to raise the question of the House of Lords.

THE GENESIS OF JINGOISM

[PROGRESSIVE REVIEW, *February* 1897]

A CENTURY ago Europe was cosmopolitan, to-day she is national and particularist. The eve of the French Revolution found every wise man in Europe—Lessing, Kant, Goethe, Rousseau, Lavater, Condorcet, Priestley, Gibbon, Franklin—more of a citizen of the world than of any particular country. Goethe confessed that he did not know what patriotism meant, and was glad to be without it. Mazzini, in his comparison of Goethe with Byron, makes this a formidable indictment against the Sage of Weimar. Cultured men of all countries were at home in polite society everywhere. Kant was immensely more interested in the events of Paris than in the life of Prussia. Italy and Germany were geographical expressions, those countries being filled with small states in which there was no political life, but in which there was much interest in the general progress of culture.

The Revolution itself was at bottom also human and cosmopolitan. It is, as Lamartine said, "a date in the human mind," and it is because of that fact that all the carping of critics like Taine cannot prevent us from seeing that the character of the men who led the great movements of the Revolution can never obliterate the momentous nature of the titanic strife. The soldiers of the Revolution who, barefooted and ragged, drove the insolent reactionaries from the soil of France, were fighting not merely for some national cause, but for a cause dimly perceived to be the cause of general mankind. With all its crudities and imperfections, the idea of the Revolution was that of a conceived body of right in which all men should share.

But the Revolution, by a strange irony of fate, was destined to bring about a reaction from this very cosmopolitanism of

which it was the embodiment. The very attacks made on French soil led quite naturally to an immense outburst of feeling in behalf of France herself—a feeling taken advantage of by Napoleon to build up a great French dominating power which was held to threaten the liberties of mankind. We need not stop to ask whether Napoleon himself really shared the patriotic sentiment of the French people, as his apologists assert he did. It is sufficient for us that he made the French believe that he, of all men, embodied that sentiment. Thus the Napoleonic wars resulted, in so far as France was concerned, in substituting an intense feeling for "la patrie" for the movement of the "idea" which had stirred the blood of the revolutionists.

In the next place, the very aid offered by France to oppressed nations to recover their liberty led to a new stirring of national feeling all over Europe. The French soldiers who conquered at Marengo and Rivoli were unconscious agents in advance of the movement for Italian unity and independence. The German admirers of the Revolution were preparing, unknown to themselves, for Sedan and the German Empire. Wherever the French armies went, there were planted on battlefields stained with the blood of the young manhood of Europe the germs of the full-grown plant of nationalism as we have seen it flourishing in the Europe of our day. The force that was to liberate men from old systems of rule, most of which were corrupt and quaint, but comparatively few of which were excessively oppressive, did indeed accomplish its object, but it also did work which had never been dreamed of by those who fought with such almost divine madness to bring old feudal Europe to its appointed end. In politics we always accomplish something quite different from that which we set out to accomplish. The Revolution overthrew the old framework, but, instead of making Europe cosmopolitan, it led directly to a revival of ancient germs of life which had been hidden in the soil for long ages.

But still further: not only did the Revolution help to create in this unconscious way the new national movements of Europe, it also led to a direct and conscious rising of nationalities against France, which we know as the anti-Napoleonic Revolution. In this work the foremost nations were Russia,

Prussia, and England. The defeat of Jena made of Prussia a nation, and armed her for the great conflict. England fe invasion, Russia actually experienced it. All the old d rooted sentiments, partly worthy, partly despicable, but powerful in the highest degree, were called into the r tremendous activity. The rising in Spain, which was to p such a serious disaster to Napoleon, was of course made us by England for her own purposes of material interest, bu also stimulated the patriotic feeling among the mass of Eng people, who had no interest in it, and who supposed, as average well-meaning man does at all times, that he is ai a quite genuine and even sacred cause. Thus, when the of the Revolution had all died away, the great fact in Eu was the new national feeling which had been awakened by means described.

The diplomatists who met at Vienna had roused emot for the satisfaction of which they were not prepared. We therefore, the utmost efforts made to crush the new nati movements, and the history of Europe for more than ha century is made up of the war for nationalism. First c the struggle in Greece, followed by the movement of Carbonari in Italy; then came movements in Hungary, Pol Belgium, Norway, the Balkans; the Panslavist movement Russia, the creation of a united Italy and a united Germa Along with these movements for nationalism went the roma movement in literature, which found wonderful meanings at least supposed meanings, in the old institutions which men of the Revolution had been prepared to sweep av Thus nationalism became consecrated by romantic art, old forms of monarchy and ecclesiasticism received a r lease of life.

This movement of nationalism has been generally assu be democratic, and it cannot be denied that all the energy the foremost democrats of Europe during the period between Congress of Vienna and the Franco-German war was devo to this movement. It is only necessary to name Kossu Mazzini, Garibaldi, Deak, Aksakoff, Castelar, Björnson, understand what a vast store of energy which may fairly considered democratic, because it undeniably represented gr masses of popular feeling, was embodied in this, the chief

most patent fact of the century. This general belief is quite true, but such is the irony of circumstance, such the tricks which the gods play us, that this very democratic movement, like that of the Revolution which preceded it, is manifestly the leading cause of reaction to-day. For in it we may discover the genesis of Jingoism, and in that portent may be found the chief reason why, all over Europe and in England perhaps more than in most other lands, there is to-day a frost of reaction hanging over us, "deep almost as life." How is this to be explained? Nothing is more certain than that the great men here named would all of them, with one exception, have repudiated anything like Jingoism. Yet the Jingo reaction has developed itself from the national movements for freedom which they set on foot.

Jingoism we understand to be the excess of nationalism. Assuming nationalism to be the virtuous mean which might have won the approval of Aristotle, then Jingoism is the excess of that feeling carried to a point of absurdity where its victim becomes wholly irrational as well as immoral. As we shall show immediately, however, this excess of sentiment is artfully worked on in every country in behalf of sinister interests which have nothing to do with any normal or healthy national feeling. The result is the peculiar form of exploiting Jingoism which is the root of the so-called Conservatism of the time. Now, how does this by-product of Jingoism develop itself from the general body of nationalism?

Obviously, if national existence is considered the chief end of political activity as contrasted with a cosmopolitan league of culture and civilisation, which seems to have been the half-formed idea of Kant and Goethe, as it is of the philosophic anarchism of our time, those who hold that belief will be prepared to protect the nation for whose existence they have toiled and, it may be, fought, as against other nations. They will and must also be logically prepared to assert its economic position and claims as against those of other nations. If the nation is conceived as worth creating, it must also be conceived as worth preserving, and also as worth extending, if not in area then in economic influence and power. For the national life, like the individual life, must repose on a physical basis, and with material considerations filling so large a space in the

average mind it is inevitable that the physical basis of the national life will come to be the absorbing object of activity with ordinary men.

We see at once what this leads to. When the nation is conceived, not as the men of the eighteenth century conceived it, as but a member of a wider and grander community against which it has no valid claims, but as an entity which has rights and interests as against other nations, three results inevitably happen. In the first place, the conception stimulates the creation of an army and navy. In the second place, it stimulates the movements of tariffs as opposed to the cosmopolitan idea of Free Trade. In the third place, it also stimulates the movement for what is called expansion, which we see now in progress in Africa and Asia. Thus the national movement, when carried out to its logical issue, is found to be a kind of counter-revolution to the cosmopolitan conception which had possessed the best minds of Europe towards the close of the last century.

Perhaps Italy affords the best illustration of this process of nationalism, since the national idea has worked out so differently there from what was hoped by those who wrote and fought and agitated that Italy might be free. To-day Italy is "free" in the sense of not being under the dominion of any external sovereignty. But what does her freedom, as actually worked out, mean? Having, as we say, established her independent national existence, Italy felt herself bound to protect it against not only actual but possible foes. She therefore set to work to create a large navy and to enforce conscription. The result of this is that the whole peninsula is a military camp. Every citizen, moreover, has to support out of the meagre proceeds of his toil a number of absolutely unproductive persons. But for soldiers some kind of work other than that of standing sentry outside palaces or of marching about parade grounds must be found. The Italian Government therefore turned its eye towards Africa. We all know the outcome of that policy which has burdened Italy with debt out of proportion to her means. But for such armaments and for such expeditions money must be raised somehow, and so the indirect method of a high tariff is approved. Thus we see that, in order to carry out nationalism, the three methods of which we have spoken—those of armaments, tariff, and so-called expansion—

are inevitably adopted. Given the fundamental idea of a nation having interests as against all other nations, given the actual men of the day with their fixed belief that "the good" means chiefly, if not entirely, material gain, accumulation of things, and such results are certain.

The ultra-national movement which we see all over Europe, and in the United States and Japan also, thus seems accountable for the widespread reaction which we cannot fail to discern on every hand. For we must surely look beyond the cheap and superficial explanations of electioneering agents and commonplace politicians to the great currents that are moving all over the world, if we are to explain what is a general and not an isolated phenomenon. The excess of nationalism seems to us, in short, to be the chief cause of reaction. No generous forward movement, associated as such always must be with large human aims, is possible so long as the notion of particular national or even racial interests as against other national or racial interests dominates men's minds, as at the present time.

Nationalism in its extreme form is partly stimulated by two causes which may be termed honourable as contrasted with the other and base element to which we shall immediately refer. These two causes are the general romantic movement in literature and the extreme statement of the organic conception of society in political philosophy. To such great writers as Scott and Tennyson, and others who might be named, the world owes such a debt of gratitude that it seems invidious to suggest that they did harm. Yet nothing seems more certain, if we hold that humanity as such, and not any particular group of humanity, is the real object of our affections and its good the real end of our endeavour. The glamour thrown over the past, the exaggerated feeling for old and even for worm-eaten superstitions, the propping up of thrones and nobles by hinting at some grandeur in them which is not in common men, the excessive love for country and the ascribing of peculiar virtues to one country which are really not national but human—all these powerful elements of reactionary politics have been subtly though nobly inculcated by these writers. When a person is perpetually told that such and such reprehensible conduct is "un-English" instead of what it really is, anti-human, it

is impossible but that in time the feeling should grow that there is something nobler in being an Englishman than in being a man. The absurdity as well as ethical falseness of this is seen when we reflect that in France similar conduct is spoken of as "un-French" and in Germany as "un-German." Thus exaggerated nationalism may be easily reduced to absurdity.

The truth of the organic nature of society is so valuable that one is loth to say a word which could be construed into under-estimating its importance. Yet in some of its recent statements it surely tends to an utterly false view of what human interests really demand. One's neighbour, says the great parable, is he who shows mercy, not he who happens to live next door, especially where, as in our large cities, nobody knows or cares who lives next door. In its more extreme statements the organic theory of society, as it has been expounded, would mean that the English workman, *e.g.*, is bound by a real tie of ethical relationship to the English capitalist, as against the German or French workman. The only reason which can be alleged is that both of the former were born in the same island. It would be a great deal more true to say (we are not asserting that in any and every case it would be true) that the English workman is bound by a far closer tie to the French or German workman than he is to the English capitalist; and no organic theory of the State can cover the complex moral and economic facts of modern life unless it takes that tie of common labour into the fullest consideration as a part of its general synthesis.

But there is a base element in modern life which has stimulated Jingoism more than any other cause. Although in its essence capitalism is international, and although it will prove in the long run one of the leading factors in breaking down nationalism, for the present it is accustomed to find in exaggerated forms of nationalism its most potent ally. The music-hall patriot is encouraged to howl for Jameson or any other hero of the hour, when in reality he is howling for the financiers who are making of Jameson their tool. One year it may be the Russian Emperor, another year the German Emperor, or again the French President, against whom the financial magnate finds it convenient to make the music-hall patriot howl. This process is greatly facilitated by the fact

that the successful financier is now securing the so-called "organs of public opinion," by which is meant the newspapers. Stirring headlines and posters are used to stimulate the feeble imagination of the man in the street, who can often be relied on to read the useful lie without seeing the next day's contradiction. The Press is, indeed, the most potent forcing-house of Jingoism which could be contrived, and as it is used more and more its potency will grow.

In America and England especially, we have long been taught with diligent assiduity that a nation is to be judged not by quality but by quantity, by material output, by exports and imports, by the accumulation of riches, and by the number of square miles over which the flag waves or the territory extends. This was, of course, one of the inevitable results of nationalism, and it is discernible in all nations more or less at the present time; but, as we have said, it is a peculiarly sacred dogma of the English-speaking countries. The notion has never been so crudely or offensively expressed as by the present Colonial Secretary, unless by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Speaking at a colonial banquet last year, Mr. Chamberlain sneeringly observed that he believed the colony of Queensland was larger than the German Empire. Yes, and Brazil is larger still, and the icy regions of the Antarctic are believed to be larger, and the deserts of Africa are larger than any of them. In much the same way one of the understrappers of Xerxes might have boasted to a company of banqueters in that monarch's capital that he believed Persia was a good deal larger than Greece. But what of Persia and its influence in the world to-day, and what of Greece and its influence? We lay no claims to any gift of prophecy, but we should be very much surprised if the torrid plains of Queensland, with the gangs of hired coolies cultivating sugar, will be found for many centuries to come contributing to the world one-thousandth part of the spiritual value which we owe to the land of Luther, Lessing, Goethe, Kant, Hegel, Humboldt, Heine, and Leibnitz. In the long run we believe this to be the sole value which a country can yield. But to Mr. Rhodes this is a stumbling-block, and to Mr. Chamberlain foolishness. When a man can make money, why should he be fool enough to trouble himself with science, philosophy, poetry, art, religion? There is better

sport in "flotations," in "bulls" and "bears," and similar monsters toyed with by rich men. Which shows the difference between the statesman and the political *commis-voyageur!*

The superficial reader might possibly imagine that we were desirous of seeing national distinctions abolished, and the whole world reduced to one dull uniformity. So far from this being our own view, we can show that this is, by a singular paradox, just the real ideal of the Jingo, the man who carries nationalism to exaggerated forms. When any person has surrendered what should be a passion for humanity as a whole and a desire to promote its good as a whole, and has deliberately set himself to working for his nation as against other nations, he inevitably desires to see its sway worldwide and its average ideals accepted everywhere. At the present time the average German or English Jingo would like to see the whole world German or English in the most commonplace and unpleasant sense of the term. Though every thinking Englishman knows the truth of Napoleon's saying that empires die of indigestion, the Government is urged every day to grab at any territory in any part of the world that it can lay its hands on. Wise men know that nothing can be a greater source of danger than this, but the Jingo is not a wise man. And so we may be perfectly certain that Jingoism must lead to one of two results, either of which will cancel its own premises. Either a particular empire will conquer and overrun huge territories, and so reduce all to its own deadly monotony, or it will be overcome by its adversary, and so destroyed, or else make way for some other huge and dreary aggregation, which in its turn will succumb to some community more fitted to survive. So far from wishing to reduce the world to a dull level of uniformity, we desire to preserve the utmost variety. We know that all of worth which Europe has given to the world has been born out of endless variety. Not big monotonous empires of shopkeepers and stockbrokers such as Mr. Chamberlain apparently looks forward to, but small communities, in which there is a vigorous local feeling, but connected with a certain cosmopolitan feeling, such as the Italian commonwealth of the Middle Ages, seem the best breeding places of great and original men. The big empires of history have been singularly barren.

We cannot go back to the Middle Ages or to any other past order. But we can perceive that mere nationalism inevitably leads to reaction, and that European history during this century shows the close connection. We fully admit that the cosmopolitanism of the last century was too thin, too devoid of positive content, to furnish the average man with what he needed to render him an ideal citizen. We hold, indeed, the doctrine that every historical movement has its justification in a wide synthesis. We have merely desired to investigate the origin of the phenomenon known as Jingoism, and we find it in an exaggerated nationalism, itself the necessary product of historic causes. This excess of nationalism we find to be responsible for reaction—to be, in fact, the great reactionary agent of the time. We fully agree with those who contend that a nation is a useful intermediate stage between the family and humanity, and that national ideas must be respected—which is what the Jingo does not hold when it happens to be the ideas of another country. But we also say that a really great movement forward will be known by its international character. The Christian Church, the Revival of Letters, the French Revolution—all were for mankind, not for any one race or people. And so long as nationalism holds the field we do not expect any great forward social movement. The forces which will break up mere nationalism are the aggregation of capital, the combinations of labour, and the conjunction of the Occident and Orient. But this is too large a theme upon which to enter now.

THE CURSE OF MILITARISM

[THE YOUNG MAN, *May* 1901]

"OH, if some one would only discover how to destroy this microbe of militarism which ravages the world!" Such is an exclamation in Mr. Zangwill's recent powerful novel, "The Mantle of Elijah," a story which, apart from its interest as a work of art, contains a scathing satire on the foremost of our Jingo politicians, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Rarely in the history of the world have thoughtful men seen more need for echoing Mr. Zangwill's words—for they are his words, though he is speaking to us through the mouth of one of his characters. Was ever greater satire known in history than the aspirations and actual formal deeds of The Hague Conference, followed instantly by two needless and unjust wars in the Philippines and South Africa, waged by the very two nations which were foremost in urging methods of conciliation and arbitration at the Conference? In addition to these wars, we have had the Chinese expedition of the Allied Powers, in which the Western soldiers proved themselves quite the equals of the Chinese in ruthless barbarism, and more than their equals in wholesale robbery. Moreover, the already immense armaments of Europe have been increased enormously, so have the French and German navies, and we have the prospect before us of a great extension of the English army. The American army, which, when I was last in the United States, was but 25,000 men, has now been extended by Act of Congress to 100,000, thus saddling on the New World the military vices of the Old. Nothing, in fact, more characterises the new century on which we have entered than the recrudescence of brute force. The prophet of the beginning of the nineteenth century was the aged Immanuel Kant, with

his noble plan for an "Eternal Peace," as he called it. The prophet of the twentieth century is Friedrich Nietzsche, with his brutal "over-man" responsible to none, with no law but his pride and egoistic will. It is not a pleasant outlook for the friends of humanity and democracy.

Much has been written and spoken as to the evils of militarism which it is not necessary to repeat, and which would not probably be read by any one who had been bitten by the military microbe. I wish to approach the subject not from the point of view of sentiment, but of reason. Not that I would rule out sentiment from an authority of its own in relation to this or any political question. Burke and other political thinkers are right in holding that sentiment will and must play always a great part in public life. I merely wish to direct attention to other phases of war and the war-spirit, which are not so often considered as are the horrors of the battlefield. I doubt if these horrors have ever deterred a country bumpkin or a city ne'er-do-weel from enlisting in the army, or an ignorant and foolish crowd, whether of rich or poor, from shouting for any war. I do not know whether you can ever prevent this crazy shouting, for there are times, as Bishop Butler said, when communities, like individuals, appear to go mad. Such a time was the Crimean war, now admitted to have been a tragic delusion, and such a time, the historian will declare, was the day when the British Government determined to go to war with the Boers on no intelligible grounds whatever. What I desire to do is not to appeal to the passion or sentiment of the so-called masses, but to argue part of the case against militarism on sober grounds of reason with those who will probably be always a minority in the nation, but who may influence their less reasonable fellow-countrymen for good. I appeal specially to young men, since they are the coming force in the land, and because the war-fury seizes on the young more than on the old.

The first and primary objection to a policy of militarism is that it involves inevitable moral reaction. It plunges man into the very abyss of brute force, from which he struggles to emerge, and from which he must emerge if he is to fulfil the designs of his Creator. It is surely intended that we should proceed through nature to spirit, and every power that pulls

us back into the slough of animalism means so much ground lost. Our chief business is to eliminate the "ape and tiger" from our being, and to rise on the stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things. Now, how can war help that inward evolution? It cannot only not help it, but it must hinder it, because it calls forth the very qualities which drag us down. As this is an important point, and as much that is of a most dubious character has been written on this subject, let me dwell a little on this aspect of militarism.

We are all dominated to-day by Darwinian conceptions of nature, which has been subtly interwoven into political and social generalisations. Darwinism has been interpreted in a way that Darwin himself would have been the first to protest against, for he was a modest man, and he said himself that he did not profess to explain all things in the universe in terms of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. It is now assumed by those who defend war on what may be termed Darwinian lines that "progress" is brought about by this struggle carried up to the human plane, that consequently war is an eternal fact, and that militarism, which may be described as a perpetual preparation for war and a positive delight in it, is an eternal fact also. This doctrine has been enunciated by bellicose clergy in place of the peaceful ethics of Christ founded on love. At the Congregational Council at Boston, Dr. Lyman Abbott, speaking of the dissemination of the Christian Gospel, said that the sword must precede it and prepare its way. The horrors of China, as described by Dr. Dillon, are, in short, to be the messengers of the Gospel of Peace. We have heard a great deal of what Christ would do if He were in London or Chicago; had He been in Boston on this occasion I think He would have repeated that awful saying, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Now, without going into the question as to whether Darwinism is opposed ethically root and branch to the doctrines of Christ, or the ideals of democracy—a question treated with much philosophic acumen in Professor Ritchie's work on "Hegel and Darwin"—let me say that the progress of mankind in any moral sense (and I am indifferent to material progress unaccompanied by moral gain) is due only partly to

strife. Science has shown that co-operation has really been the leading factor in moral evolution. Lord Avebury's studies among insects, Prince Kropotkin's studies in the animal world generally, the arguments of the late Henry Drummond in his "Ascent of Man," show that the concept of progress drawn from hasty generalisations taken from Darwinism and applied to human affairs is at best a one-sided notion. Perhaps the best argument as to true moral progress, as drawn from a strictly scientific survey of evolution, is that contained in Mr. John Fiske's little work on "Man: His Origin and Destiny." You see from that book that the real strength of man is derived from the fact that Nature herself has compelled man to develop a warmer affection for his offspring than has been the case in the lower forms of life. Man, in short, as the great Aristotle said, is a social animal, and he who ignores that fundamental fact must be ignorant of the true development of human history.

But war is profoundly anti-social. It is no doubt true that the poets and orators have often depicted it in glowing terms, and so have succeeded in casting over it a glamour. But those who know the actual battlefield write of war in a very different strain. Recollect that story of the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, or that other story of the sack of Magdeburg, and see how every law, human and divine, was violated. Recall what General Sherman said, after going through the Civil War in the United States: "War is hell." Not much glamour to that stern soldier. The Romans, in spite of the fact that the Temple of Janus was hardly ever closed, had the proverb, *Inter arma silent leges*, thus showing that they realised the fact that war was inimical to the moral processes of every-day life. For what is it to silence the laws? It is to substitute brute force for reason, to deprive citizens of moral security, to put back the clock of civilisation, and to draw once more into the human mind and heart the devils of greed, robbery, hatred, murder, which the moral forces of the world were just beginning to expel from what the apostle tells us should be the temples of the Holy Spirit. Interpret that phrase how you will, it is clear that the qualities of mind induced by militarism are fatal to those other qualities which every thinker and teacher throughout history has endeavoured

to plant in the human animal so as to raise him to the spiritual level. This recrudescence of animalism is true of the most justifiable wars, and what, then, must we say of the worst?

But war means not only the revival and animation of the very qualities of which man needs to rid himself, it means also the maintenance of the forces in his nature which make for individual aggrandisement. Most wars have been dictated by greed, but more and more this is becoming the sole motive for war. Fine pretences are made in rhetorical language, but underneath is the one great purpose dictated by Mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven." The American Congress passed a solemn resolution about "liberating" Cuba, but Cuba is unliberated still. As for the other Spanish possessions, they are held in semi-slavery. Our own talk about spreading liberty and justice in the Transvaal was sheer hypocrisy, intended to cover the designs of the millionaires of the Rand. The loot and murders in China perpetrated by European troops is evidence of the real motives actuating the "civilised" powers. Wars are made, in short, by financiers and heads of trusts using the old words about patriotism and loyalty to cover their own practices and to throw dust in simple people's eyes. Now, the snatching at private goods is not, and never will be, the attainment of "good." Aristotle pointed out this fact in his "Politics," and warned all rulers against aggressive war. The good with him, as with Plato, was an inward good, which no war could bring. I quote too the words of a great modern thinker to the same effect—I refer to Spinoza: "For myself, I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbour's." This is the very point on which the politics of the future will turn. The parties that will be arrayed against one another will be, on the one hand, that which is for the common good, and that which, on the other hand, is for the private good. The latter party is served by war, for the end of war is to secure material riches for particular individuals, while the end of the peaceful evolution of mankind is to secure a greater and greater common good,

enriching all while taking from none. Which is the course more likely to aid the moral welfare of mankind?

If the moral effect of militarism is towards separation and bitterness, the material and economic effect is also towards permanent divisions and separate interests among men. It cannot be denied that, for the bulk of toiling men, militarism is a source of poverty. For a time a delusive prosperity may show itself in the shape of orders for war material and so forth, and men think that you can, after all, dodge the laws of nature, but you cannot. The brisk period soon passes away, and the slack period takes its place: workmen are thrown out of employment by the thousand, prices have risen, taxes have risen, and the sole beneficiaries of the war are found to be soldiers, contractors, and speculators. From such a condition of things how can betterment of the human lot result?

But there are some persons who tell us that we ought not to think of material advantages, and that we should remember that war may be a real benefit in rousing us from a worship of material goods, and so purifying the national life. Let it be freely admitted that moral good is to be preferred to material good. But, as I have just said, the motive in war is material good, or what is believed to be such, so that the pretended depreciation of material good is merely a piece of hypocrisy, an after-thought to justify an act which will not bear investigation. Besides, to depreciate material good for the whole population is a piece of folly. It is on material good that one builds up higher good, so be it that the material basis is just and sound. "First the natural, after that which is spiritual." If we waste those natural resources which are committed to our charge, it is not likely that we shall ever attain to a high moral life.

The argument as to the bracing moral effect of war is as old as the hills. It was stated some two thousand five hundred years ago by the early Greek thinker Heraclitus, and it has been echoed ever since. This argument often appeals to sentimentalists who stay at home and bid others go to the front. Are we to believe General Sherman, who says war is "hell," or the armchair thinker, who says it is morally beneficent? The argument for its moralising effects is, in the main, that it calls forth self-sacrifice and co-operation for a great common end. The same might be said of burglary, since a

party of burglars must look after one another's safety, and must work for the common end of securing the plate—a similar end, by the way, to that of soldiers from time immemorial. You cannot estimate the morality of an action unless you estimate its end. Is the end right? If it is not, all the talk about self-sacrifice and so forth is so much nonsense. But, in truth, is it necessary to get up a war to call forth the spirit of self-sacrifice (along with the spirit which actuated the first murderer)? Are there not millions of opportunities for exhibiting this spirit in daily life? If some persons of a low grade of development cannot call forth this spirit from the depths of their moral being without evoking also the spirit which loves dangerous adventure—a pure survival from prehistoric man—there are numerous occupations in which constant encounter with danger exists. Think of the physical excitement on board a small vessel on the night of an awful storm, and the need then for the spirit of self-sacrifice. Think of the fireman, the men who drive our trains through dense fogs and blinding snowstorms, of those who man the lifeboat, of those who help to discharge freight at the docks. We need not go to butchering our fellow-men to find out what adventure is like, or how to exhibit the spirit of self-sacrifice. There is more moral heroism in a coal-mine, or at the London docks, in one day than on the field of battle in a year. And it is not marred by the drawback which must mark combat, that while you love your comrade you hate your enemy, a phase of mind exactly opposed to the command of a certain great Teacher whom many of our leaders of opinion have deserted in order to follow strange gods.

So far from war, or the preparations for war, making for a heroic frame of mind, they may, and usually do, make for precisely the opposite. War finds the officers thinking of promotion, the contractors thinking of profits, statesmen thinking of gains for their country as against some other country, journalists thinking of how they can most effectively blacken the opposing people, and the multitude thinking of another sensation to throw its blinding glare on the grey background of everyday life. Heroic? A hero stands for fortitude, justice, magnanimity, and sanity. Where will you find these aspects of a great character in a war-drunken people? Take

outh African war. It was begun in arrogant self-
on, in torrents of abuse, amid the brazen lies of the
Press, and in a dense ignorance on the part of Govern-
soldiers, and people as humiliating as history records.
annot be denied by any persons who know the facts.
he scenes of drunkenness and rowdyism which marked
ting night" evidences of the noble spirit of heroism
is held to be bound up with militarism? It is of no use
back to Miltiades or Camillus for the spirit of heroism
war is said to evoke; we must look to the fact of to-
I am not arguing that war has always and under every
stance been an unmixed evil. I am arguing that the
to-day, under the moral evolution of man which has
upposed to have taken place, is likely to be wholly bad,
at at least it does not produce those moral qualities
ted to it by sentimentalists who are centuries behind
me.

always means, even at the best, the displacement of
by passion. It is not desirable that passion should be
out from human nature, and, in fact, so rooted is it that
not be wiped out. But when passion is divorced from
it is the source of all the fiendish acts which man can
t. War so emphasises passion, so swamps reason, that
tional mind is disturbed and loses its balance. We all
ise that it is a bad thing for a man to lose his reason,
do not seem to recognise, as Bishop Butler says, that
unities, like individuals, may go mad, and that their
ry is slow and the impairment of their vital forces is
. Every war has to be paid for, and in other ways than
ney, and Providence has determined that the payment
e no light matter. To keep the mental and moral
n life is our first aim: it is the soul's treasure. War
s all this. It hypnotises a nation, which in consequence
ls to behave as absurdly as does a hypnotised man. All
nations note the absurdity, just as do the spectators of
pnotic show, and they express themselves as to the folly.
far is the national patient gone, that he becomes very
at this criticism, puts it down to envy and malice, holds
to heaven his flaming countenance, and talks some
se about "splendid isolation." As well might an

"isolated" patient in a fever hospital boast of his condition. "We are made for co-operation," said Marcus Aurelius, and we may depend on it that when we cannot discharge that function we are at our worst instead of our best.

I cannot conclude without pointing out that the greatest danger of our time is not precisely war, but constant preparations for war. The Emperor of Russia made a bold and sagacious attempt to stop, or at least to reduce, this preparation. Europe rejected his counsel, and she will have cause to regret it. What matters it whether his motives were entirely pure? What statesman's motives are entirely pure? Every public man is in part a disciple of Machiavelli, and we must take them as we find them. The question is not as to their motives, but as to whether it is good business for you. And the Russian rescript was good business for the civilised world. Now we must fall again to dragging our heavy burden, with the knowledge that its weight will increase year by year. A black prospect, in sooth! The idea of the European rulers seems to be that we shall try to avoid war, but always act as though it were likely to come off next week. The old Roman motto, that if you wish for peace you must prepare for war, is held to be sounder doctrine than that of Christ, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword."

Now, what is the net result of this doctrine and practice? It means constantly increasing taxation, and it means more power to the financial class, which does not actually live by war, but which lives by preparations for war. Stop the military preparations now going on in Europe, and you do more to cripple the loan-mongers than all the anti-Semites in Europe could effect in half a century. More than any other force, war means and involves the building up of a great capitalist oligarchy, which will have us all at its mercy, and which already has nearly every State in Europe in pawn. Moloch and Mammon—these brutal deities which ever have held the human race in bondage—enjoy almost as full power as ever they did, spite of our schools and other instruments of civilisation. Till we have dethroned them, our pretended adoration of the Founder of Christianity is but an empty sham, and our boasting of the dignity and liberty of modern life a delusion. Militarism compels us to miss our whole aim in life. The

tendency should be, as Mr. Spencer has shown with wealth of illustration, to the substitution of industrial for military civilisation. To put it still better, the tendency should be to such cementing of nations as would constitute a human brotherhood. Militarism cancels all that, and pushes us back into the dark gulf of brute force from which the race has so painfully emerged. Much of the beauty, grace, mental agility, artistic power, spontaneity, freshness of the early world we have lost. If we are to surrender the chief treasure we thought ourselves to have discovered—the humane feelings which look on militarism as at best a dread necessity, and at worst the most revolting of crimes—where is our gain? And if, for the sake of greed of gold, the strong are to be encouraged to work their will on the weak, if pride, arrogance, lust are to dominate our life, it will be said of us that we elected to gain the whole world and lose our own souls. The game of militarism does not pay, physically, economically, financially. It spells ruin.

NOTE.—Readers may be interested to read a few of the letters from certain leaders in thought to whom the Editor of the *Young Man* sent an advance proof of the foregoing articles.

MARK RUTHERFORD

I am obliged to you for sending me Mr. Clarke's paper. It must do good. I tried to write a few words about it, but I stopped, for I found that everything I could say he has said much better.

DR. R. F. HORTON

We all owe Mr. Clarke a debt for his strong language on militarism. His deep conviction is calculated to produce conviction. But probably the story of the Boer war, when it is fully known, will work more powerfully upon the public mind than even the most passionate invective. For civilised nations to attempt to settle their differences by war, and to spend their time and resources in peace on preparations for war, seems likely to stand condemned in the future as a capital absurdity. The industry and progress of a century are annulled in a few months. The wealth and military strength of a great empire are required to repress two small and almost unknown States.

No object is gained which might not have been better gained by patience and wisdom. The sick and weary feeling of our own country and the misunderstandings and condemnation of Europe are the bitter fruits. Mr. Clarke dwells on the irony of The Hague Conference. Might he not rather maintain that the Conference received its most startling confirmation in the war which is now reaching its weary close? The Hague Conference asserted the theory that there is a better way than war. Recent experience has shown that there can be no worse.

This country is disillusioned on the subject of military prowess.

Writers like Mr. Clarke must now lead us to understand the more excellent way.

I. ZANGWILL

Thank you for the privilege of seeing Mr. William Clarke's article. As he has preached his eloquent sermon on a text of mine, I do not feel that I ought to comment further. This much, however, I should like to say—that the conception of patriotism is becoming invested with a reactionary significance as dangerous as it is superfluous. To love one's country is somehow becoming equivalent to hating every other country, but it seems to me that affection for my housemates is not necessarily synonymous with hatred for the people in the next house or street. I can yearn for England's greatness without desiring that *la belle France* shall dwindle and decay. It is amazing that at the beginning of the twentieth century one has to repeat such childishly obvious principles with an air of enunciating new ethical discoveries.

RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

Thank you for sending me Mr. Clarke's article. It is a vigorous and timely deliverance on a matter of great present concern to Englishmen and Americans. We and they have been the nations that have longest resisted the unhappy reaction towards barbarous ideals and dangerous mental habits, and if we now yield we shall have less excuse than the nations of the European continent.

A war of self-defence, evolving the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice, calls out some noble sentiments. A war of aggression has few, if any, of such compensations for the evils war brings.

THE FUTURE OF THE CANADIAN DOMINION

[CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, *November* 1880]

> "It may be well here to mention, what has not always been sufficiently observed, that the distinction between continuous empire, and empire severed and dispersed over sea, is vital."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for September appeared an article from the pen of Mr. George Anderson, M.P., on the future of the Canadian Dominion. It forms one of a great number of pamphlets, articles, and essays which have been written during the past few years, urging the federation of England and her Colonies in one great empire. The writers on this subject have generally extended their views to the whole of the English Colonies. Mr. Anderson confines himself to Canada, as being in every sense the premier Colony, and as the one whose claims to complete independence will first come up for consideration before English statesmen. The writer is evidently prompted by patriotic motives, and is penetrated by a strong desire to contribute something of value towards the solution of a confessedly difficult problem. He wishes to see England and Canada united in a federal empire, apparently because he thinks such a result would be beneficial to England and to her great Colony likewise. While admiring Mr. Anderson's spirit, I cannot adopt his conclusions, and I propose, therefore, to state briefly the case on behalf of the annexation of Canada to the United States. In taking up this position I am aware that I am advocating what is regarded—and naturally regarded—in England as the unpopular side. However, I do so solely because I am convinced of the futility of

schemes for a Britannic federation. As an Englishman, my natural bias would be towards the side represented, not only by Mr. Anderson, but by Mr. Forster, Mr. Childers, and other prominent British statesmen, and by a considerable number of Canadians.

Mr. Anderson is undoubtedly right in asserting that this important question is rapidly coming on for practical solution. The *status quo* cannot, so far as Canada is concerned, be maintained for many years longer. The development of the United States and the growing discontent of Canada herself alike forbid it. An enormous territory of three and a half millions of square miles, with an increasing population, with growing commerce, with great cities rising to affluence and renown, cannot be much longer retained as a mere colonial appendage. It will not do to say that the Canadians have perfect freedom and self-government, that the authority of the Crown is still more nominal than in England, and that therefore Canada possesses all the substantial elements of national life. The very fact that Canada has certain elements of a vigorous nationality which, if placed under favourable conditions, would develop, only renders the feeling of colonial status and the rank of a mere dependency more irksome to an ambitious people. Canada has really no national life; she is entirely provincial; and this provincialism is, to her best citizens, a cause of growing dissatisfaction with the position in which they find themselves. When they were a small and feeble folk, the condition of colonists did not appear to them in itself disagreeable; but now that "the little one has become a thousand," the mere colonial status is strongly resented by that self-respecting dignity in the absence of which the opinions of the Canadians, whatever they were, might safely be disregarded. It is to be feared that this attitude of the Canadian mind is scarcely understood in this country. The bulk of English people, after all, hardly realise the fact that Canada is as large as Europe; they have heard it as a geographical fact, but they do not understand it as a practical reality. John Bull has a notion, which it is by no means easy to dislodge from its placid resting-place in his cranium, that other peoples, even although their territory would absorb his island twenty times over, must or ought to

feel it a great privilege to be politically connected with him in some way or other. The union may be of the most fragile description; it may confer upon him no advantage whatever; but his love of prestige is gratified, and his "Imperial instincts" lead him to feel some kind of genuine satisfaction. It is necessary, however, for John Bull to understand that the rising nationalities of great continents *may* take a different view, and that they certainly will not consent to remain permanently in the position of mere colonists. The impatience of the slightest "Imperial" control, and the taxing of the products of the mother country, are quite sufficient proofs of this. If the infant is so vigorous, so little amenable to home influences, what will the adult be? All profitable discussion of this question, therefore, must proceed on the assumption that the present relations of England and Canada are essentially transient, and cannot be maintained beyond a few more years. The ground being thus cleared, three alternatives present themselves: Canada may become an independent republic, or she may enter into some future Britannic federal empire, or she may become absorbed into the United States.

Now, in common with most persons who have given any attention to the subject, I believe the first of these courses to be impracticable. Canada could not maintain her independence. If any dispute arose between her and her great southern neighbour which involved war, she would speedily succumb, and would be annexed to the United States. Canada is not sufficiently permeated by any vigorous sentiment of nationality to resist the powerful attractive force of the American democracy. She answers to Leigh Hunt's conception of the United States: "As a nation, I cannot get it out of my head that the Americans are Englishmen with the poetry and romance taken out of them; and that there is one great counter built along their coast from north to south, behind which they are all standing like so many linendrapers. They will be far otherwise, I have no doubt, in time, and this unchristian opinion of them have come to nothing." Certainly this is a sufficiently ludicrous picture of the Americans of the present day, who are diverging more and more from the English type, who have the beginnings of a new literature,

and in whom we can already detect the germs of an altogether new national life. But it is much in accord with the actual condition of the Canadian people, who want alike the grandeur and dignity of the old nations of Europe, and the marvellous force and colossal energy of the United States. Canada seems to lie stranded there among the snows and ice of the North, separated alike from the historic culture of Europe and from the heroic aspirations of America; sharing none of the precious traditions of England, and untouched by the breath of democratic freedom which sweeps through the United States. It is interesting materially to the British labourer and food-consumer; it has not a shadow of intellectual significance for the thinker. This may not be its fault; it is, at any rate, its misfortune—a misfortune which seems to remove it from the category of possible independent nationalities. It may be said that the United States are being colonised now rather by stomachs than by brains; but the United States are a nation with grand traditions. The colonisation of New England; the planting of Pennsylvania; the revolutionary struggle, which, as represented in Franklin, Samuel Adams, and Jefferson, was rather a development of the great intellectual movement of the eighteenth century than a mere contest against the English King and Parliament: the anti-slavery contest; and, finally, the Civil War—all these developments of the great modern democratic movement have made of America a land of ideas, and have invested even the young raw States of the West with a halo of poetry and romance. As compared with this Canada has merely to tell of upwards of a century of stagnant provincialism, relieved only by a third-rate insurrection. I have spoken of the existence of the United States as a barrier to the formation of a Canadian nation. Mr. Anderson says: "There is surely abundant room on that huge continent for two great nations side by side to wage an honourable rivalry in subduing the forces of Nature to the needs and use of man." I am inclined to doubt this. To those who merely look at the material side of the question it may seem quite possible that two, or even twenty, nations should exist on the North American continent. That continent is more than double the size of Europe, and is incomparably richer in natural resources; and it is true that Europe sustains a great

number of separate nationalities. But the nations of Europe have been formed in natural methods; they are of different languages, races, religions, traditions. Any division of North America into separate nationalities must be an artificial work. There we see at the present moment a marvellous blending of peoples into one new nationality; in short, while the European development has been heterogeneous and dispersive, the American process is collective and homogeneous. America welcomes and assimilates all peoples, and produces in the next generation a new type of national life. And surely one Europe is enough in the history of the world. It is quite unnecessary that the costly experiment should be in any way reproduced on the soil of a new continent. I have no sympathy with those who would make of America another Europe—a continent of frontiers, of soldiers, and of governments overshadowing the people. Something quite different is, I believe, in store for America and the world. The essential condition of American progress is internal peace. In spite of her vast recuperative powers, the Civil War inflicted on her a blow which is still felt. The enfranchisement of her people was a grand accomplishment, but it was paid for at a great price. The American system, with its State interdependence and its international court of justice, presents the natural condition for an orderly peaceful development—a condition which cannot be obtained in Europe, with its separate nations and consequent standing armies. The two systems are mutually exclusive. The establishment of a separate Canadian republic would put an end to this state of things, or rather would prevent its complete realisation. The tendency of the North American continent is to union and amalgamation; a Canadian republic would be an artificial graft. This, of course, supposes the permanence of such a republic. But the essentially artificial nature of the whole thing would so speedily become apparent, the *raison d'être* of a separate State would be so difficult to find, the State would be so small, so powerless, when compared with the great Republic, that sooner or later Canada would be drawn into the embrace of the Union. That thinly-peopled federation of States along the Atlantic seaboard which began to exist as a separate power a century ago has, I

repeat, proved itself to possess a vast assimilative force. The South, the Mississippi region, California, Texas, and Oregon have all been drawn in. The British Government, until recently by no means well-disposed towards the United States, have been unable to prevent this absorption of vast territories by the Union. In the case of the Maine boundary, Great Britain gave up the larger and more valuable part of the territory in dispute, and the dispute respecting the Oregon boundary was settled distinctly in favour of the United States. It is quite certain that a weak Canadian Government could not, except with external support, stand against a power such as this. If, however, she obtained outside help, she would practically be, whatever she might call herself, a subject power. She could not be regarded as in any sense independent. But what reason is there to suppose that Canada would choose to stand permanently aloof from the adjacent Republic? Would it be to her interest to do so? By reason of her comparatively small resources she could not compete with the Union in offering attractions to the great European immigration, and upon that only could she rely for fresh stores of strength and wealth. By becoming merged in the United States she would at once enjoy the benefit—heretofore denied—of free trade with all the rest of the vast federation, and she would at once be relieved from the anxiety which must ever be occasioned by the immediate presence of an all-powerful and possibly hostile neighbour, separated from herself by no natural or well-defined boundary. The pressure of natural forces and self-regarding motives would impel the young and weak State into a union with the great and vigorous neighbouring Republic, and the dream of a separate nationality would have vanished.

I think, then, we may safely disregard the first of these alternatives, that of a separate national independence. It is impracticable, and presents to our imagination no very attractive picture. Let us consider, then, the second of these alternatives—that advocated by Mr. Anderson—viz., incorporation in some way into a future federal British Empire.

If this alternative is to be impartially weighed and considered, the English critic must endeavour to perform a by no means congenial task—viz., to divest himself, as far as possible, of

English bias. This nation has built up a vast colonial system in distant continents, and her people are naturally proud of her achievements. They dwell with feelings of pride on the morning drum-beat of the garrisons which, as Daniel Webster said, "journeying with the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircle the whole earth with the martial airs of Great Britain." The possible break up of this "empire" is not viewed with complacency—nay, is scarcely tolerated even in thought, by most Englishmen. But in reality what is the character of this "Imperial" dominion? Compare it, not with a unified State such as France or Russia, but with a federation such as the United States. Every law passed by Congress is binding on all parts of the Union—in Texas or Oregon, as well as in New York or Massachusetts. The constitution, with all its amendments, is in force equally in every State, and it can, as a matter of fact, be enforced by federal officers. All parts of the Union are in easy and rapid communication with one another, and all form vital constituent elements of the same nation. This indeed is the crucial point. The United States are one nation, or are at any rate fast becoming so. But the British Empire—what is it? Our laws do not apply to our Colonies, and if they did, the home authorities would have no means of enforcing them. From two of our most important Colonies we are separated by 4000 leagues of sea, and it can scarcely be said that they and we have an interest in common. We can no more interfere in the affairs of Victoria, or Tasmania, or Ontario, than in the affairs of the French Republic. There can, in short, be no empire—as the word "empire" has hitherto been understood—where the sovereign power cannot promulgate its decrees, and has no power of enforcing them if promulgated. So that the British Empire, when subjected to the tests of a cold criticism or a calm analysis, is found to have a subjective rather than an objective existence. It is much more an affair of the imagination than of the actual world. If Canada were separated politically, as she is now separated economically and practically, from England, what difference would it make to a single Englishman? We should only be relieved from the function of sending out a *roi fainéant* to Ottawa. We should lose no Canadian Empire, simply because we have none to lose; we cannot carry out our will in Canada,

and our "empire" there is consequently an imaginary one. The case must therefore be met on rational grounds, and not on grounds of false sentiment and illusion. We must get rid of what Mr. Spencer calls the "patriotic bias," and endeavour to view things in their universal aspect and relations. That we have real and substantial elements of Imperial power is true. Our commerce covers the globe; our ships are on every sea; the carrying trade of the world is almost entirely in our hands. But when we talk of such a thing as our Canadian Empire, we are talking of something, I must repeat, which has no existence.

Now, I find that those who advocate the amalgamation of Canada in some future British federal empire approach the question from the purely English point of view. Mr. Anderson, for example, says: "We in the old country, while considering this question, cannot forget that all those vast western territories from which the Dominion tariff shuts out our trade are properly our own"; and then he goes on to detail the vast expenditure incurred by England in securing her Canadian Colonies. But this is somewhat illusory. The great enterprise which will for ever be associated with the names of Wolfe and Chatham was not undertaken, so far as England was concerned, so much for the object of colonising as for the object of destroying French supremacy. The European battlefield was, for the time being, transferred to American soil; the struggle for the balance of power was being waged in a distant continent. So far as it was a war for colonisation, it was a war conducted and supported by the colonists themselves. The force sent against Louisburg was made up of Americans, whose descendants are now citizens of the United States. Of the American Colonies, Massachusetts sent 7000 troops, Connecticut 5000, and New Hampshire 3000. England had as much claim by right of conquest and expenditure of treasure to the Ohio valley, now included in the United States, as to Canada itself. An ignorant person who heard Mr. Anderson's statement would naturally suppose that this country, by means of unparalleled sagacity and magnanimity, had expended her resources in securing for her children new homes across the Atlantic. The colonising conception was an entirely transatlantic one; the English object was the destroying of French supremacy in

America. The statement that Canada is "properly our own" seems to partake too much of the spirit that in former times dominated our whole colonial policy. Our Colonies were regarded as existing simply for our own sake, for rendering this country great and prosperous. We have long professed to renounce this spirit, and if we are to be sincere, we must renounce all its works. If we look at the matter impartially, we must soon find out that Canada is not "properly our own," any more than a child who has grown to years of discretion "belongs" to his parents. Canada belongs only to its inhabitants, and its future is to be determined solely by considerations of their interests and their progress. In the "Wealth of Nations" (book iv. c. 7), Adam Smith says:

"In what way, therefore, has the policy of Europe contributed either to the first establishment or to the present grandeur of the Colonies of America? In one way, and in one only, it has contributed a good deal. *Magna virum mater!* It bred and formed the men who were capable of achieving such great actions, and of laying the foundation of so great an empire; and there is no other quarter of the world of which the policy is capable of forming, or has ever actually and in fact formed, such men. The Colonies owe to the policy of Europe the education and great views of their active and enterprising founders; and some of the greatest and most important of them, so far as concerns their internal government, owe to it scarce anything else."

This much, then, we may admit—that Canada owes to England her birth and training, and certain small loans from time to time, to which Mr. Anderson refers. Now, these things can scarcely be held to affect, to any appreciable degree, the political relations of the two countries. We do not usually expect the whole future of a promising child to be sacrificed to the caprices of an exacting and foolish parent, even although that parent has performed the usual parental duties of supplying sustenance and training. Nor ought we to expect this rising Colony, covering such a large and fertile tract of the earth's surface, to consider anything except her own prospects and development. At any rate, if we do expect more than this, our expectations will hardly be gratified. Doubtless,

whenever the separation comes it will be easy; there will be no open wounds, as in the case of England's older American Colonies; for certain it is that England will use no force to retain the connection between Canada and herself. The lesson of a hundred years ago will never be forgotten. But it is desirable that England should not only acquiesce in the inevitable, but acquiesce with grace, glorying in the strength and manhood of her vigorous transatlantic progeny, and willing cheerfully to see the Colony take that course which will best conduce to growth and progress. I dwell at some length upon this, because I think it essential that the Canadian question should be decided from the Canadian point of view —that is to say, from the point of view of real Canadian interests, and not from the English "Imperial" standpoint. It is not in reality an English question, for England cannot be greatly affected, one way or another, by any federal union. Such a union would not add a square mile to England's territory, or bring her a yard nearer to her Canadian sister. But for Canada it is a question of the first magnitude, affecting her whole future course. The future of an immense young country is to be considered before the feelings and susceptibilities of an old country separated from her by 3000 miles of sea. The question, therefore, is entirely and absolutely a Canadian question, to be decided by references to Canadian standpoints, to be dissociated in the mind from any "Imperial" policy on the part of Great Britain, and to be approached solely with the object of conferring benefits on Canada or developing her resources, of improving the condition of her people, and of opening up this vast district of the continent of North America to the enterprise, the industry and the genius of the colonists of Europe. We have then to ask ourselves this question, and this question only: Is it for the material, intellectual, and political interests of the people of Canada that she should become merged in some future British federation? Will such a solution of the problem best promote her growth, the development of her resources, and the character of her people? This is the main question.

If Canada becomes an integral part of the proposed British federal empire, she will become connected, as far as this country is connected, with the political system of Europe. If

any complication arises in Europe, we become involved, or at any rate think we are involved (which amounts to the same thing), in the difficulty. By treaty after treaty, by the most solemn public avowals, by participation in European conferences and congresses, England has declared herself an integral factor in the European system. The non-intervention policy of Cobden has no strong hold on the English mind. The extraordinary enthusiasm which Mr. Gladstone evoked by his vigorous speeches with reference to our policy in Turkey; the sympathy, accompanied by active deeds, accorded by England to Greece and Montenegro; the result of the late elections, when the national confidence in Mr. Gladstone was so signally proved; the composition of the present Government and Parliament—all indicate that English politicians are still determined to make our influence felt both by moral and, if need be, by material means, on the Continent. Lord Beaconsfield's mistake was not in making use of England's influence, but in using it on behalf of a bad cause. The friends of absolute non-intervention should bear this in mind. The late Liberal victory was not their triumph; it was Mr. Gladstone's. They repudiated Mr. Gladstone's policy in 1876–77 more strongly than they did that of the Tory Government; indeed, they gave general support to Lord Derby so long as he was at the Foreign Office. But England, in pronouncing for Mr. Gladstone's principles and method, has decisively rejected the views of the non-intervention school. I am not now condemning or approving this verdict. I simply record it as a fact that the English people are in favour of a moderate, but also firm and vigorous, Continental policy. If Canada joins us in a federal union, she must be a party to that policy. It must be her policy as much as England's. If she is averse to it, any federal union between the two countries would, I venture to assert, be absolutely impossible. Even if Canadian Ministers sat in the British Cabinet, that Cabinet would be composed mainly of Englishmen, would certainly be under the guidance of an English Premier, and would most assuredly be under the pressure and influence of public opinion here as truly as it is at present. The fact that it met in London, and that the Parliament would meet in London, would subject both to London and English influence in a way in which they would

not be open to influence from Quebec or Montreal. Even in the United States, Congress is far more amenable to Eastern than to Western opinion. What would be the condition of things in the case of two countries separated by 3000 miles of ocean?

Politicians of the "Jingo" stamp would doubtless be delighted to welcome such a union. It would gratify their "Imperial instincts." It might enable them to bully Russia, or even to menace Germany. It would be the very jubilee of Chauvinism. But are the Canadians willing to be made use of in such a cause? Have they no nobler ambition? Do they wish to fling themselves into the whirlpool of European strife and bloodshed? Surely they have a duty which they owe to themselves and to the continent they inhabit. Washington, in his farewell address to the American people, advised them to have as little political, as much commercial, intercourse as possible with the European nations. The United States have followed their great hero's advice, with wonderful advantage to themselves. Are not Canadian interests practically identical with those of the United States in this respect? That which is to the interest of one-half of the North American continent would seem to be to the interest of the other half. But this policy is not compatible, in letter or spirit, with the intervention in the affairs of Europe of an Anglo-Canadian Empire. And if such an event were brought to pass, if Canada did begin to interfere as a member of the British Empire with European matters, it is exceedingly probable that, in self-defence, the United States would find themselves compelled to abandon Washington's maxim, and would accordingly begin to interfere too. And thus America would be transformed from a peaceful continent of discovery and progress into a second edition of Europe, involved in European affairs, forming its own alliances, and possibly enlarging the area of disturbance and bloodshed. Such a condition of things would result in the extension of the European military system to America, to the development there of an interest in warlike things, and to a corresponding neglect of the most important home interests. Even if there were nothing more serious, there would be an absurd and senseless rivalry between the two American nationalities. This solution of the problem, therefore, would

not apparently promote the best interests and the industrial growth of Canada. But there might possibly arise more serious consequences than mere foolish rivalry between Canada and the United States. Speaking of the Americans, Mr. Anderson says, "Their Monroe doctrine is not by any means dead, and their hankering after the possession of Canada is a desire that only waits for its opportunity." I believe that there is at present no strong desire in the United States for the acquisition of Canada. The Americans regard the Dominion with a kind of half-contemptuous indifference. But if Canada became a member of a brand-new Imperial confederation, the attitude of the American people would undoubtedly be changed. The Monroe doctrine is certainly not dead, as we have recently had occasion to observe in the discussions of Congress relative to the proposed Panama Canal. The existence of a not very large or formidable Colony, whose institutions are in close resemblance to those of the United States, though technically a violation of the so-called Monroe doctrine, Canada being nominally the possession of a European monarchy, is not perhaps practically regarded as such. It is, after all, only a Colony, with no national life or feeling. But let that Colony become a member of the federal empire, its leading public men transformed into marquises and earls, with aristocratic ideas from England taking root in the soil of the New World, and is it probable that the United States would find it convenient to forget the Monroe doctrine? The Washington Government has constituted itself the guardian of the political complexion of the American continent; and the existence of the Spanish Republics in the southern division, and the overthrow of the Imperial Government in Mexico, testify to its effective force. The United States indeed control the American continent in a sense in which no other power controls any of the other continents. It seems to me, therefore, that any attempt to extend English influence (for that is the real meaning of any scheme of the kind) in America must involve us in unpleasant differences with the Government and people of the United States.

I have assumed above the possibility of English aristocratic ideas taking root in American soil. Of course, I believe such a hypothesis really untenable, partly because I believe the

federation scheme to be itself untenable, partly because I feel certain that aristocratic notions could find no permanent footing in America. That the North American continent has been consecrated to democracy is a fact which every one must recognise. State Churches were transplanted there and other English institutions were taken over, but they have all perished before the genius of political equality. And in spite of the mimic court at Ottawa, and of the knighthoods which Canadian statesmen condescend to receive in common with successful London haberdashers and ironmongers, Canada is democratic. Though she seems to a great extent sundered from the republican energy of the continent, yet she has all the democratic forms, and much of the democratic temper. Ontario is probably far more really democratic than Massachusetts was half a century ago. She is not hampered by ancient traditional abuses; she is not weighed down by the burden of a decaying feudalism. Now, even if English statesmen had no such object consciously in view, they could not avoid imparting to Canada, in the event of a federal union and a common government, some of the aristocratic notions which still prevail here. If Canada resisted the Court influences too strongly, it would be sufficient indication of the incongruous nature of the union. If she had not sufficient energy to resist the dominant English ideas, the result would be the Anglicising of Canada and the transference of English Imperial policy to America. This, we may depend upon it, would be by no means congenial to the United States, and indeed could not and would not be tolerated by that nation. Even if the latter result did not ensue (as it certainly would), I have no wish, either for the sake of England or of Canada, to see the independent citizens of the West transformed into Anglican courtiers or peers of the "United Empire." It is not necessary that we should protest against this in the name of liberty and progress, but simply in the name of common sense. The peerage is already becoming sufficiently odious and sufficiently ridiculous for the people of this country, and we may shortly expect to see a determined attack made upon it. Shall we then extend its absurdities to a young community, marked out by Nature and ordained by the course and manner of its development for the realisation of democratic principles and

ideals? The time past of our national life may have sufficed for garters and ribbons, and stars and crosses, and all the baubles inseparably connected with titled aristocracy; and any Radical who would lend himself to the extension and perpetuation of this sort of thing is false to his principles and professions.

Mr. Anderson, like most promoters of an Anglo-Canadian federation, conveniently omits any practical suggestions as to the method of working the proposed federal government. He just glances casually at that which is in reality a fatal obstacle to the "Imperial" dreams of the promoters of this scheme. He asks: "Would British statesmen and politicians be ready to admit colonial rivalry for parliamentary honours and for ministerial places? Would they consent to cut down a certain number of home constituencies to make room for colonial? And what of the House of Lords? Would it be ready to welcome within its august portals a reasonable number of colonial peers, whether life or hereditary?" The second of these questions should rather be put to British constituencies themselves than to statesmen and politicians; and the answer they would make is not doubtful. It will be no easy matter for Mr. Gladstone's Administration to conceive, prepare, and carry their next Reform Bill, owing to the opposition which is likely to arise from the smaller constituencies. These places have, or think they have, their vested interests to defend. They will object to be effaced for the sake of populous Lancashire or Durham; and are they more likely to succumb to the claims of Ontario or Nova Scotia? The very question suggests at once its own answer. Nor would British statesmen be much more likely to admit colonial rivalry for Ministerial places. The difficulty in forming the present Cabinet lay in the question, "Whom can we afford to exclude?" There is no difficulty from dearth of candidates; the point is to select one from half a dozen equally competent men. And what kind of a Cabinet could be formed? Half the posts in the present Cabinet are distinctively English offices, and of the other half it is absolutely certain that such important positions as Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, Indian Secretary, would in any instance be retained by Englishmen. English statesmen may wish for a great Empire, but there is one passion even stronger

in their breasts—the determination, namely, that England herself shall never be effaced. The English people will never consent to lose their individuality in a heterogeneous welter of States. As to the third of the questions, I have already urged objections to the creation of colonial peers, and I will only add that there is absolutely no reason to suppose that the House of Lords would welcome life peers from Canada. The probabilities are all the other way.

I have always understood that all our leading statesmen, on both sides, were totally opposed to converting Parliament into a federal assembly. This indeed is the chief objection urged against the Irish demand for Home Rule. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Forster, Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington, are all at one on this point. Mr. Fawcett has said that no English statesman can ever entertain the idea. The great debate in the House of Commons in 1874 on Mr. Butt's resolution turned almost entirely on the possibility of federation. Every responsible statesman in the House rejected the policy of federation as utterly impossible in relation to the British Government. The British Parliament, they declared, can only exist as the Parliament of a composite State, not as a federal assembly. But if Canada be admitted to a federal union, Parliament will become a federal body, and the case for Irish Home Rule will have been conceded. The Irish are at least as truly a nation as the Canadians. Are there Catholic and Protestant factions among the former? So there are among the latter. And if this be the case, we shall require, as Mr. Forster has pointed out, a Supreme Court, similar to that of the United States, above Parliament. The supremacy of Parliament will be gone, and a new federal assembly will sit, itself amenable in certain cases to a new court of justice. All this will scarcely recommend itself to English people, whatever may be thought of it by Canadians. But other considerations suggest themselves. It is necessary to inquire what are the considerations of a federation. This question has been answered by Mr. J. S. Mill, in his work on "Representative Government." He there lays down three conditions as essential. These are: that there should be a sufficient amount of mutual sympathy among the populations; that the separate States be not so powerful as to be able to rely, for

protection against foreign encroachment, on their individual strength; and that there be not a very marked inequality of strength among the several contracting States. These conditions do not appear to be fulfilled in the proposed federation. "Mutual sympathy" here does not simply mean that there would be no marked disposition to quarrel on the part of the members of the federation. It means much more than that. It signifies a unity of aim and purpose, a common interest, a common sentiment of nationality, a feeling on the part of the several populations that they *must* be bound together, a cohesive force that shall resist all assaults. This is not, I venture to think, nor ever will be, the case with England and her Colonies. The second condition does not exist, for England would always be able to rely, for protection against foreign encroachment, on her individual strength. And assuredly she ought so to rely, for nothing would be more unjust, nothing would be more detrimental to the growth of Canada, than any attempt to make Canadians fight the battle of England against Russia or Germany or Austria, in a cause with which populations on the other side of the Atlantic would have no concern. The third condition is still more utterly wanting. There would be a very "marked inequality of strength among the several contracting States." Some persons might be disposed to cite the case of Germany in answer to Mr. Mill, pointing out the immense predominance of Prussia in the German Empire over all the other States. To this I must reply that the German Empire is no true federation; it is simply a Prussianised Germany, the production of which has been the great object of Prince Bismarck's life. The proposed British federal empire would in like manner, if it were possible to form it, be simply an Anglicised federation, the objections to which I have already indicated.

There are other practical objections against this proposed federation which have been set forth with such ability by Mr. Mill in the work already alluded to that I cannot do better than reproduce his words:

"The feelings of equity and conceptions of public morality from which these suggestions emanate are worthy of all

praise, but the suggestions themselves are so inconsistent with rational principles of government that it is doubtful if they have been seriously accepted as a possibility by any reasonable thinker. Countries separated by half the globe do not present the natural conditions for being under one government or even members of one federation. If they had sufficiently the same interests, they have not, and never can have, a sufficient habit of taking counsel together. They are not part of the same public; they do not discuss and deliberate in the same arena, but apart, and have only a most imperfect knowledge of what passes in the minds of one another. They neither know each other's objects nor have confidence in each other's principles of conduct. Let any Englishman ask himself how he should like his destinies to depend on an assembly of which one third was British-American and another third South African and Australian. Yet to this it must come, if there were anything like fair or equal representation; and would not every one feel that the representatives of Canada and Australia, even in matters of an Imperial character, could not know or feel any sufficient concern for the interests, opinions, or wishes of English, Irish, and Scotch? Even for strictly federative purposes the conditions do not exist which we have seen to be essential to a federation. England is sufficient for her own protection without the Colonies, and would be in a much stronger as well as more dignified position if separated from them than when reduced to be a single member of an American, African, and Australian confederation. Over and above the commerce which she might equally enjoy after the separation, England derives little advantage, except in prestige, from her dependencies; and the little she does derive is quite outweighed by the expense they cost her and the dissemination they necessitate of her naval and military force, which in case of war, or any real apprehension of it, requires to be double or treble what would be needed for the defence of this country alone."

In this passage Mr. Mill argues against the admission of Australia and South Africa as well as Canada to any such confederacy as that proposed; and indeed it is necessary to

consider the case of these other Colonies. The arguments which apply in the case of Canada equally apply in these other instances. Spite of the much greater distance, it would be as easy or difficult to federate Australia and New Zealand with Great Britain as to join Canada in the same federal union, since in the former instance the question is not complicated by the close proximity of a great republic such as the United States.

There is one other practical difficulty which I must not omit to mention—that is the kind of legislation on which the proposed federal assembly would be engaged. What kind of bills would be introduced into such a Parliament? Would the same questions be discussed that are now dealt with by our actual Parliament? What have been the principal subjects of discussion during the past session? Compensation to Irish tenants in certain distressed districts; ground game; the case of Mr. Bradlaugh; the liability of employers in the case of persons injured while employed in their service; the burial of dissenters from the Anglican Church—all these questions are purely home questions, which can only be appreciated and understood in any practical sense by persons living within the four seas. It would be as rational to invite representatives from New York or Illinois, from Prussia or Bavaria, to discuss these questions in a Parliament in London, as to ask the assistance of members from Quebec, Manitoba, or British Columbia. And during the next two or three decades we may look forward to a discussion of home questions in Parliament more vigorous, more intense, more earnest than England has experienced since the Reform Bill of 1832. Vital questions are at stake which will be fought out with almost unequalled bitterness. The attitude of the House of Lords towards Mr. Forster's very small Irish measure sufficiently indicates the jealousy of land law reform entertained by the privileged class. Look too at the large question of the Established Church. The bare notion of inviting Canadians to discuss and take part in settling these purely English questions seems to me, I must confess, too absurd to be seriously entertained by any thoughtful politician. But if this proposed federal union were carried into effect, either this would be the result or an entirely new federal assembly would

be constituted over and above the English Parliament. The ancient Parliament of England, hitherto supreme in the State, would by the latter plan be reduced to the condition of the Prussian Landtag or the Legislature of New York. We may feel tolerably certain that neither of these schemes will ever be proposed, much less carried, by any English statesman. It is easy to talk vaguely about a great British federated empire so long as we do not come to details. But these glittering bubbles of federation have an unpleasant tendency to dissolve in the stern grasp of the political student. The fact is that the one fatal obstacle to all proposals of the kind is that the various factors of the British Empire cannot constitute one nation. Cordial alliance, intimate and friendly union, are within their reach, but the hard facts of Nature forbid any closer tie. Intimacy is possible; a common nationality is impossible. Mr. Anderson says that Canada "must be allowed to feel through all her nerves and fibres that she has a share in our national life, that she contributes in some way to the framing of our Imperial policy, and that she participates fully in our greatness and glory." Well, so far as I am aware, no British statesman has any desire to prevent Canada from feeling all this, *if she can*. There is no question of "allowing"; the question is of her ability to share in another life than hers. The great question for England is how to get rid of her feudal and monarchical remains in the easiest way and with the least turmoil, so as to permit the free growth of the new commonwealth. But this question has no interest for Canada. She has no feudalism, no monarchy, no official priesthood, no hereditary chamber; her institutions are democratic, born of the present, the outcome of the new life and political genius of our age. The two peoples are different in their circumstances, their environment, their political and social customs, their habitual thought and sentiment. We can no more transport English life, English national feeling, to American soil and keep it so, than we can transport our humid atmosphere, our cold summers, our November fogs. If we send out emigrants from England, in a few years they will have become American. The structure of their minds, the cast of their thought, will have been modified by the new life in the new world, with its new wants and its new habits.

Now, although great changes are in preparation at home, although the Established Church and hereditary system will shortly be attacked with great vigour, and doubtless with ultimate success, yet it is highly probable that the stubborn and vigorous Conservatism of England will for many years be able to resist the Radical onset. It is perhaps true that some great European convulsion, some resistless revolutionary movement, some new intellectual revolt against traditional superstitions, might possibly shake the English system to its foundations. But, in the absence of any such disturbing element, it may be expected that reformers at home will wage a long warfare against the existing order of things. Privilege is strongly fortified, firmly entrenched, and if it learns the art of conciliation and concession may yet keep its throne for some time. Now, what would be the attitude of the Canadians towards all this? Would they be expected to hold aloof from these controversies? How could they if they were represented in the Parliament which meets to discuss and settle them? If they are not represented in that Parliament, then, as I have before said, a new federal assembly must be in some way constructed, a proposition which no English statesman could for one moment accept. In this country the time-honoured Parliament of Westminster must and will, so long as she exists, be supreme. It seemed at one time impossible to prevent the falling into pieces of the American Union, in consequence of the different kind of life and social customs and habits and traditional opinions which prevailed in the Northern and Southern States respectively. Yet they were territorially united and had been accustomed for many years to act together. How much more difficult would be any amalgamation of countries so radically different and so distant as England and Canada. An old English cathedral joined on to the façade of the Grand Opéra in Paris would not be more utterly incongruous and ludicrously disproportionate. The impossibility then of effecting any closer *rapprochement* between England and Canada than now exists, the impossibility of the Canadian people sharing in the real life of the English nation, the impossibility of constructing legislative machinery to meet the emergencies of the case, and the impossibility of working such machinery if constructed, make up a grand total of

impossibilities which present a full and final answer to the promoters of an Anglo-Canadian federal empire.

Having endeavoured to state the objections which may be entertained to the erection of Canada into an independent republic, or to her union with Great Britain in a new federal empire, I now come to the third alternative—viz., annexation to the United States. This will, I firmly believe, be found to be the only rational solution of the problem, as it is the one which commends itself to an impartial mind, swayed by no national prejudice and calmly looking facts of Nature and history in the face. I may probably in the first place be reminded that, however the Americans may feel about it, such a solution would be extremely distasteful to the Canadians. It is said that the United States are not loved by their northern neighbours, and that Canada would shrink from an intimate union with the Republic. To this I would reply first, that Canada will ultimately consult her interests and will be governed accordingly, and that great facts of Nature will overcome mere temporary repugnance to that which will be found advantageous. In the second place, far too much has probably been made of the supposed dislike felt by Canadians of their enterprising neighbours. Petty jealousy, small bickerings, trade rivalries, the little quarrels that constantly arise between those who live very much together—all these have been magnified into a sort of international hatred. The Canadians and Americans have really the same interests. The tariffs do more to keep them asunder than anything else; and, if united, these tariffs together with the artificial boundary would, *ipso facto*, cease. In the third place, there cannot be greater rivalry or jealousy, and there must be far more compatibility of temperament, between the United States and Canada now than existed a hundred years ago between the several States. Consider the elaborate arguments of the *Federalist* by which Hamilton, Madison, and Jay sought to get the States to consent to coalesce in the new federation. Even after the experiences of the war with England, it was well-nigh impossible to bring about the adoption of the Constitution of 1787. At the present time Ontario has far more in common with New York and Michigan than ever New York itself had with the Carolinas. Massachusetts and Georgia were not so closely

allied before the "more perfect union" as are Manitoba and Minnesota, or British Columbia and Oregon. Mississippi and Louisiana are further removed even now, politically as well as physically, from the great centres of American political and commercial life than are New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The federal system, wisely administered, meets the necessities of each case. I believe, therefore, that this objection has little weight.

The most important argument in favour of the annexation of Canada to the Union is that the country belongs to the American continent. If any one would have us believe that Canada ought to be permanently connected with some European country, the *onus probandi* lies with him. Such an arrangement takes the Canadian people out of their sphere, and transfers their interests and sympathies to a distant continent from which Nature has widely sundered them. Besides, the configuration of the American continent is as distinctively favourable to a unity of nationality and of polity as that of the European continent is to diversity of nationality. The boundary between the United States and Canada is, throughout almost its entire length, an imaginary line. The great lakes form the only natural division. One of the strongest objections to the formation of the Southern Confederacy was that two great nations would be divided from one another by an artificial boundary, necessitating pickets, and garrisons and troops, and endless custom-houses—all impeding the development of American civilisation. The same objection applies to the existence of the Dominion of Canada either as an independent commonwealth or as an integral factor in a British federal empire. No gulf sunders the one land from the other, naturally, commercially, socially, or religiously. If British statesmen deliberately create such a gulf, they will be responsible for seeking to reproduce on the soil of the new world the feuds, strife, and misery of the old. The continent is one, and should be the home of one people.

Again, the absorption of Canada into the Union would be an easy and natural process. If Anglo-Canadian confederation were seriously proposed, the practical political difficulties in the way would be, as I have endeavoured to indicate, well-

nigh insuperable. The whole political machinery of two countries would require to be overhauled and rearranged. The ancient English system would be thrown quite out of gear, and the most troublesome complications would inevitably ensue. There would be no precedents, no traditions—dear to the official English mind—to fall back upon: all would be novel, intricate, embarrassing. But the annexation of Canada to the Union would be, comparatively speaking, mere child's play. The various provinces—Quebec, Ontario, &c.—would simply become States of the Union, self-governing as before, but sending representatives and senators to Washington. The great outlying districts, as yet unpeopled, would, like the north-western districts of the United States, be divided into territories. All local government would go on in just the same way as before, and no man would perceive the change until he began to breathe the new life of the young republic. In several small matters, the most important of which is coinage, the two countries are already at one. The rest would come in due time. Following upon such a union, the population of Canada would speedily greatly increase and her resources be developed. A great deal of speculation is often indulged in by the English papers as to the reason why Canada does not increase more rapidly in population. The country has been held by England for 120 years, and yet the whole population is not so large as that of the State of New York. We are told by competent persons that, so far as the west is concerned, the soil is as good as the Western States of the Union; and yet Wisconsin and Minnesota grow with marvellous rapidity, while the corresponding Canadian territory remains, comparatively speaking, almost stagnant. Emigrants from the old countries are now flocking across the Atlantic in unprecedented numbers, and yet Canada seems to get few of them. If there is no appreciable difference in soil or climate, if the chances of gaining wealth are about equivalent on either side of the line, the reason for this preference shown for the United States by the emigrant would seem to be due to political and social causes. Doubtless there is more imagination and greater political activity in the minds of the peasants and workmen who fill the great ships which sail from Hamburg and Bremen, Liverpool and

Glasgow, than the world has given them credit for. Perhaps the bread that perisheth is not all in all to them. I think it certain that the Irish and Germans who are now invading America in such numbers distinctly prefer to live under a great Republican Government, in a land separated entirely from the Old World, in a nation where "all men are born free and equal," in a country in which their children will be born republican citizens, owning no allegiance to any old-world sovereign. The exalted destiny of the American Republic has probably touched the imagination of the European peoples, who desire to share its glory, and who are not ambitious of becoming, even though only in name, the "subjects" of an English queen. This may be thought fanciful and sentimental, and by some English people unpatriotic. My answer to the former charge is that I believe it to be true to fact, and that which corresponds to the deepest reality will always contain elements of fancy, sentiment, and imagination. In reply to the latter possible charge, I would repudiate and denounce that miscalled patriotism which is blind to great facts.

A further reason for the amalgamation of Canada with the Union is that it restricts the possible area of war. Federation with England would not accomplish this object; indeed, I have already indicated my belief that it might not improbably lead to a renewal of European strife on American soil—a disastrous result, to be deprecated by every lover of his race. All so-called patriotism pales before this grand inspiration for an American continent sacred to peace and concord. With the flame of humanity kindled in our breasts, all meaner passions, all less worthy aims, will disappear. The happiest, brightest guarantee for the future of the world would be the progressive, peaceful development of a united American people. The reflex influence of such a people on Europe would be incalculable. It would be the pacific conquest of torn, distracted, bleeding Europe by the mighty union of free peoples, the force of whose example it would be impossible to resist. Divide America, and you diminish its influence over Europe, as well as hinder its own development; unite America, and you have the strongest lever for securing the progress of Europe and, I will venture to add, the civilisation of Asia likewise. Already

America has helped to widen the English franchise, to disestablish the Irish Church, and to humanise the English political system generally. She has contributed to the new life which, spite of the reaction, is still active in Spain, and she has given a powerful impulse to the consolidation of the French Republic. The friends of the Confederacy in England knew well that, if the Southern slave-owners could manage to tear the republic asunder, they would materially weaken the influence of American democracy, and so give a longer lease of life to the feudalism of Europe. The development of America means the increase of political freedom in the European countries. Let the influence of America be extended by the enlargement of her borders and the gathering into one great nationality of the mighty forces of a continent, and she will do yet infinitely more.

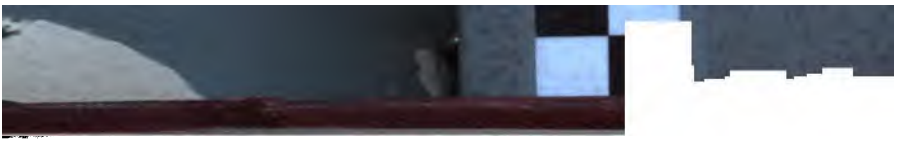
I have placed at the head of this paper a quotation from Mr. Gladstone's "Kin beyond Sea." What I have written has been simply an extension of this, but I add a word or two as to the particular question of "continuous empire." The great wars waged during the last quarter of a century have nearly all been for contiguous territory. Germany might, it is conceivable, under the vigorous guidance of Bismarck, have secured territory in Africa for colonisation; but that astute statesman has preferred to consolidate his country's possessions, and only to acquire land continuous with that already possessed. The acquisitions of Russia have been of the same nature. The Northern States were taunted with "fighting for empire"; but they had the sagacity to perceive that no dominions severed from themselves by the sea would compensate for the loss of the great States continuous with their own boundaries. The only considerable country that possesses a Chamber containing representatives from distant places separated from herself by the sea is France. But the only colony of any importance which France possesses is Algeria, a country only a few hours' sail from French seaports, and presenting no analogy whatever to the case of Canada. When General Grant indicated a desire to annex San Domingo to the Union, public opinion was entirely opposed to any such procedure. The tendency therefore at the present time is to consolidation, it being felt that the difference between continuous empire and empire severed by

sea is, as Mr. Gladstone says, "vital." The natural course, therefore, for Canada would be to approximate towards the American Union; federal connection with a country 3000 miles away would be an unnatural and impolitic course. In the one case the representative system would easily meet the new requirements of the case; in the other, a strain would be put on that system which, I venture to think, it would not bear. The representative principle may be the great discovery of modern politics, but it was never meant to apply to such a strange and improbable instance as that of the attempted union of England and Canada into one federal system.

One word as to the result of the annexation of Canada to the United States on the United States themselves. That such an annexation would greatly enlarge the conceptions and imagination and add to the dignity of the Canadians is pretty certain. But what effect would it have on the Union? It might perhaps seem at first sight that the Union would become so immense that an excessive decentralising tendency would speedily make itself felt, and that the control of the executive at Washington would become more and more feeble in the extreme limits of the vast Republic. This is indeed a possibility, although the executive could never become so feeble as an executive in London would be. But is it not more probable that the new population thus brought into the Union would strengthen the hands of that party which seeks to make of America one nation, which upholds the Federal Government at Washington, and labours to render more intense political, social, and commercial unity? Would the citizens of Montreal, Toronto, and Halifax, or the farmers of the west, be likely to give much countenance and support to the Democratic party? Would they not be more likely to fall into line with the Northern States? Mr. Hayes and Mr. Garfield represent more probably the type of statesmen who would find favour in the newly annexed States, and the Republican platform would more probably be approved by three-fourths of the Canadians than the Democratic. The national and rational party would thus be reinforced, and the "solid South" be counterbalanced by a large and constant Northern vote. The United States, too, would be likely to become to England a much less foreign nation than otherwise she seems destined to be. The immense German

immigration must vitally modify the structure and type of American nationality, and influence the complexion of American thought and feeling. Any way, America may be expected to produce a new national type; that much is certain. But by the annexation of Canada she will gain men of solid, manly English worth, of good sense, and sterling honesty; and she will thus be able to draw upon a vigorous reserve force to uphold public order against the possible wilder developments of social democracy. Canada too will long retain her special English feeling and sympathy with the old country, and will thus infuse into the American Republic a greater love and respect for the English nation. We should therefore lose nothing but a sham prestige, while we should gain a more hearty American friendship than we have yet experienced—a friendship which would not be marred by frequent misgivings arising out of an English Colony subject to the invasion of the United States, such as have embittered our intercourse with America ever since the War of Independence.

It is necessary to bring this paper to a close. I must again express my consciousness of performing therein a function the discharge of which does not seem natural to an Englishman. The "Imperialists" would naturally regard me as a kind of *advocatus diaboli*. Their opinion, however, I do not consider of great value. But there is another and a large class of worthy, honest, well-meaning people, who feel a pride in the consciousness that they are citizens of an Empire on which, as they have heard from childhood, the sun never sets. These people cannot bear the thought of a dissolution of the Empire, and some of them have really thought, in a vague way, that federation can easily be brought about. I regret to dispel their fond illusions, but as a serious political thinker I am compelled to do so, for the reasons already alleged. Similar arguments would, of course, apply to the case of Australia and the other Colonies—similar, but not identical, and perhaps not applying at present with such great force. Canada is the premier Colony, and her destiny will be considered before that of the others. And will you, it is asked, reduce England to her former condition? Will you take from her the proud post of the hegemony of a world-wide Empire, and make of her again a mere European island commonwealth? I do not propose to



"do" anything. My whole argument is that Nature and the course of human affairs have done and are doing something which we can in no way prevent, and for which it is vain and idle to grieve. I for one hope that Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa at any rate may be induced to retain their colonial connection for some time yet. They have not at present the materials of a real nationality, and they are gainers by the connection in almost every respect. But even if we lost these, as we are likely to do one day, we have the great Indian Empire, with its 200,000,000 of human beings, a mighty inheritance which will tax more and more the genius and resources of the statesmanship of England. Nature and history have given us this much, and would fain urge us not to expend useless strength in "hatching vain empires." But once again I would insist that the question is not to be approached from the English but from the colonial side. Justice and magnanimity will prevail over "Imperial instincts" in the long run. If we seek for and ensure in the first place the progress and development of our Colonies, and through them of the world, we shall be the benefactors of mankind. If we do not act thus, we may benefit the world also, but we shall injure ourselves. The new lands are rich and great, and the new people are certain to grow and prosper. In order to do so, they should be left freely to find their own affinities. In the case actually under consideration who can doubt what these are? England is yet a great and rich country, with vast power and force, but America has the promise of the future. Only the man who is blinded by what he falsely calls patriotism can doubt that for one moment. It is for Canada to consider the future, not the present, or the present only in so far as it may affect the future. If she consults her own interests (and no other question ought to come into consideration), she will declare for union with that great people with whose far-reaching future the interests of mankind are indissolubly united.

One final word. Although I believe a British Federal Empire to be an impossibility, yet all ties between us and our colonists need not be broken because they have come of age and claim their independence and seek their natural alliances. A league of English-speaking peoples is one of the grand

possibilities yet folded in the future. Of that league the United States must hold the hegemony, by virtue of power and greatness. But will not all English-speaking people look up with reverence to the land of their fathers, the island home from which have gone forth the peaceful conquerors of the earth?

ARISTOTLE'S "POLITICS"

[A Paper read before the Rainbow Circle]

ducing to you the subject of the "Politics" of Aristotle, first remind you that they sum up for us the general ıce of Greek political thought at the very time when ɔolitical life was decaying. "If in the philosophy of ɐ," says Professor Windelband in his "History of An- 'hilosophy," "the essence of Greek civilisation was to conceptual expression, yet it appeared when the Greece was setting. The philosophy of Aristotle was ng legacy of Greece to the following generations of Philosophy does not precede life, but is rather for us lectual expression of experience. As Hegel says, the Minerva only appears when it is dusk.

ıe next place, we must remember that Aristotle was not , so to speak, out of his head. Philosophers never do, the crowd of Philistia supposes that philosophy is some ıntial entity evolved out of the moral consciousness of ıker. "Grau, theurer freund, ist alle theorie und grün en's gold'ne baum." Nearly every Greek philosopher fe, actual life, and his object was really to explain life, it a rational basis and purpose. This was in an eminent the object of Aristotle, and in order to make himself ıted with the political life of Greece, we are told that he ıd over all the Greek States, thoroughly investigating ıdition and institutions of each. Thus his judgments taken as the outcome of great experience just at the hen the over-ripe political constitution of Greek society ssed the line which separates ripeness from decay.

; let us remember that to Aristotle, as to all Greek s, the true State was the City State, the small, highly-

organised home of gods and men. The monarchy or empire was to the Greek a barbarism rather than a true State. Aristotle gives us the conditions of what he regards as an ideal State, from which we see that all the citizens must have ample opportunity for knowing one another, and must all be able to come together to the popular assembly. Moreover, both he and Plato, though differing so widely, are in agreement in regarding the quality of what they call friendliness as essential to the well-being of the State. The spectacle of a place like London, amorphous, huge, with millions of people all jostled together and yet neither knowing nor caring for one another, would have been inexpressibly hideous to the Greek mind. The State, says Aristotle, is founded on the village, and that on the association of families, and in his thought the State even in its ultimate development is more or less of a large family.

But this State, so conceived, is not the whole people assembled in a given spot. There are those there who are not citizens. Aristotle accepted the great old-world fact of slavery and the separation of the Hellenes from the barbarians, though there is a cosmopolitan element in him which reveals how the old separateness of the Greek world was breaking down. I say he accepted slavery as a fact, though there is a passage in the "Politics" in which he appears to doubt whether it ought to be a fact, for he says that some thinkers contend that it is a product not of nature but of law, and he does not in any way combat that theory. Still, since he conceives abundant leisure as appertaining to those who undertake the functions of citizenship, it would seem as if he considered the status of slavery as necessary in order that the hard and distasteful work of the community should be performed by those outside the constitution, and who are manifestly inferior by nature to the citizens proper.

In the next place, we must recollect that in the mind of Aristotle, as of all Greek thinkers, political life, citizenship, did not mean voting for some one, especially for some one whom one does not know, as in this country: it means always personal participation in the affairs of government; it means judging, deciding questions of high State policy; it means equality of right in speech and action in the popular assembly. The only

modern country in which Aristotle would find himself at all at home would be Switzerland, where the Initiative and Referendum attempt to make of democracy a real fact, and even there he would seem a very long distance from democracy as understood by him in Greece. Other countries he would not regard as democracies at all.

It is necessary to state these preliminary ideas of Aristotle in order to clarify our thought as to what was his sense of the general content of political life. We are constantly using words in quite different senses, and we must define exactly what we mean. When modern writers tell us that the Greeks are to us for political purposes the beginning of wisdom, and that, as Dr. Arnold said, the modern politician would do well to bind Aristotle's "Politics" as a phylactery round his brows, we have to ask ourselves whether this is altogether true; and the answer is that it is only partly true, because conditions and concepts of what the State means are in many important respects entirely different in our time from what they were in the times of ancient Greece. The mere facts of the purely City State and the exclusion of mechanics from citizenship, defended by Aristotle, are of themselves sufficient to render much of Greek experience comparatively useless to us. Still, on the other hand, we must recognise in Greece the true beginnings of free political life, just as we must recognise also in the same wonderful people the beginnings of true philosophy and art, however widely sundered from the art and philosophy of modern life.

Now to come to the positive and significant political teachings of the Stagirite. In the first place, this grave investigator, who proceeded by careful induction, and who had before him the entire experience of the Greek world, lays it down as a fundamental principle that the State can only live in the light of a high ideal. This is a lesson indeed to your modern man, who looks on the State as a useful collector of debts, interest on loans, pioneer of commercial aggrandisement, and distributor of doles. The State exists, he says, in order that we may not only live, but that we may live well. He examines the ends which men propose to themselves, and decides that the sole end which justifies the existence of the State is the cultivation of the most virtuous ideal. He is especially critical

on the pursuit of riches as the end of the State, and he holds, with all Greek thinkers in the best days of Greece, that the worst form of government possible is an extreme form of oligarchy or government by the rich in their own interests. From this we may infer what he would have thought of the English or American government as it really exists to-day. The perfection of life, and nothing less, is the sole end of the State. In laying down this doctrine, Aristotle was expressing the very central thought of the Greek ideal. Hellas aimed at perfection.

It must not, however, be supposed that because Aristotle aimed at human perfection he went about with his head in the air, regardless of material facts of life. Nothing in the "Politics" is more clear than his insistence on the vital importance of a sound material basis both for the individual and the social life. His ideas as to the physical well-being of households are set forth in the "Economics," and very shrewd and sound they generally are. But in the "Politics" he is dealing with social and political life, and he finds its sound basis in a general, widely diffused reticulation of wealth. He is opposed alike to a rich and to a poor class in the community, believing both hostile to that ideal of perfection which he lays down as the end of civic life. Already the Greek States were familiar with that payment of the poor for jury duty which was to become such a source of corruption afterwards in Rome. Already the rich were buying power with their gains. Already the old healthy life of the Greek community was permanently vitiated. All this Aristotle had observed.

That which was always feared in Greece was what the Greeks knew as *stasis*, or that fatal faction which issues in revolution. Discussing this, Aristotle lays down the doctrine that it results from inequality of condition. As to the methods in which the revolution may arise, they differ in a democracy and an oligarchy. In the former demagogues will, to gain influence, inform against men of property, and the movement which they stir up will end in tyranny—a striking prediction of what came to pass in Rome through the policy of Julius Cæsar. In an oligarchy there is first ill-treatment of the poor, and secondly there is the danger of

exclusion of the rich. In either case there is *stasis* or faction, and the unity of the State is therefore at an end.

Plato saw this as clearly as did Aristotle, but it is significant to note how their ways of meeting the problem differed. While nobody in ancient Greece was what we should call a pure individualist, or even capable of understanding such a position, yet Aristotle stood for private ownership, while Plato was for communism. Aristotle devotes much of the "Politics" to combating his old and revered master's attitude on this question. Plato thought not only that communism would produce economic equality, but that it would blend all separate interests into one, and so save the State from disruption. Aristotle contends that this blending would be superficial, that there might be uniformity, but not true unity. The word *pantes*, or "all," in regard to possessions is, he says, used in two senses, collectively and distributively. As everything under Plato's scheme would belong to all citizens collectively, and not distributively, they would not be really cared for, everybody's business being nobody's business. Families, therefore, instead of being bound together would be sundered, and so, on Aristotle's principle that the State is ultimately founded on the family, the State itself would be weakened and would soon decay.

This is how Aristotle meets the views which Plato had put into the mouth of Socrates: "We must suppose, then, that the error of Socrates arose from the fact that his first principle was false; for we admit that both a family and a State ought to be one in some particulars, but not entirely so; for there is a point beyond which if a State proceeds towards oneness it will no longer be a State. There is also another point at which it will still be a State, but in proportion as it approaches nearer to not being a State, it will be worse; as if one should reduce the voices of those who sing in concert to one, or a verse to a foot. But as a State contains a multitude, it ought to be brought to unity and community, as we have already said, by education." We see, therefore, it is moral unity rather than mechanical union which Aristotle was concerned to bring about. For this purpose he thought the control of personal property by each person was essential.

But, as already said, we are not to suppose that he was an

individualist. His view of the State was that it should be regulative. It was not to absorb everything or to direct every enterprise, nor was it to leave everybody to do as he liked, the ideal of most average Britons. It was to be regulative; and here Aristotle was completely in touch with the Greek mind, with its motto, "Not too much." He is poised and balanced, his one idea being again perfection. But I cannot do better than quote his statement from the 4th Book, 11th chapter, on his ideal commonwealth or *politeia*. "A city composed of such men [*i.e.* of the very rich and the very poor] must therefore consist of slaves and masters, not of freemen; where one party must hate and the other despise; and this is very far removed from friendship and political community, for a community supposes affection, for men do not even on the road associate with their enemies. It is also the aim of a city to be composed as much as possible of equals, and this will be most so when the inhabitants are in the middle state; whence it follows that that city must be best framed which is composed of those whom we say are naturally its proper members. It is men of this station, also, who are best assured of safety, for they will neither covet what belongs to others, as the poor do, nor will others covet what is theirs, as the rich do what belongs to the poor; and thus, without plotting against any one, and having any one to plot against them, they will live free from danger." So that Aristotle, like all other wise men, held with the prayer of Agar, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." And only States so composed in the main, he thinks, can endure as self-governing communities. Rousseau and Jefferson held the same view, and, thinking of the sneers which are often levelled by superficial persons against the great democrats of the last century, it is pleasant to find those great democrats in complete accord with the greatest political thinker who ever lived.

But they are with him in more than the belief in the fairly equal and self-respecting middle class. Rousseau has often been taken to task, by silly people who supposed that densely crowded town life is the inevitable destiny of mankind, for commending the country and agricultural pursuits. Jefferson said that all large cities were corrupt, and advised his countrymen to stick to the farm. To-day, with the fearful corruption

and awful problems of such cities as New York and Chicago, we may see how wise Jefferson's advice was. But my present point is that this was the creed of Aristotle. Money-getting, he contends, should be a subservient art, for true wealth consists not in money, but in the products of nature. This is developed in chapter iii. of the first Book, where also the idea of what should be the function of capital is clearly set forth. Capital or money is different from the economic art, as he calls the actual work on the soil or in any occupation. The former provides, the latter uses what has been procured. Usury is abominable, a doctrine held universally in both the ancient and mediæval worlds; traffic is artificial, but the natural use of money as subservient to economic art is alone just. The storing up of money is *kata phusin*, or natural only when such storage aids the production or distribution of real wealth or needed commodities. But the same storage when intended to give the possessor power, or a hold over his fellows, becomes a crime, which probably Aristotle would have punished severely.

The economic attitude of the State, as I have said, is to be neither communistic nor *laissez-faire*. It is to be regulative. The share of land to be held by each person is to be regulated by law, and the government is to direct its energies to the strengthening of the middle class. Aristotle would not have equal suffrage, but a graduated system analogous to that which has been adopted in Belgium. Though he gives more power to rich than poor, it is because the former are less numerous, and so able, he thinks, to work less mischief. But he contends that the rich class is inherently more dangerous than the poor. You will see by this analysis that his whole aim is bent towards moderation, to a balanced State, in which no one overweening power can prevail, but in which there shall be quiet and harmony.

The ideal of internal quiet and harmony brings Aristotle into sharp collision with what in our time is known as Imperialism. To him all foreign aggression was inherently bad; all attempts to unite quite different ideals of life, as liberty and self-government in England and despotism in India, are unnatural and impossible. A State, he says, should not in order to realise perfection aim at the impossible, but should aim at being consistent with itself. Its institutions should be

consistent throughout, and there should be no blending or attempt at blending conflicting elements. The military element is necessary, but it should be for defence only, merely, in fact, an enlarged bodyguard of the king or other supreme ruler. All attempts at conquest should be avoided, for a policy of conquest is always aimed at the acquisition of material riches, and that is not a proper ideal for a State, which exists to cultivate the inner life. Of Imperialism Aristotle had seen the ruinous effect in Greece, where the rivalry of Athens and Sparta in first fighting one another and next attempting each to bring the other Greek States under their respective yokes is admitted by all historians to have been the chief cause of Greek political decline.

Let us give in Aristotle's own words his idea of a happy and successful State. It is found in the first chapter of the seventh Book, and is as far removed from the current English ideal as it is possible to be: "Let us, therefore, be well agreed that so much of happiness falls to the lot of every one as he possesses of virtue and wisdom, and in proportion as he acts according to their dictates; since for this we have the example of the god himself, who is completely happy, not from any external good, but in himself and because he is such by nature. For good fortune is something of necessity different from happiness, as every external good of the soul is produced by chance or by fortune; but it is not from fortune that any one is just or wise. Hence it follows, as established by the same reasoning, that the State which is best and acts best will be happy; for no one can fare well who acts not well, nor can the actions either of man or city be praiseworthy without virtue and wisdom. But valour, justice, and wisdom have in a State the same force and form as in individuals; and it is only as he shares in these virtues that each man is said to be just, wise, and prudent." It would be hard to find a better statement, clad in that terse form, the secret of which the modern world has lost, of the doctrine of the qualitative as opposed to the quantitative view of social life. Imperialism tells us that the small tranquil State which minds its own business and declines to acquire territory or make conquests is dead, and that to keep alive we have to grab and murder and make a general hullabaloo—a notion very ably criticised in a

t work, "La Fédération de l'Europe," by M. Novikoff. ly the opposite was the idea of Aristotle. To him the ssful State was the quiet, unaggressive, peaceful, and rate community, where the middle class predominated a whose borders there were few rich and few poor.

Aristotle the State was not identical with the Govern-, but with the whole body of citizens. The Government imply the organ of the State—a sound distinction, in whose ice we involve ourselves in endless confusion. In that no one is excluded from obtaining civil power, but in a ed manner. Political power should rest on a wide basis, hich sense Aristotle may be considered as a democrat. difficult, however, to classify him, since there are elements is political ideas which would not commend themselves to mocrat of our time. If we could use any modern term it him, we might perhaps call him a moderate Republican rogressive Liberal. His classification of governments is three kinds—monarchy, aristocracy, and a commonwealth, what he calls a *politeia*. Corresponding to these are three respective perversions — tyranny, oligarchy, de-racy. Ideally, Aristotle prefers the virtuous rule of a wise good monarch, which he thinks can alone be in the true rest of all, but he recognises the practical impossibility of , and he seems on the whole to come to an aristocracy of ted powers (remember that the Greeks knew nothing of a ditary nobility like the English House of Lords, and that r word *'o aristos* means "the best"), with a wide suffrage and lity of opportunity for all citizens to occupy any post in the e. Assuming the end, both avowed and actual, of such a e to be *to dikaion*, or "justice," Aristotle considers such a e to be a true *politeia*, and it is that he prefers. The worst l of State, on the other hand, is the tyranny or the oligarchy ., the absolute rule of one man, or the rule of the rich. We t remember what the Greeks meant by tyranny. They did mean absolute government, as in Russia. They meant the rule of one man under nominal republican forms, as the rule Augustus in Rome or of Louis Napoleon in France. It is ificant to note that Aristotle thought this the weakest of all is of government. On the whole, Aristotle, though obviously erring the *politeia*, sees that different States must have

different forms; he is not a dogmatic absolutist, but he is entirely opposed to the mixing of different forms under one government; that is to say, he is entirely anti-Imperialist. The State should be true to the law of its own being, and it is in this that he finds the true identity of the State.

How should such a State be preserved? Aristotle's answer to this question is as follows: "The laws should be exactly observed, in order to which end no laws should be passed which cannot be enforced in a natural and just way." Such a proposition at once sweeps aside all sumptuary legislation, all attempts to enforce particular modes of eating and drinking, such as prohibitory liquor laws, and probably compulsory vaccination laws. Hygiene was with the Greeks a matter of public religion, there being a god of health, and therefore it would not be needful to pass hygienic laws as in modern States. In the next place, there must be precautions against innovation. Here it will rightly be thought that Aristotle has in his mind a static rather than a dynamic state of society, and this indeed is always a source of difference between the thought of the ancient world and of the world which has studied Kant, Hegel, and Darwin. But probably the main object of Aristotle here is to preserve the balance, the Greek poise, in whose absence he believed one element in the State would acquire undue predominance. Next, the magistrates must be prudent and moderate, and above all must never oppress or rule for the sake of gain. No person whatever must make the slightest gain or traffic from government. If Aristotle is right here—and he is obviously right—what shall we say to the position and future of nearly all modern States, where the government is now used as an engine for enriching monopolists? Their permanence, on Aristotle's theory, is absolutely impossible. Next, the rulers must be vigilant and harmonious, which seems to make against the whole theory of party government. If party government be a real and genuine fact, the State cannot be in harmony. If on every serious occasion the two parties are found to be in harmony then the profession of party becomes a piece of mere cant, as it is in England at the present moment. In the next place, in order to preserve the poise, no individual or class must be allowed to grow too powerful. We know that this was the

ground on which ostracism was practised in the Greek States. It appears to us of modern times essentially unjust, but we must recollect that in a City State it was different. A very strong man acting within its narrow limits might easily destroy the constitution of such a State, and once destroyed Aristotle was of opinion that it could probably never be regained. The most striking illustration of this in history is the rule of the Medici in Florence, obtained absolutely through the possession of vast accumulations of wealth. The property of citizens should never be confiscated—a principle which the British Government in South Africa might recall to mind, were England and South Africa really parts of the same State in Aristotle's sense of the word. Next, the people should never be permitted to sink into poverty, a principle which not only sets forth what I have termed the regulative view of the State held by Aristotle, but which would in modern times place him on the side of old age pensions and vigorous agrarian reform, and which, combined with his absolute opposition to conquest and aggrandisement, would lead him to spare for the former the public revenues now wasted on the latter. Further, the rulers are to treat the people well while in office, and there is to be entire justice in regard to property bequeathed. Such are the chief means by which Aristotle thinks that the life, under which term he includes the substantial identity, of the State can be best preserved.

In attempting to separate the temporary and purely Hellenic from the more permanent and universal elements of Aristotle's thought, I cannot do better than avail myself of the summary of an excellent paper on Aristotle's "Politics" by Professor Dunning in the last June issue of the *Political Science Quarterly*. Professor Dunning says: "The postulates of his thought, as of Plato's, were: the general superiority of the Greeks over other races; the inherent necessity and justice of slavery as the basis of social organisation; the typical character of the City State in political organisation; the incompatibility of bread-winning pursuits with the moral and intellectual attributes of good citizenship; the supreme importance of State-directed education and training in the maintenance of political virtue; and, finally, the subordination of all personal motives and conduct to the dictates of law—conceived either

as the purely impersonal and more or less mystic product of divine or natural forces, or as the formulated wisdom of some individual of almost superhuman sagacity." I need not say that the latter was the current Greek view, the laws of Crete being supposed to have been given by Minos, those of Athens by Solon, of Sparta by Lycurgus, and so on. These great men as a matter of fact did for their respective States what the post-exilian codifiers did for the old Mosaic laws of Israel.

As to the more permanent legacy to mankind which Aristotle bequeathed, Professor Dunning mentions: The reconciliation of liberty and authority, the qualification under which the personal authority in government is manifested, public opinion and customary law standing over and above the public official, the ultimate law controlling the sovereign, or, as we might say, general reason taking the place of arbitrary will, the distribution of the elements of constitutional government, in regard to which Aristotle anticipated Montesquieu; and, finally, the vital importance attached by Aristotle to economic influences in politics. These are permanent principles in the profound political thought of the Greek philosopher.

It is impossible to conclude this paper without referring to the one great factor which absolutely separates Aristotle from the modern world—which separates all Greek thinking from the modern world, if we except the thought of Plato, whose intensely spiritual mind saw farther in some ways than the mind of Aristotle, though as a systematic thinker he is not the latter's equal. Plato in the "Republic" asks at the close if that ideal State is to be realised on earth. He suggests that it may not be, but that each one of us must live in its light, must obey not so much earthly laws as those patterns which, as he says in his majestic language, "are laid up in heaven." That is to say, to Plato the basis of the State as Greece knew it was gone. Man had transcended the State, which in the future could never be to him what it was—the arena in which his whole activity was to be displayed, the scene within whose limits his total nature was to be expanded and perfected. Professor Lewis Campbell, in his work on the Religion of Greek Literature, has traced for us this development in Plato's mind, as has Dr. Crozier, both seeing in Plato

and in the Neo-Platonic philosophy afterwards evolved from his thought the spiritual link between Hellas and the modern Christian world.

In that modern world the State is not and probably will never again be the sphere in which man develops his entire nature and finds all the ends of his being satisfied, though in saying this I know that I am at issue with Hegel. It is true that collectivism in its absolute sense proposes to revert to this old pagan ideal, but we may be sure it will never be. This is, of course, neither the time nor place to enter into matters of religious dogma, but it seems certain that the religious consciousness of the world, whether Western or Eastern, whether Christian or Buddhist, will maintain the idea of an infinite content in life which the State, founded on a secular basis and pursuing secular ends, cannot meet. This is the eternal ground for the separation of Church and State. The pagan religion was one with the State institutions; there was no conception of any dualism in the Greek mind until Plato brooded over the decay of actual Greece, and saw, in the visions of the most splendid imagination the world has probably ever known, the ideal which he doubts can ever be realised on this planet. We may compare the ancient Greek State ideal and that of the modern world with the ideals respectively of Greek and Gothic art. In the former the Greek temple displays, as Clough says, "Pure form nakedly displayed, And all things absolutely made." But in the Gothic cathedral or the Italian painting we find a mystic aspiration towards an ideal which is suggested rather than realised. But in the modern world every man is perforce a provisional dualist, not in the sense of any ultimate philosophy opposed to either materialistic or spiritual monism, but in the more limited sense that he habitually escapes into a realm of being where the State official cannot follow. It is the realm of the infinite, in which dwell for ever those celestial forms of art, religion, poetry, ideal good, which are intangible and immortal. Here the life of the State is excluded and transcended, and it is precisely this which is to all of us who think and feel and know the most important part of our lives. The State can never again be the all-embracing sphere of life which it was to the Greeks of classic times.

Did Aristotle vaguely guess at this? Perhaps in the fourth chapter of the third book of the "Politics" there is a hint at it, for there Aristotle discusses the question of the identity of the good man and the good citizen. They are not, he says, quite the same, and he uses the word *aplōs*, which means absolutely. There is then a certain sphere, a margin of action, in which the good man may transcend the life of the merely good citizen. The character of the good citizen, he says, may differ in some respects under different forms of government, since each form requires its own peculiar *ethos*, to use the Greek word. But the goodness of the good man does not change like this; it is an ideal union of all the highest virtues inherent in man. It is interesting to note this glimpse on the part of Aristotle of a new cosmopolitan order, of a common world-life arising from the wreck of the bounded City States of the ancient pagan world. The tragic death of Socrates, whose thought came into collision with the State, must have impressed that truth on the deeper minds—the truth that the unified pagan State in which man's life was summed up and completed had ended, and that a new era was opening for mankind, in which the freedom of the infinite spirit of man was to make of the State and its institutions founded on force only a subordinate means to man's ideal good by ultimate perfection.

APPRECIATIONS

WALT WHITMAN

(1892)

HIS PERSONALITY

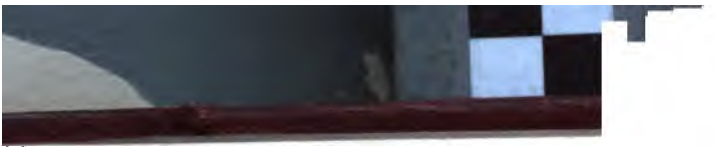
who regard Whitman as being the most representative
f democracy, of its innermost ideas, of its moving forces,
hopes and destiny, must find an interest in tracing
ırly influences which helped to mould the poet's body
ıaracter. The modern scientific doctrine of the effect
ironment is enforced and enlarged by Whitman him-
'or he sees not only in social circumstances, in political
utions, and in daily human contact, but in the earth
y, the rivers and trees, silent influences which pass into
being and affect his whole future. As Wordsworth
" beauty born of murmuring sound " passing into Lucy's
o does Whitman discover " persons, substances, beasts,
ees, the running rivers, the rocks and sands " all con-
ng their elements to form the spiritual life of man.
ntry life, honest labour, simple tastes and rural joys,
-door living, the sea with its infinite suggestiveness and
ual grandeur, the tramp by the shore or through the
life in the saddle and on the water, perfect health, the
ıg of every sense in the voluptuous beauty of earth—all
things enabled Whitman to be the poet of the body.
ıe strong ties of home, the deep human sympathies, the
republican character of his father, the spiritual intuition
mother, the spirit of peace which brooded like a dove
he simple Quaker homestead—these made him also the
of man and the poet of the soul.

Whitman was to go through wider and more com-
d experiences than these, or he could not have become

Democracy's chosen bard. He was to become printer and journalist, to go freely, as he expresses it, with "powerful, uneducated persons," to sound all the depths of life, good and bad, in a great city, to live day by day with dead and dying in vast army hospitals, to serve the Government as an official, to wander over vast regions of his own vast continent, to discover what the great world is. "He made himself familiar," writes Dr. Bucke, "with all kinds of employments, not by reading trade reports and statistics, but by watching and stopping hours with the workmen (often his intimate friends) at their work. He visited the foundries, shops, rolling mills, slaughter-houses, woollen and cotton factories, shipyards, wharves, and the big carriage and cabinet shops; went to clam-bakes, races, auctions, wedding, sailing, and bathing parties, christenings, and all kinds of merry-makings." He knew every New York omnibus-driver, and found them both good comrades and capital materials for study. Indeed, he tells us that the influence of these rough, good-hearted fellows (like the Broadway stage-driver in "To Think of Time") "undoubtedly entered into the gestation of 'Leaves of Grass.'" No scene of natural beauty, no "apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchard," no lilac-bush "with every leaf a miracle," no "gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air," no "hurrying-tumbling waves," no "healthy uplands with herby-perfumed breezes" give him greater inspiration than the thronged streets of New York, with the "interminable eyes," with the life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, the saloon of the steamer, the crowded excursion, "Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus," the rushing torrent, the never-ceasing roar of modern human life.

He absorbs the influences coming from a gang of stevedores or a crowd of young men from a printing-office as he does these of "the splendid silent sun," so that he can say with truth—

"I have loved the earth, sun, animals, I have despis'd riches;
I have given alms to every one that ask'd, stood up for the stupid and crazy, devoted my income and labour to others,
Hated tyrants, argued not concerning God, had patience and indulgence toward the people, taken off my hat to nothing known or unknown,
Gone freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young, and with the mothers of families,
Read these leaves to myself in the open air, tried them by trees, stars, rivers," &c.



A hopeless subject this for "city" men, most clergymen, ritish matrons, organisers of "charity," and all persons ho live by routine and convention, and who survey life from ıe inside of a counting-house or a stuccoed villa. A great ntrast, too, to our literary men, or at least to the majority of ıem. For literature, in Whitman's eyes, is once more vitally sociated with life, as it was in the days of Elizabethan amatists, of the buoyant Cervantes, of the majestic Dante. is not a profession, a separate calling, an affair of libraries ıd literary coteries, but a transcript from actual contemporary e. It has been supposed that Whitman carried this to the treme limit of coarseness, and that he has been purposely, ıd (as it were) almost artificially rude in his contempt conventions. This is not, however, the case. His manners ıd breeding have been admitted by all who were privileged know him to be simple, unaffected, natural, and gentle. His aring as man and as author is frankly democratic. He does ot breathe any hatred or contempt of those who live in reater luxury; he simply prefers his own simple way. Scarce single English contemporary man of letters appears to have horoughly assimilated this democratic spirit, unless we xcept our noble artist-poet, William Morris, printing, design-ıg, testing colours and patterns with his own hands, and peaking to the masses at out-of-door gatherings; and perhaps, ı a lesser degree, Robert Louis Stevenson, in his sylvan streat in Samoa. In other countries Tolstoi's life is most losely analogous to that of Whitman.

The result of this isolation of our chief writers from actual opular life is unquestionably loss of influence. It may reason-bly be suspected whether the popularity of Tennyson's ex-uisite poetry is much more than middle class popularity. he average trade unionist probably would somewhat resent ennyson's attitude to his class were he acquainted with the aureate's verse. Browning has vigorous popular sympathies, ut, with the exception of a few poems, his subtle thought carries im far beyond the slow mind of the British artisan. Arnold's ensive muse attracts only the cultured few. Swinburne's emocratic instincts are not much more than skin-deep; ndeed, his is the aristocratic pagan republicanism of his owerful master and inspirer, Landor. Spite of the superficially

reactionary character of a portion of Wordsworth's poetry, his human instincts are so true, so deep, that we may accept, as Mr. Arnold does, Wordsworth's own verdict concerning his poems: "They will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier." And Wordsworth had not only communed with the spirit of Nature, but had known love "in huts where poor men lie." But on the whole the peasant-poet, Burns, born of the people and living among them all his life, is still the British democratic bard.

> "Deep in the general heart of men
> His power survives."

And that mighty influence of the Ayrshire ploughman is surely due to the fact that with him, as with Whitman, literature is not a thing apart, but a transcript of actual daily life, like the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Homer, "Don Quixote," and those verses of Tasso which the Venetian gondoliers used to sing.

> "Out from the heart of Nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

His favourite occupations when in his prime of health and vigour were sauntering about either in the streets or among the wild places where nature grew in her strength and beauty. "I loaf and invite my soul," he says, meaning that he absorbs every influence around him and passes on these experiences into his inner being and the spiritual world he has created for himself. He loved the "splendid silent sun," and Mr. Conway relates how he found the bard in the primitive garb of Eden, before even the fig-leaf came into fashion as an article of costume, lying in the sand by the sea-shore, revelling in the light and heat of the sun. He also loved to sing to himself in an undertone (an invariable sign of a happy nature), and to recite poetry. He did not talk much. He was never married, for the reason he gave to Dr. Bucke while the two were enjoying the scenery of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence: "I suppose the chief reason why I never married must have been an overmastering passion for entire freedom and unconstraint: I had an instinct against forming ties that would bind me."

It is generally known that Whitman had a paralytic seizure several years ago. He was attacked by it in February 1873, but he had been frequently ill since 1864, when he was taken with malarial fever, induced by years of labour and watching amid the horrible tragedies of the military hospitals at Washington during the Civil War. He has been blamed because, with his splendid physique and professed patriotic devotion, he did not serve in the army. The charge breaks down when it is said that Whitman, brought up in Quaker traditions, held the creed of George Fox, of Garrison, and of Tolstoi. He came not to destroy men's lives but to save them: fighting was not his *métier*. So far as physical courage is concerned, it probably needed less of that commodity to face the Southern bullets and cavalry charges than to serve in a military hospital, with all its terrible sights and sounds. There is here no martial music, no *esprit de corps*, no rushing headlong torrent of almost divine madness, no thought of glory to be won, no sudden heroic death or chance of splendid victory. In place of these elements of the battlefield there are the stern, whitewashed walls of the vast ward rising up all round like the array of the sheeted dead; there are the mangled human forms, the broken limbs, the great red gashes, the pools of blood, the cries of agony, the grim instruments of the surgeon's art, and ever and anon the ghastly spectre of Death striking down his victims on every side. Romance, fierce and bloody though it may be, has an inspiration for men on the battlefield; but how many can possess their souls amid the stern realities of the hospital without any adventitious help or charm? Goethe found a positive kind of delight in riding amid the cannon-balls at Argonne, sounding as though composed "of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistle of birds." But he could not look upon a wounded object or a dead body without mortal terror. Men are so differently constituted that there is nothing so difficult to affirm or deny as the presence of courage in any given person. If any censure is to be passed on Whitman for not actually taking up arms for the Republic in her hour of trial, let the blame be laid to the charge of a creed which has been held by some of the purest and bravest of men, and not to that of the poet's lack of courage.

Whatever the effect of these years of terrible experience on the poet's body, it cannot be doubted that they gave new life to his soul. For here in these Washington hospitals he must have gazed deep into the very heart's core of supreme pity and human sympathy. He sounded the divine depths of sorrow as he had earlier sounded those of joy in nature and of flushing virile life. How the wounded must have loved the noble heroic figure who came stealing gently to the bed of pain, laying his cool palm softly as a mother on the burning brow! He lived in the utmost simplicity, in order that he might have money for the purchase of little articles to give comfort or relief. He is able in after years to recall simply but with conscious joy this time of help given to the sufferer:

> "Upon this breast has many a dying soldier lean'd to breathe his last,
> This arm, this hand, this voice, have nourish'd, raised, restored,
> To life recalling many a prostrate form."

It may be asked whether we are to conceive of Whitman as a cultivated man. On the whole, probably not, in the conventional sense of the word. His early education was that of the American common school, he never went to college, he has himself told us that in libraries he lies "as one dumb, a gawk, or unborn, or dead," and his early work in the printing office prevented him from acquiring what is called "culture." But when we recall the fact that England's supreme poet knew "little Latin and less Greek," that Keats was innocent of classical learning, and that Burns derived his inspiration from beggars and mountain daisies rather than from

> "Thebes or Pelop's line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine,"

we shall not count the absence of a vast array of culture and immense stores of learning as a loss. Indeed, we may be reasonably sure that the presence of these would probably have fettered Whitman's peculiar genius. Learning is good for the poet when he knows what to do with it, as in the case of Browning. But on the whole the cultivated New England writers have lost in power and insight what they have gained in knowledge.

But we must not suppose that Whitman had not read a good

deal. In Matthew Arnold's sense of the word culture—a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world—we may fairly class Whitman among cultured men. We hear much of attempts to collect the "hundred best books," and of speculations as to what one would like to have in the shape of literature were one cast on a desert island. This talk shows a growing sense that the best the world can give us is contained in a few books, and a kind of bewilderment over the immense multitudes of books a cultivated person is supposed to read. Whitman did well in confining himself largely to the world's greatest spiritual products; to the Bible, Shakespeare, Homer (in translation), "Don Quixote," Epictetus. We see, too, from frequent references, that he had made himself familiar with the philosophic ideas of Hegel, and with the writings of Carlyle, Emerson, Tennyson, Arnold, and others of the more significant modern authors. He had read not a little of history and science, and may therefore be called a well-read man. The fancy portrait of an ignorant barbarian with a red shirt, and his boots on the table, must fade away before the vision of the real man, as he has been partly depicted in these pages and in the writings of his friends. We have now a very fair idea of him and of the formative influences which moulded his life. We see in him the genuine democrat of the very highest type, sharing all the feelings of the average man, and yet adding something unique and precious, something that we call genius. Unconventional, powerful, with a healthy rudeness, combined with a delicate refinement, born out of deep human sympathy, and therefore outlasting the mere politeness of society. His figure has in it somewhat of the antique heroic type, and yet withal a sweet benignity, so blending the pagan and the Christian elements with a thoroughly new tone—the tone of the New World democrat, who is the peer of any one, and whose vision sweeps the vast horizon of a mighty continent. We see in him one who has never sold character and intellect in the market, and who has declined and despised the tempting bids which the men of enterprise make to the men of genius. In a land where the "almighty dollar" is a powerful factor, where frivolous Anglomaniacs outvie the elder world in profuse luxury and vulgar ostentation, a land much of whose literature

has been mere puny imitation, Whitman has stood out a colossal and commanding figure—original, courageous, solitary, and poor. His own manhood is even greater than anything he has produced, and all that he has produced has flowed forth naturally from the fountain-head of his own humanity.

HIS ART

When beginning his self-imposed task, Whitman appears to have been staggered by the vastness of his own conceptions. The view was so extensive, the distance was so great, the sights that could be seen and the tendencies that were unseen so overwhelming, that the poet was intoxicated by the vision. He lacked, too, discrimination and art. He had absorbed divine influences from past thinkers, but he had no sense of the laws of style, or indeed the sense that there were any laws. Hence the sometimes—one might be induced to say, the frequent—formless lines, and the attempts to produce effects which no great artist would have employed. The poet was unable, through lack of literary culture, to clothe his novel and often glowing conceptions in any ideal poetic form. Rather he flings his ideas at us in a heap, leaving it to us to arrange them in order in our own minds. His results therefore fail to satisfy many not unsympathetic readers. And yet of these results Mr. Havelock Ellis has truly said that "they have at times something of the divine felicity, unforeseen and incalculable, of Nature; yet always, according to a rough but convenient distinction, it is the poetry of energy rather than the poetry of art. When Whitman speaks prose, the language of science, he is frequently incoherent, emotional, unbalanced, with no very just and precise sense of the meaning of words, or the structure of reasoned language."

It must be confessed that when we turn from the solemn organ music of Milton, the rhythmical perfection of Coleridge, the lyric beauty of Shelley, or the sweet cadence of Tennyson, to Whitman's "barbaric yawp," we seem at first to have quitted the haunts of the muses for a modern street where we are jostled by a rough crowd of busy folk, and are splashed with mud from the passing waggons and drays. Those who

have long been accustomed to the choicest peaches and hot-house grapes may be excused at first for making wry faces at the wild berry of the woods although after a time they will discover its barbaric fascination. It is, however, not merely his titanic wildness, but his lack of harmony, which must be complained of. And those are very doubtful guardians of Whitman's reputation who do not admit his serious defects, mingled as these are with passages of surprising and even sublime beauty.

It is not easy either to perceive any meaning at all in some of Whitman's passages, as, *e.g.*, "Let them that distrust birth and death lead the rest"; or, "Let the old propositions be postponed." He reminds one of the old-fashioned, unintelligent study of the Bible, when every part was thought by the devout to be equally inspired. So Whitman cannot perceive when he is writing a mass of verbiage or a patchwork of uncouth lines and phrases, and when he is moved by the breath of the spirit. All is for him equally good. This is partly due to the fact that he never met with intelligent and sympathetic criticism in his own country for many years. The dapper little gentleman of Boston, and even some of the greater writers of that "Modern Athens," were only scandalised by this unwonted product of a democracy in which so many of them only thought that they believed, and in which some among them frankly believed not at all. Emerson and Thoreau alone greeted with a hearty welcome this new bard who had conferred on the world what the former declared to be "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed."

But having noted some of the faults and deficiencies of Whitman, we must, on the other hand, say, as Mr. Lowell says of Wordsworth, that "he is great and surprising in passages and ejaculations." After plodding wearily through broken ground, strewn with rough boulders and sharp flints, we emerge on Elysian meadows of peace, or stand amazed at a majestic torrent, or view with awe the terrible beauty of a great white peak thrusting its stern purity far into the blue.

Vastness is always a dominant note in Whitman's writings, and leads him ever to recur to the great themes which most completely illustrate it, as the great and deep sea stretching

into infinitude, with its never-ceasing murmur and infinite suggestions, type of the sea of life on which sails the immortal ship—"ship of the body, ship of the soul, voyaging, voyaging, voyaging," or the "huge and thoughtful night," "the night in silence under many a star," or this great globe which floats us through the celestial spaces:

> "Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
> Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways."

But most of all does Whitman peer with longing and audacity into the "superb vistas of death." Of all the dirges in the English language, remembering even "Lycidas" and "Adonais," none leaves so profound an impression of beauty and majesty as the great Burial Hymn of President Lincoln, beginning, "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd." Whatever else may be said of Whitman's poetry, it must be conceded that he has treated this eternal theme of death with a new power and significance. The awful dreams that may come in that sleep of death have no terror for the democratic poet, nor does he trouble himself much with the "fond breast" on which "the parting soul relies." "To one shortly to die" he brings his message, singling him out from all the rest. He does not argue, but sits quietly by, assuring the dying man with the peaceful force of a deep faith that he himself will surely escape, leaving behind nothing that is worth keeping.

In all this death-poetry of Whitman the "last enemy" is presented as no enemy at all, but a friend, an object of wonder, beauty, and desire, an essential part of an infinite world-order, which is viewed, as the philosophers say, *sub specie eternitatis*, and which is therefore found to be all good and perfect. Shakespeare, still under the dominion of mediæval thought, leads us in *Measure for Measure* to the grinning death's-head of the charnel-house, and in *Hamlet* to the brink of a possible penal abyss. Milton sees in vision his beloved Lycidas joining in the "inexpressive nuptial song in the meek kingdoms blessed of joy and love"; but he is alternately filled with Puritan and with an unreal classical sense of death. Shelley in "Adonais" comes nearer to a natural view, for in his mind

the soul of Keats "has outsoared the shadow of our night." But Whitman is beyond them all. Beyond the dim shadowy forms ferried over the dark river and flitting by in the joyless meadows of asphodel; beyond the chrism and priestly absolution, tho hell, purgatory, and paradise of mediæval thought; beyond the Puritan judgment-day and the triumphant reign of the saints. Death with him is a perfectly natural liberating force, releasing the permanent self into the possibilities of a higher plane of being. It puts an end to nothing but a certain physical organism, which is so constructed that it cannot live except by dying daily, and which in the very nature of things must ultimately decay as a separate thing, and mingle gradually, atom by atom, with the world of material forms out of which it grew. The very wonder of the process fills him with a sense of its strange beauty, and therefore provides us with a new artistic treatment of death at his hands, a treatment diffused with a beautiful solemnity that partly affects us like some impressive scene in Nature, and partly like the magnificent religious music which thrills the soul's most secret fibres at the celebration of the mass.

It may be asked whether Whitman is a poet at all. One need not be specially anxious to show that he is, but some protest is needed against any judgment that included, say, Addison and Johnson in the list of poets (not to mention Blackmore and Cibber) and left out Whitman. What is a poet? Is he the manufacturer of rhyming stanzas? If so, we should have to include under the head of poetry that interesting verse, so full of incident—

> "I put my hat upon my head,
> And walked into the Strand;
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand."

This stanza contains rhyme, grammar, incident and suggestion, but it is not poetry. But when we read such great words as—

> "Men must endure
> Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
> Ripeness is all—"

we feel at once that this is poetry, this is creative art. Let us

listen to the noble language of Shelley: "Poetry defeats the curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions. And whether it spreads its own figured curtain or withdraws life's dark veil from before the scene of things, it equally creates for us a being within our being. It makes us the inhabitants of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos. It reproduces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being. It compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration. It justifies the bold and true words of Tasso: *Non merita nome di creatore, se non Iddio ed il Poeta.*" In the same essay Shelley claims for poets that they are not only "the authors of language and of music, of the dance, and architecture, and statuary, and painting; they are the institutors of laws and the founders of civil society, and the inventors of the arts of life, and the teachers, who draw into a certain propinquity with the beautiful and the true that partial apprehension of the agencies of the invisible world which is called religion." In accordance with this judgment, Shelley claims for the philosopher Plato a place among the poets, and for the poets Shakespeare and Milton places among the philosophers.

Now, accepting this large and far-reaching view of the poet's nature and function, we may certainly classify Whitman as a poet with greater confidence than we may so treat pleasing and graceful but superficial moralists like Addison, or makers of ponderous rhyming platitudes like Johnson. Mr. Arnold's famous phrase "criticism of life" is perhaps inadequate as giving no suggestion of glow and rapture, which we rightly regard as essential elements in creation. But it comes as near to a true definition as any mere phrase can if we add to it the idea of a heightened and expansive power. In this sense we see more clearly who and what the true poets of the world have been. The early rhapsodists, the Celtic bards, the makers of sagas and of the songs charged with primal human experiences chanted in rude chorus by boatmen rocking on the tide or by peasants joyously treading the vintage—these would

hardly have satisfied Boileau and the French Academy. Voltaire would have pronounced them "intoxicated barbarians," as he pronounced Shakespeare. They knew nothing of formal rules, but they had the power of divination. They treated in an ideal spirit the civilisation of their land and time; they preserved with holy care its mystic traditions; they uttered its faith and aspirations, they expressed the deepest feelings for its social sanctities, for the ideal side of its traditions and laws. They loved and interpreted Nature; they felt in their souls the beauty of her life, they delighted in heroism and comradeship.

Surely it is these elements that constitute the very soul of poetry. The creative spirit seizes on the facts of Nature and of life, shows them fluid and related, transforms and glorifies them with "the light that never was on sea or land." He who is possessed with this spirit has a far loftier title to the name of poet than has the manufacturer of flawless, brilliant, mechanical versicles. To these bardic ranks Whitman belongs. He is too primitive and elemental to be classed even among such literary rebels as Byron and Shelley, while his sweep is too vast, his thoughts too deep, to admit of rank with such a poet as Burns. Whitman is, in truth, of the order *sacer vates*, for he feels in our modern life the moving breath of the spirit. To him may be applied the words which Emerson used of Goethe: "Amid littleness and detail he detected the genius of life, the old cunning Proteus, nestling close beside us, and showed that the dullness and prose we ascribe to the age was only another of his masks." It is not of course implied that Whitman has Goethe's vast knowledge, deep culture, sense of form. He is rather like a strong inspired toiler, possessed of a far greater proportion of genius and insight than of culture, who tells us in a certain crude and partly amorphous way, but with a compensating power and originality, how nature, humanity, and modern life affect him. He does this in such a manner as to stir our emotions, widen our interests, and rally the forces of our moral nature. We must ever remember that he endows us with the gift of life rather than with literature.

> "Camerado, this is no book:
> Who touches this, touches a man."

It might even be contended that his formlessness holds the germs of new forms; that the old rhymes will rather be used in the future for mere *vers de société* than for great poetry. We know something of the nineteenth century's experience in reference to music. The innovators had to fight their way against ridicule and genuine dislike, until many special movements, and at least one entire opera of Wagner, have become almost as hackneyed as any of the Italian airs, or, indeed, as anything in the pre-Wagnerian music. It may also be argued that the vast, sweeping conceptions of our age, the suggestions of an infinite surging movement, of an all-pervading rhythmic life, can never be confined in the narrower or more precise forms of the poetic art, and that Whitman's work affords in some degree a hint of things to come. The spiritual enlargement and exaltation brought about by Christianity led to new forms of art. The Christian world could no longer express its ideas in

> "Pure form, nakedly displayed,
> And all things absolutely made."

Our own time is manifestly imbued with the ideas of artistic change. The marvellous growth of music, with its capacity for interpreting subtle emotions and workings of the imagination, is the dominant artistic fact of our own time. We seem to come nearer to the essential fact, to seize on the very spirit of life. We can no longer tolerate the surface ideas expressed in the smooth and easy lines of an earlier age. Like Faust, we yearn to reach the very fountains of being, to see behind the act the character, beneath the form the substance. The novel becomes more psychological, music more complex and spiritual. In such a movement, the genesis of a new epoch in history, there will inevitably be experiments doomed to failure as well as to success. The claim made for Whitman is, not that he is a great artist, for he is not, not even that he is a great poet, but that he has apprehended the needs of our time, has perceived that some restraining shackles must be cast off, and has led the way, as a strong, valiant pioneer, to a new literature which shall chant the deeds and faith of the modern man.

Our acceptance of Whitman, therefore, mainly depends on

whether we accept the advent, welcome or unwelcome, of a new world; on whether we really believe that the old forms are exhausted; on whether we can say with him—

"Away with old romance!
Away with novels, plots, and plays of foreign courts;
Away with love-verses sugar'd in rhyme, the intrigues, amours of idlers,"

And can also

"Raise a voice for far superber themes, for poets and for art,
To exalt the present and the real,
To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade."

Here is the ultimate ground of judgment on Whitman's verse; here is the ultimate test which will decide whether he is welcomed or repulsed. Do we long for a larger, deeper life, for a richer experience, no matter how bought? Have we courage enough to quit the shallows for the deep blue? Shall we be content to "glance, and nod, and bustle by," pleased with the gay show, cynically amused by the "pickle-herring farce-tragedy," satisfied to be polite and suave, and to skim gracefully the surface of things? Or must we dive down to the tangled roots beneath the ocean floor, penetrate beyond the external show, search eagerly for hidden meanings and subtle suggestions? Do we care supremely for the soul of man, do we readily concede to others that which we claim for ourselves, have we faith in our fellow men and in the order of which humanity is a part? Or if not, at least do we desire it, do we reach out with longing for it, do we feel that all else may well be given for this pearl of great price? Whitman's writings are, it may be said, like olives, an acquired taste. But there are some tastes never acquired by some people. And the sleek, respectable, well-fed hosts of Philistia will never probably acquire a taste for the "good, gray poet"; not because of his singular versification, nor his alleged indecencies, nor his absence of the cultivated academic spirit. No; they will dislike him because he is unconventional, uncomfortable, because he makes them ill at ease, because, like Madame Pistol (*ci-devant* Quickly), they hope there is "no need to trouble" themselves with any great thoughts while on an easy path to "Arthur's bosom." The household of Podsnap

is as fearful of Whitman's glorious audacities as a ne invalid would be of taking a morning gallop on a thor bred. And the Podsnap household is not a small on may die out, but it will not be yet.

But those whose hearts are stout and daring, whose i nation dilates with wonderment at this great and awfu splendid mystery in which we are enfolded, whose affe go forth to all the sons and daughters of men, who wi the strength and sincerity of their nature desire fraternit justice, as they desire personal good for themselves, wh determined to bow to no idols, however venerable, but to up on their own feet, and confront whatever destiny bring—these will love Whitman. For they will nestle g fully in these "Leaves of Grass," while the viewless air p over them and the golden sunshine bathes them in its giving waves. For these elect

> "In certainties now crown themselves assur'd
> And peace proclaims olives of endless age."

But even they are but the forerunners. Whitman ha *hortus inclusus*, no aristocratic paradise. In the endless c all will arrive, and upon the first-comers merely lies the of helping on the rest.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[PROPHETS OF THE CENTURY, 1898]

HE main purpose of Emerson's teaching is to liberate men's inds from the dominion of the vulgar secular order which nposes upon them. He is, as Matthew Arnold truly said f him, the helper and friend of those who would live in the pirit. He once more emphasises, in his clear, fresh, and spiring way, the old doctrine, ever present to the mind of he prophet in all ages, never comprehended by the mere man f the world, that the things which are seen are temporal, the hings which are not seen are eternal. We are governed y shows and illusions; our aims are of the paltriest character; re believe in what we can see, taste and handle, and in othing more. When the new calendar was adopted in he last century, people in England went about asking for heir lost days, unable to correct by the mind the errors bred y mere custom. These foolish persons were a type of the verage sensual man, who, as in Bunyan's famous vision of the an with the muckrake, are for ever busied in seeking for ubbish in the dust and straw of the actual, while the golden rown hangs over their empty heads unobserved and uncared or. The common experience confirms the idea expressed like by Paul and Plato, that there are in each of us two men, ne ape and tiger of the lower forms of life, and the ideal man, ne heavenly man. The lower man, even his high and vilised condition, is perpetually deceived by the evanescent, y the shows and fleeting phenomena of time. His personal mbition is to acquire some external possession, commonly oney or means of pleasure, sometimes a certain glitter external culture, which, directed to no ideal aim, shares the me vulgar and illusory character. The problem of religion

in all ages has been how to deal with this earthy creature, how to renew his will, to make him over again. The greatest agency for this purpose has been the Christian Church, which, however, like all temporal institutions, has itself been washed by the same wave of evil which nearly submerges man. As every institution tends to harden and crystallise, and so to lose its germinal force and inspiration, it has been necessary at different epochs to attempt for mankind from the outside of the Church what the Church itself is failing to do. Emerson found the Church (by which is meant not one particular body or sect, but the organised religion of Christendom), no better than the society outside it, having lost its power and purity, having surrendered its claims to lead the intellect of the world or to rally its moral energies, unable of itself to make any new move. It was not he alone who made this discovery. It was made in Germany, in France, in England, all over the world. Carlyle found the Church, as he said, "speechless with apoplexy"; Lammenais found it a mere creature of the secular order; Mazzini found it opposed to all the ideals and hopes which animated the best men; the world's moral leaders stood outside the Church's pale. Speaking generally, it may be said that two great attempts were made to renew mankind's spiritual life, undermined by the dominant secular activities and by the criticism and analysis of the last century. On the one hand, the reactionists—De Maistre, Newman, the Schlegels—tried to go back to a supposed apostolic order, to an ecclesiastical idea which had been evolved in the bosom of the Church under, as was supposed and believed, divine guidance. Priestly power was once more to govern the insurgent desires of the flesh and of the mind; unquestioned authority, never to be criticised, was again to hold sway over the masses of Christendom. This reactionary movement, as we know, has assumed great dimensions, and it is an undeniable force in the world to-day. The superficial eighteenth century *aufklärung* cannot stand before it. Had we to choose between that sceptical analysis which would make of man a mere "forked radish with a head fantastically carved," and the old historic order of Europe, we should not be long in making up our mind; for it is plain that man cannot live by mere analysis,

that society will not hold together under its withering blast.

But was there not another way? The aim of German philosophy was to reconstitute the spiritual order, not by going back to miracle and authority, but by discovering and telling us, as Wordsworth says, no more than what we really are. The German movement towards rational spiritual reconstruction was pushed in England by Carlyle, in America by Emerson. Here, however, we must be careful to distinguish. I do not mean that the work of either Carlyle or Emerson was a mere copy of what had been done in Germany. In many important ways each of these great writers was original through and through, and there are many inferences deduced from the German idealist philosophy most distasteful to Emerson at least. Nor do I agree with those who are always bracketing Emerson and Carlyle together. The basic nature of each man was entirely different. The berserker blood of the wonderful son of the Scottish stonemason is of unlike nature to that refined fluid which flowed passively through the veins of the gentle descendant of several generations of New England Puritan divines. The differing environment of English and American life also counts for not a little. Carlyle lived an unhappy life in a great city seething with wretchedness and social disorder. Emerson lived in the main a simple and happy life in a dreamy country town. But the contrast strikes deeper. Carlyle had but an imperfect grip on the unseen; his scepticism is perpetually clashing with his faith. We know that Emerson saw and appreciated the sceptical side of the intellect—his essay on Montaigne alone shows that. But the fountains of his inner life were so deep, so secluded, that they never became turbid by the defilement of sense and outward things. Emerson's own happy nature, his almost flawless moral structure, his republican instincts and environment, all render him a more ideal interpreter of the new yet old doctrine of the soul and its true life than either Carlyle or the thinkers of Germany.

Now, having "placed" Emerson, having seen his aim—no less than the revival of the moral life, the harmonising of the sundered nature of man—and having understood that the bondage of the Church to convention and its refusal to permit

the one unquestioned outcome of the period of *aufklärung*, free criticism, compelled him to sever his connection with ordinary institutional religion, let us come closer to his actual doctrines so far as we can gather or deduce them from writings which are so often brilliant facets or shining points of light, or, as Mr. Howells has said, "puzzles all constructed of gold and ivory and precious stones." His central doctrine is, to use his own words, "Soul, soul, and evermore soul." The world which we see is penetrated for him with spiritual being, or, as he calls it, with soul. The whole seeming fabric which appeals to the vulgar senses is in itself nothing. Emerson does not trouble himself with the old philosophic problem as to whether there is an external world, though he does not doubt it; but he thinks that the great concern for us is to discover the internal and unseen world of soul, and to obey gladly its laws. Whether Orion really exists or some god painted it as an image on my soul is to him of no consequence. Suffice it that Orion exists in and for the soul. What does Emerson mean by the soul? This is his root idea, so we must get into our minds clearly his thought on this matter. It is not your or my individual soul, intellect, or will of which he writes. Let that be understood. The soul is with him a universal spiritual life in which we all share. As mere individuals we partake of the limitations of natural phenomena; we are all mere creatures of the secular order; we are born with no will or effort of our own; we struggle, we decline, and die. If our soul or mind is nothing but a mere product of this ever ebbing and flowing sea of phenomena, a ripple on the surface, a falling leaf from the great tree of existence, then there is no meaning in Emerson's doctrine of soul. Each individual soul must, in that case, play its part in a world of jarring atoms in everlasting conflict. We shall act by instinct, by experience, or by calculation of the balance of pleasure and pain. In the Western world, where the Eastern quietism is all but unknown, each will continue to play its part by putting forth the "will to live" by which the organism most fitted to survive in the conflict will elbow out of the way the organism which is less fitted, the fitness not being moral and spiritual, but purely material, the adaptation to the world's rough environment. The cosmic process having, so far as we

know or can imagine, no personal ends, no ends of reason, apart from a rational spirit who presides over its destinies, the world as a whole has no interest for us save as speculative thinkers, and we shall, each of us, pursue his own ends without any real reference to universal ends. We may perhaps profess a conventional religion, but it will have no meaning for us, as we are unrelated atoms. Self-interest will be our one clue through the maze of existence.

This is the life of the average sensual man, and the doctrine behind it is one as old as the history of Western thought. As hedonism it is the prevailing creed of the typical man of affairs, and it has been consecrated by not a few eminent names in the history of human thought. This, however, is not Emerson's meaning when he speaks of the soul. His soul is the Universal Soul, the Eternal Spirit that men have named God. That soul stands in living relation to our personality, its life overflows into our own. Or rather, it is our life, and without it we have no real life at all. We may "nourish a dull life within the brain," but we in no way partake of true life, of life which is in its nature eternal. Apart from the World-Soul, the very world is not; everything is but the "baseless fabric of a vision." We are organs of that soul, and we only live in so far as we are. The soul is not, however, the Oriental Soul of the World, mere negativity, concerning which no predicate can be made, simple being without positive content, but it is supreme will, reason, love. It is conscious, not unconscious; it includes personality, however we are compelled, from the point of view of philosophy, to think of or analyse it as impersonal; it is not a pure transparency, but an ever-living power. It is a power making for righteousness, but it knows if we obey its laws. It works over our heads, indeed, but it also works in and through us, whether we resist or co-operate. It makes all the difference to us whether we work for rational or universal ends, but no difference to the soul, whose will shall be in any event fulfilled. Here is no doctrine of absolute Pantheism (though Emerson, like Wordsworth, like all poetic minds, often uses or seems to use the language of Pantheism), no worship of mere substance. Emerson enjoins sympathetic co-operation with a living, pure, rational purpose, and he may be said to find in that co-opera-

tion the whole duty of man—no, not duty so much as bent, tendency, inevitable inner purpose.

It is in the light of this doctrine of soul that we must interpret the so-called individualism of Emerson, about which so much has been written. The word may easily be misleading, for Emerson's idea is by no means that of pure atomism, which was the basis of the individualism of the last century. In Emerson's eyes the individual is an organ of the Universal Spirit, and indeed, so far from his thought being entirely individualistic, he often uses language which might lead us to suppose that he conceived the individual as nothing, the Spirit working through him as everything. He is not, we must again recollect, consistent or systematic; we must not expect to find smooth sailing through these cross currents of thought. Spirit is seen by him as both acting over the heads of men, as in the "Over-Soul," in what may be called a transcendental way, and as acting through man in what may be called an immanent way. The individual of Emerson, it is true, relies on his instincts, on his central self, and he brings the world to his side. Institutions are, he says, but the prolonged shadows of some great man, quite in the vein of Carlyle in his "Hero Worship." But the great man is no unrelated wonder, no *deus ex machina*, but an incarnation of the Divine: the mind that built the world is in him; he reveals that mind to those who, like the Apostle Philip, want to see the Divine. Consequently, if we are to say that Emerson is an individualist, and that his ethics, as taught, *e.g.*, in the essay on "Self-Reliance," is ethical individualism; if we are to quote his writings as lending support to a kind of intellectual and spiritual anarchism, to a gospel of the "dissidence of dissent"—we must be careful to make the important reservation that behind and through the self-governing individual of Emerson is the Universal Spirit to which each man is related. With the kind of individualism taught by materialistic hedonism Emerson has no sort of contact whatever.

How do we know the being of the Universal Spirit, and how do we relate ourselves to the Divine? By obedience to moral law, to the law of reason and conscience, which, however we acquired it, is the first fact of real import to us. There is a new mysticism, said by some of its admiring critics to be related to

Emerson, which teaches that emancipation from morals is the world's greatest need at present. This mysticism, however, can have no relation to Emerson, for he sets before us always what he has called in a very striking essay the "sovereignty of ethics." He even takes an exaggerated view of morality by making, *e.g.*, Christianity consist of ethics, of men's relations to one another, whereas the Founder of Christianity and its first teachers made of it primarily a gospel of man's relations to the Universal, of which ethics may be taken as a kind of by-product. Faith, hope, and love first; rules for the conduct of life, second: such, one would say, was the central idea of Christianity. Emerson can never rightly be looked on as a pure mystic just because of the urgent stress he lays on conduct, being herein one with Matthew Arnold. It is indeed by right conduct, according to Emerson, that we come to true insight; not by contemplating our navels, like the Oriental, but by a healthy human life. Live straight and you will think true, he seems to say. He always thinks of scepticism as to the reality of ultimate goodness as intimately associated with badness or frivolity of life. The evil soul loses what it knew, while he who has clean hands and a pure heart gains in knowledge of the Divine every day. Our first duty, then, is to make the law of the world our own law, so that we feel we are co-operating with an irresistible and universal tendency towards supreme and perfect good. From that basis our education proceeds; as we do more we find that we know more.

The soul, then, expresses itself through man in genius and character, and over man's head in the impulse given to world-development. We find the doctrine stated in two passages from the essays on "Spiritual Laws" and the "Over-Soul." In the former the writer says: "There is a soul at the centre of nature and over the will of man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature that we prosper when we accept its advice, and when we struggle to wound its creatures our hands are glued to our sides or they beat our own breasts." Again: "Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Our being is descending into us from we know not whence. The most exact calculator has no prescience that somewhat incalculable may not baulk

the very next moment. I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine." I must pause here to meet an argument which may be urged against this view. We may be told that the history of the world does not show that obedience to the soul causes us to prosper, but that, as the poet says, we see right for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne. The objection would come from one who had missed Emerson's whole point, and for whom, therefore, his works would be written in vain. To prosper, according to Emerson is to be more fully inspired by the soul, not to receive either material or even merely social and intellectual goods. He is very severe on Macaulay, who thinks that Plato's "good" means good to eat and drink, to wear, to enjoy or cultivate oneself with. The average man (and Macaulay is the average man raised to a higher power) is of the opinion of Job's comforters, and of Israel in its early stages of moral development, that flocks and herds are the dividends paid on a heavy investment in the laws of God. Job knew better, though he could not quite explain his problem. Emerson also knows better, and he can explain it.

To return to the main road from this little by-path. In Emerson's view our co-operation with the soul is morality, our emotional recognition of the soul is religion, our intellectual cognition of the soul is philosophy. Emerson does not ultimately divorce ethics from religion, but he attaches the greatest importance to the first of these relations to the soul. Perhaps we may say that such a nature as his could not perceive the full value of correct thinking. He saw by flashes of inspiration rather than by logical process. To quote one of his very fine and suggestive poems, he did not ascend to Paradise by the ordinary way, floor above floor, but by the "stairway of surprise." He believed that great thoughts come from the heart. We are not to resist them because we cannot analyse or rationalise them; we must beware of quenching the Spirit. Do not waste time in playing with the doubts of your mind, for while they are constitutive elements in human nature, they are not fundamental or supreme. Emerson appears to think that doubt is due to cessation of the overflow of the Divine into the human mind, as inspiration quits the poet for a time. If we adopt this hypothesis we

must ask why the tide has ebbed and one's mind is but a stagnant pool. We come, with Emerson, at times to a kind of fatalism in reply to this question—*i.e.*, to a kind of Augustinian doctrine of grace. The potter fashions one vessel to honour, another to dishonour, though by devious ways all will at some time come right. This is Emerson's so-called Oriental side. But at other times it is hinted that there is an obstruction in the human channel, so that free will is maintained. On the whole, I think we may say with certainty that Emerson leans to this side. He is for freedom rather than for fate. He is ultimately of the Occident.

It has been urged that Emerson, believing that the personal spirit of man is an incarnation of the Spirit of the World, cannot be justly accused of any such ethical individualism as would identify him with the real individualists, the materialist hedonists. The real criticism which may be urged against Emerson from the point of view of his doctrine of soul is a lack of allowance for heredity and environment as determining character. Though his thought was evolutionary, and in his early essay on "Nature" and in his poetry he anticipates the general evolutionary attitude of modern thought as clearly as did the post-Kantian thinkers of Germany, yet he did the greater part of his work before the practical deductions from evolutionary doctrine began to be made by men of science and students of sociology. He sees less hope in social co-operation than it is quite permissible to expect. The isolated man cannot, as Mazzini was never tired of saying, relate himself to the Universal save through the institutions of society. It is these institutions, whether political or voluntary, which reveal to man the essentially social nature of his mind. Much as we may admire Thoreau, much as we may esteem the message he had for a generation which is disposed to fritter away its energies in accumulation and adornment, we shall not save our souls alive by living in a wood and eating roots. The great world of history, the templed globe of human civilisation, has a meaning for us that we cannot afford to pass by. Emerson has himself stated both sides of the problem (a problem which Ibsen has suggested but vainly tried to solve in his social dramas) in his remarkable essay called "The Conservative." You read

that essay, and you are a believer alternately in anarchism and in the rights of property, so lucid is the claim made for each side. Emerson's conclusion is that of Epictetus: "It will never make any difference to a hero what the laws are." In a sense that is no doubt true. The hero will be far above the laws—indeed, we may fairly say that a goodly number of quite unheroic people are able to dispense to-day with laws so far as the conduct of their own lives is concerned. But the laws are the expression of a social life of which they are part, from which they cannot sunder themselves if they would. When it came to the fugitive slave law, attempted to be put into actual practice on the soil of Massachusetts, we read with rejoicing and emotion that some very palpable heroes agreed that that law made a good deal of difference to them, and that among those heroes was Emerson. We gladly pass over his inconsistency, and quote his practice against his theory.

Emerson's general end is, I think, clear. He calls us from a life of convention and routine to the heights of human excellence. He demands freedom for the highest and most worthy ends. He will have us renounce the world that we may gain ourselves. He sees that the present condition of the world is due to the entanglement of the soul by machinery; that we have been caught in the whirl of an all-devouring materialism which has rendered life sordid, mean, joyless, commonplace, so that we may starve in the midst of our piled-up luxuries, we die in the midst of plenty. "The politics," he says, "are base, the letters do not cheer." We have to go back in history to find inspiration, to discover models of virtue, of fine living, of sincere thought. But he does not rail at modern life, as is the way of the pessimist, for he thinks this materialism is a necessary part of a great process of evolution. The question for him is, How shall we use this modern civilisation, to what ends shall the immense reservoirs of material power be directed? At present we are like barbarians in some magnificent palace, who make use of the ornaments and the costly furniture to cook their dinners. Consider what great ends might be served by the new powers gained over nature, what messages of beneficence to mankind might be conveyed. But science is to-day harnessed to the car of murder, the

mechanical genius of the world is at this moment chiefly engaged in devising instruments of slaughter; with machinery which runs beyond the fabled wonders of antiquity, and which can produce more wealth in a day than was formerly produced in a century, men are ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and the mass of them find a dreary life of uninteresting and ill-paid toil their destined lot. We seem to labour with infinite fatigue, and to arrive nowhere. In the higher ranges of life, too, we produce no superb types of character: genius is dying out, and is replaced by a superficial smartness which is the note of most of that current writing which we are still fain to call literature. None of the great eras of the world has so soon grown prematurely grey as ours. Emerson tries to rouse us from the body of this death.

There are two ways of meeting our modern disease, the outward and the inward methods. We may consider man as a phenomenon determined by heredity and environment, or we may regard him as fundamentally a free and spiritual nature. The former is the predominant view at the present moment. Alike in sociology, industry, and psychology man is treated as a body, not a soul. His life is to be so organised, so drilled, so machined, that a kind of automatic rectitude will obtain. Persons are not to be ends in themselves, but pieces and wheels in some huge leviathan of social machinery. Art and religion are to be replaced by solicitude for drains and magazine rifles. We are to answer the question of Hamlet by frankly admitting that man *is* a pipe to be played on; and that modern portent, the scientific expert, is to play on him. Life is, in short, to be organised on a purely naturalistic and scientific basis. The race has, we are told, spent too much time in dreaming, and must now address itself to the real, by which is meant the actual objects of scientific analysis. Darwinism is supposed to have scientifically demonstrated the fact of determinism, and man's freedom is treated as a pleasing illusion. The bacteriologist is to be our doctor of divinity, and the engineer our evangelist.

As we have seen, Emerson never shirked the facts, the terrible facts, of our physical life. He admitted heredity, environment; he was at an early time deeply interested in every project of social reform. He studied with sympathy the

wave of Fourierism which swept over America half a century ago, and which bore on its crest so many noble and intelligent minds. He was no mere quietist: he always voted, we are told, and advised his friends to do the like. He believed in citizenship, and in his last public utterance, that on the "Fortunes of the Republic," he once more declared his abiding faith in the future of the United States. He denied no side of life, not even its so-called evil, which, he says, seen from the point of view of the world order, may be very different from what it seems in the Sunday-school or the cloister. But Emerson did not believe in machinery; he believed in soul. He does not deny the task of the expert whose ideal is a well-groomed public order, but he did emphatically deny that that was the world's great need. "Soul, soul, evermore soul"! that is his message to his time. What shall we say of this purely spiritual, seemingly dreamy and unpractical voice from the quiet groves of Concord? Has it any meaning for us, or is it mere transcendental moonshine?

If I held the Philistine view, that the appeal to rally the forces of man's spiritual nature as a solution of the social problem was mere moonshine, if I were one of the countless victims of the delusion that man's real ailment was material, this essay would never have been written. Yet I have to admit that Emerson's gospel is a partial one. He confessed that he was not interested in the masses. His writings, therefore, must be taken as addressed to the few, as were the writings of Milton, of Wordsworth, of Browning. There is a noble aristocracy of quality in Emerson. He does not address mere culture any more than the vulgar mass; he addresses the select souls, through whose mediate influence his own rare thought will in time penetrate the dense mass of coarser clay of which the world is mainly composed. Men who pass one another in the streets every day may, spiritually, be sundered by centuries. In this man the ape and tiger are still very manifest, but close by him passes one whom St. Francis would have hailed as brother. Emerson does not write for the mass, but for those in the higher stages of intellectual and moral evolution. Though I do not accept the basis of utilitarianism, I see very clearly that, for the rough and superficial work of the ordinary reformer, utilitarianism is a useful pro-

visional hypothesis. To look after the drains and the common schools, to check adulteration and to invent engines, is all excellent work, but it does not exhaust human life, nor does it answer one of life's most persistent problems. Emerson fully appreciated Benthamism and the philosophy of Poor Richard, but he found plenty of others who did so too, and he set out for himself a task not quite so obvious in its utility, and yet which, in his judgment, afforded the sole basis on which even a successful utility gospel could finally justify itself to mankind. What, then, is the texture of the body of doctrine given by Emerson to his time? How, too, does he seize and solve the problems of the modern sphinx?

Let us first take the concrete problems of discussion to which Emerson's central ideas relate themselves. The fundamental struggle of our closing century and of that just opening up before us concerns itself with property, with the accumulation and distribution of modern wealth. The various solutions pressed upon us are well known; no need to repeat them here. Emerson rejects them all as solutions of the problem. He is neither for the so-called rights of property nor for compulsory distribution or collective ownership. He simply takes us to a higher point of view. If we cannot live well in the institution of property, can we live well out of it? The old desire is still there—the desire to accumulate; the old vice is still there—the vice of a belief that "the good" is material good. There are no more brothers because a mechanical device has been discovered—a kind of gigantic "penny-in-the-slot" machine—for the more mechanical expression of a non-existent moral fact. Every one still desires to appropriate, and probably the clever ones, as in the past, will succeed, as no machinery known or likely to be known will redistribute human brains. Without good-will social Utopias are vain; and what is good-will but the manners of the soul?

What shall be our attitude towards institutions? Are we for the omnipotent State or for federated communes? Are we collectivist or anarchist? Emerson again takes us to a higher plane. Like Whitman, he may fairly say that he is neither for nor against institutions. We have seen that his own leaning was to very little government, and his writings are

often, as a result, blasphemously taken in vain by the self-constituted defenders of "liberty" and "property," as they call themselves. It is like quoting Paul in favour of slavery. Emerson would have been the first to repudiate such disciples. He, like Arnold, is for force till right is ready; but he would so stimulate to active and powerful goodness that germ of right which is so feeble among men, that each day its unseen influence will sow the soil of society with braver and greater deeds. If this spirit grows, coercion will become needless. In any case, it will not be a bad thing to find public men actuated by noble motives and zeal for good works. They are not conspicuous in that respect now. Even if the colossal machinery of the State is still to prove our salvation, it will be all the better if that machinery is directed by men of good will. Is not that indeed precisely the crying need of Emerson's own republic at this very hour?

The world at present, especially our part of it, is eaten up with militarism, aflame with military ardour, deep in appliances for human destruction. Never in human history were such gigantic preparations for war made, never were suggestions of peace and disarmament so scouted as now in so-called Christian Europe. Nation watches nation as a policeman watches a suspicious vagabond. The intention of piracy is assumed as a matter of course. The real end is the defence of material interests which are supposed to have been transmuted into rights. What can such a gentle idealist as Emerson, with his doctrine of the soul, have to say to the eager rout of warriors, capitalists, and emperors who are scrambling for the riches of the globe? As well offer a pouncet-box for the pestilence, it may be thought. Yet in his essay on "War"—the best word that has ever been uttered on the question—Emerson does contrive to say the needed truth. "Fear, lust, and avarice cannot make a State," he tells us in the lines prefixed to "Politics," and the essay is an expansion of that idea. He fully admits all that can be said for war: its need in the early history of the race, its inevitableness, its breeding of virtues in whose absence man would have gone under in the contest with nature. You begin to think that it was better to be Alexander than Diogenes, but the evolution of society is traced out, and we find that the needs of the race no longer demand this terrible

surgery. We have learned all that war can teach us, and it is time we cast it behind us as the brutal thing it has become. The soul is now to be served in other ways than these. The nation which can embody the highest ideals of justice, he says, will not be defenceless even though she could not fire a gun or put forth a ship of war on the seas. She will have the feelings, the interests, the good wishes of humanity on her side; she will find that, after all, right and justice weigh heavier in the destinies than armour-plating and machine-guns. Let those who set material gain first and the service of the soul second or nowhere, carry out their designs; they will be mocked with surfeit, swollen with corruption. Even such a sensual man of the world as Napoleon saw that big empires commonly perish of indigestion.

The growing dishonesty of trade vexes the mind of the honest citizen. But our trade is as corrupt as our politics, our diplomacy, perhaps our popular pulpit, and our professor's chair, and no more. The wave of evil washes all our institutions. You legislate against adulteration, against fraudulent bankruptcy, against the dishonest importer, only to find the old fraud cropping up in new and more subtle forms. If man can be made to realise his true nature, and see that by every act of wrong he is doing as real injury to himself as though he were to thrust his hand into the fire, you get to the root of evil as you never can in any other way. Men pretend to believe in cause and effect, but the trouble is they do not. In some way they think they will be able to dodge the moral law. It is the dream of a fool. Let the wholeness or health of man's life be restored and trade will become what it should be, the conferring of mutual material services.

It is therefore, as Whitman says, "Yourself, yourself, always yourself," which is Emerson's central idea; your own care and culture, your own courage, your own inward sincerity, your own integrity of intellect. The world is in perpetual conspiracy to rob us of our one jewel, to reduce us to the coarse and vulgar level of contented ease, to its own poor superstition of "having" as a substitute for "being." That is the one unpardonable sin, according to Emerson, that we should act as though the soul could really possess anything save its own inherent and rooted excellence. Even our virtues partake of

this sin of sins. We hug our little moralities, we fuss and fume about our philanthropic activities, we advertise abroad our threadbare spiritual goods. We conceive of immortality as merely a prolongation of the power of personal accumulation, as a gathering in of heavenly dividends. Spiritual life to us, as Emerson puts it, is matter "Oh, so thin!" instead of "that which is its own evidence," that which has a manifest sovereign right to be amid all the crumbling fragments of this dream of life. To partake of that true life should be the one aim of man. As was said of old, if we really do seek the kingdom of righteousness, other things will come to us in the course of nature. Do we believe it? Scarcely at present. The main object of Emerson's efforts is to persuade us that this fact of the intellect is true. What greater service could be rendered to us? Who can better deserve the title of prophet than he who renders it, and who performs his appointed task in such a delicate and suggestive way, in a manner and style so unique, so steeped in gracious wisdom?

But the self is no isolated unit, fighting a forlorn hope, not certain of any real issue save in its own inward satisfaction. That was the kind of battle fought by the Stoics, whose outlines we trace in the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, noblest perhaps of all the legacies of the antique world. "It were well to die if there be gods, and sad to live if there be none." That was the highest affirmation which Stoicism in its finest figure could make. It was the final melancholy testament of the religious consciousness of the pagan world. Stoicism was the religious, or rather moral, individualism which is inaccurately ascribed to Emerson. Individualism is the first and last word of those who have no universal and unifying spiritual life in whom we all live. Emerson would be for us nothing more than a very interesting and beautiful humanitarian did he discern nothing more than the individual soul, its duties and aspirations. All very well, we should say, but what if all the tremendous forces of the universe went towards cancelling those duties and aspirations? What, in that case, is their ultimate validity and sanction? The sole possible answer is that there is none; that duties and aspirations are but matters of taste. You have them, I have not: what is to convince me that you are right? If the universe is nothing but a number

of unrelated units, you will go your way, I shall go mine; and I will thank you not to worry me about my duty, a term which may have no meaning to me, and which in your mouth as a piece of advice to me is nothing but impertinence. Schopenhauer has torn in pieces this flimsy though fair robe of mere humanitarianism, and no strong mind, determined not to be duped, is likely to try to put the fragments together again. The individual self is to Emerson of reality and of value as the incarnation of the Universal Self. "The inviolate soul is in perpetual telegraphic communication with the source of events." Our self-respect is, he says, "our practical perception of the Deity in man. It has its deep foundations in religion." If, again, it is asked how this fact beyond sense is known, if one is reminded that to many the fact is not known or is denied, Emerson's answer is that the soul, if "inviolate," learns this knowledge as the understanding learns the facts of chemistry, that the world becomes "an open secret to the soul." The soul and its Maker are one; the stream of life is unbroken. "A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole." The experience which follows from the integrity of the intellect and the persistent attempt to be our real selves, to have done with shams, to make our lives, as Milton said, a poem, is the one argument which does not fail. "Logic and sermons do not convince," but life does.

A prophet is too often assumed to be the weird messenger of doom. A Jonah shrieking in the streets of Nineveh, an Elijah calling down fire from heaven—this is the type of prophet most familiar to the sermonising English, with their perpetual tendency to Hebraise, as to ancient Israel. But we need the sane and joyous prophet also, tender as a green sapling, bright as winter starlight, one who shall not strive nor cry, but who shall steal into our souls like the dawn of a summer day. Especially do we English-speaking people, with our everlasting banalities, our sensationalism, our slow intellect and strong will, need such a prophet of wholesomeness and sanity. It is Emerson's distinction that he is eminenly sane. Carlyle came in sackcloth and ashes, and doubtless we needed that too. But Emerson comes clad in the robes of spring, and his presence brings health and inspiration. Carlyle made us

feel how bad we were, Emerson how good we might be. Both orders of the prophets have a valid claim to be heard, but Emerson is to us in our present mood more useful, as he is rarer, than Carlyle. We may be thankful enough for two such voices in our complex time. Emerson not only spends little energy in railing at the bad, but he also sifts things so as to give us the best—the best of old paganism, the best of Christianity, the best of science and literature. His judgments are not invariably to be relied on, but even his few errors are bottomed in some vital truth. He could not in the nature of things have escaped from the limitations of his early environment, but those very limitations helped him, rendered his lines severe, his strokes firm, imparted to him concentrated power. His character was of the finest and noblest, and it was well said of him by an admirer that if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. Few souls will have so swift and easy an ascent into paradise. But in truth he lived habitually in paradise; its expression was on his countenance. I can see him now as I saw him in the flesh at that Concord home, which, next to Independence Hall, is America's chief shrine. He had talked of George Eliot, of the moral gloom and austere unbelief which weighed down her fine spirit. He had read "Adam Bede," alone of all her works; he wanted to read no more. "She has so solution," he said. And having delivered this judgment, he spoke to me of Scott in terms of the deepest affection. "He is healthy, he is objective, he is friendly, human, and hopeful." I say nothing of the mere literary judgment, but in characterising Scott Emerson drew his own portraiture. He was the bringer of glad tidings of great joy; he was the prophet to our age of faith in the soul and hope as to the destinies of man.

BISMARCK

[CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, *January* 1899]

BISMARCK was one of the chief statesmen of the counter-Revolution —this is the thought which comes home to one with more and more insistency on reading the recently published Memoirs.* His main function, as conceived by himself and as revealed in his work, was to represent to Germany and to Europe the ideas of that counter-Revolution of which his countryman Stein was the leading statesman during the actual conflict. Writing to Gerlach in 1857, Bismarck says, "The principle of the battle against the Revolution I acknowledge to be mine also." It is true, as we shall see later on, Bismarck did not scruple to do business with those who were more or less agents of that Revolution, and the very letter from which this extract is made is chiefly devoted to an argument with Gerlach on behalf of the policy for dealing with Louis Napoleon, whom Bismarck recognised as carrying on the tradition of that democratic absolutism which was one of the products of the Revolution. But to Bismarck business was business, and he never permitted any sentimental scruple to stand in the way of political negotiations, while his practical nature did not allow of the losing sight of accomplished facts, however repugnant he might feel to them. He was not a philosopher, but a man of affairs, though at one time, according to Hesekiel, after a period of wild personal lawlessness, he seems to have plunged rather deeply into the sea of Spinozistic thought. In his capacity of statesman, however, he certainly carried out the general ideas of one of the greatest philosophers of the counter-Revolution—Hegel. In his conception of the State, Hegel held to the doctrine of its omnipotence in the ancient Greek sense: that the individual realises himself completely and only in and through the institutions of the State, and that he finds in the secular order

* "Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman: being the Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto von Bismarck." Two vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

no principle of separation from the moral and religious consciousness. For this omnipotent State is needed a strong government, which will unify the varied classes into a common whole. That government can only be administered by a powerful executive, supreme and absolute in all fundamentals, lifted beyond criticism. But between the government and the people he places a mediating element, not as any restriction on the government, but as showing to the people that the government is being well administered. This mediating element is found in a hierarchy of princes and officials, the official class being open to talent, and so not partaking of the character of a *noblesse*. At the base of the political structure is a powerful military organisation. Such was in general the political conception of Hegel, and such were the *idées mères* of Bismarck, as these Memoirs indicate. A narrow nationalism, a strong class government, and no "popular" rule in any shape or form—such were the leading notions of Bismarck.

The Revolution had overthrown the idea of established political authority, and though it conferred on France one of the strongest governments ever known, first in the Convention, afterwards in the Consulate and Empire, these manifestations of democratic absolutism were not anticipated; they were not part of the original programme. The philosophy of the Revolution was both cosmopolitan and democratic, though its methods led by an inevitable reaction to nationalism and autocracy. It was born out of a general European culture common to all the thinkers of the latter part of the eighteenth century—to Kant and Rousseau, to Franklin and Turgot, nay to such Conservatives as Gibbon and Hume, and to such a *Welt-Kind* as Goethe. In politics it was based on the idea that governments, as the Declaration of Independence has it, "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"—a doctrine which may lead to a Liberal constitutionalism or a democratic absolutism, but which is in either case alien to the Bismarckian notion. In the actual working out of the ideas of the Revolution by France (in some respects so disastrous) the balance turned so strongly in the direction of democratic absolutism under Napoleon, that the counter-Revolution arose naturally in Europe, and the chief elements of that movement—romanticism and nationalism—found congenial soil in Germany above all other countries. Prussia led the way after the humiliation of Jena, and her fervid patriotism initiated the great revival of nationalism which has marked the

Europe of the nineteenth century and which has been the leading cause of the wars and turmoil which have characterised that epoch. It is true that this movement of nationalism has generally assumed democratic forms. Fichte, its German prophet, held to democratic views, as did the Italian and Greek agitators. But nothing is more clear than that we actually bring about results in politics which we never intended to accomplish; and in every country the movement of nationalism has had the opposite effect from that intended. It has led up to a strong government marked by coercive policy, to militarism, protectionism, officialism. These elements are consistent with material progress, but they have all made against the conception of democracy held by the founders of the national movements. The beginnings of German nationalism seemed to be democratic in their character: and when the German Diet met at Frankfort after the insurrectionary movement of 1848, the bulk of the deputies were effusively democratic and were filled with the idea of a united democratic Germany. But, just as the Revolution of 1848 in France ended in the revival of Napoleonic autocracy, so did the German Liberal movement end in political reaction, and the political brain of that reaction was Bismarck.

It has been argued that, though Bismarck was the chief instrument through whom German unity was achieved, he was not really a friend of German unity, for he urged the King of Prussia to resist the attempt of the Liberals in 1848 to make him German Emperor, with a Liberal constitution, and because of his action in the Diet, especially his famous speech in which he declared that he would never consent to see the ancient Crown of Prussia "dissolved in the filthy ferment of South German immorality." We must not, however, infer from this that Bismarck was not a believer, even in his young days, in some form of German unity; it was merely with him a question as to what form such unity should take. He refers with some contempt to the effervescence of the student-class which marked the reign of Frederick William III. That kind of German unity he did not want. Evidently his attitude was determined by two considerations. In the first place he would not accept anything in the shape of a Parliamentary Crown. That made the offer of April 1849 impossible. But if the Diet were not to confer the Imperial Crown on the person of its choice, what alternative suggested itself? Austrian hegemony (for Austria Bismarck almost throughout these volumes expresses contempt) was impossible. It

is true that in 1862, soon after he took office as Minister-President, Bismarck thought that "a dualistic apex, with Prussia and Austria equal in authority," might have been attained, but the congress of princes in 1863 put an end to this idea. Parliamentarism was hopeless, Austria was hopeless, there remained the working out of unity through the hegemony of Prussia. But in 1848 Bismarck does not appear to have thought that Prussia was ready, though he admits he did not hold that opinion so strongly as in after years. For his purposes Prussia had not been sufficiently drilled in 1848 to take up the position of leader and guardian of German interests in a thoroughly Conservative sense of those words. Hence, thought Bismarck, a waiting attitude was alone possible. The government of Prussia must be organised on a completely royal and military basis, all sentimental Liberalism must be treated as an injury to the State, "*Eisen und Blut*" must be taken as the final court of appeal, and the most efficient military organisation which existed in Europe must be produced. Preparations must be made for the aggrandisement of this strong Monarchy by the annexation of the Danish provinces, Austria must be humiliated, and the Power which Bismarck early saw to be a certain enemy of Germany after the expulsion of Austria, that is to say, France, must be met and defeated. Such was the programme which Bismarck early realised in his own mind, and which he set out to accomplish after he had rejected the Liberal methods of securing unity in 1849. But he not only thought of Germany, he thought of Europe also. For, while on one side a narrow patriot, Bismarck had always in view the international position of a united Germany which should have come into being under Prussian hegemony. He foresaw that such an empire would not be loved, especially since it expressed the idea of the counter-Revolution always present to his own mind. The geographical position of Germany is such as to expose her to attacks on both flanks. It was necessary, therefore, to secure the goodwill of one of the great Powers able to do mischief, and one of these Powers stood also for the principle of Monarchy and the counter Revolution. Therefore, Bismarck's cardinal principle in foreign politics was firm friendship with Russia. It is worth noting by those persons in England who think to fight Russia with the aid of Germany, and who believe in a shadowy German alliance for British purposes in Eastern Asia, that Bismarck not only preferred Russian friendship to that of England, but saw clearly that Russian activity

in Asia meant greater security in Europe for Russia's neighbours, and that he was, consequently, quite favourable to the idea of Russian extension in the East. It is not likely that this obvious idea has been abandoned by Germany, and it is a warning to short-sighted Englishmen that, in relying on German support in fighting against the inevitable advance of Russia, they are leaning on a broken reed.

Thus, instead of the vague and generous dream of German Liberalism, was founded the rule of the Prussian drill-sergeant as the means whereby German unity was to be achieved. The years between 1849 and 1862, when Bismarck became the first figure in the Prussian Ministry, were spent in holding various posts, including that of Prussian representative at the Federal Diet at Frankfort, of Minister at St. Petersburg, and for a very brief period at Paris. During this time Bismarck was meditating his schemes in preparation for the day in which he should wield power. His main objects were to strengthen the character of the Prussian government in his direction, to combat the pretensions of Parliamentarism, and to arrange as to the external relations of Prussia as soon as her designs were perceived by Europe. As regards this latter point, the great thing to be prevented was a combination between France and Austria. On this subject it is interesting to read the correspondence between Bismarck and Gerlach. Both are sincerely against the Revolution, both are for fighting it by every means possible. But Gerlach is the simple and honest person who will not fight with the devil's weapons. He argues that Prussia should have nothing to do with Louis Napoleon, who is the product of the Revolution. Bismarck, on the other hand, though abhorring the Revolution, is yet willing to make a " deal " with France for the sake of preventing any conjunction between her and Austria, which would have spoilt Bismarck's game. The understanding with Russia was to be firm and clear.

The spirit in which Bismarck took up the post of Minister-President in 1862 is evident from his account of his conversation with the King in the park at Babelsberg on September 22. " I succeeded in convincing him that, so far as he was concerned, it was not a question of Liberal or Conservative of this or that shade, but rather of monarchical rule or parliamentary government, and that the latter must be avoided at all costs, if even by a period of dictatorship. I said : ' In this situation I shall, even if your Majesty

command me to do things which I do not consider right, tell you my opinion quite openly; but if you finally persist in yours, I will rather perish with the King than forsake your Majesty in the contest with parliamentary government.' This view was at that time strong and absolute in me, because I regarded the negations and phrases of the Opposition of that day as politically disastrous in face of the national task of Prussia, and because I cherished such strong feelings of devotion and affection for William I. that the thought of perishing with him appeared to me, under the circumstances, a natural and congenial conclusion to my life." Bismarck was almost more monarchical than the King, who, though he objected to rule according to the ideas of the Parliamentary majority, still held back from strong measures and was inclined to abdication. However, he saw that he had secured the right man for his purposes, and the nomination of Bismarck was made public on the following day. From that day, for a whole eventful generation, Bismarck controlled the destinies of Prussia, of Germany, and, to no small degree, of Europe. What he did in detail is matter of history, on which it is not worth while to expatiate. What is more to the point is to discover what has been his influence in Europe, and also on the great empire which he helped to bring into being.

Holding firmly to the kind of politics which I have called Hegelian, Bismarck has sought to aggrandise the idea of the State and to treat the individual as if he were but a pin or cog in a vast machinery. To Bismarck the man exists for the State, not the State for the man. Current German political philosophy is saturated with this idea. It was partly born out of the hard political necessities of Germany, so shattered by the Napoleonic impact that a strong and even exaggerated concept of national unity was needed to rouse the German mind from an individualism inconsistent with what Bismarck at least held to be the national aim. It was politically necessary that in Germany the individual should wither and the State become more and more. But, apart from political necessity, the idea has a fascination for the German mind, and is an integral part of modern German political science. The State, says Bluntschli, has a moral and spiritual nature, a personality, and he further defines it as "a politically organised national person of a definite territory," and as "a moral organised masculine personality." The freedom of the individual in the State, so dear to Kant, is disregarded by the later German writers, who all place the emphasis on the claims of the

State, and in no sense on the rights of the citizens. Now that German Liberalism, which in 1848 was so noble and inspiring a creed, even were it but a dream, is a declining factor, it may be said that, notwithstanding their manifold divergences, all the leading political parties of Germany are based on substantially the same idea of the omnipotence of the State. Here the Conservative and the Social Democrat take the same ground, whatever may be their differences in regard to the ways of the manifestation of authority by the State and the regulations as to the distribution of property. Bismarck's confession as to his relations with Lassalle is sufficient proof that he did not discover any ultimate gulf existing between his ideal and that ideal of a crowned social democracy which glittered before the imagination of the brilliant Jew. It is, I believe, true that a post in the Prussian Ministry was offered to Lassalle, so that he was not fundamentally sundered from Bismarck in thought. In a word, the current political philosophy of Germany, held alike by reactionary and by democrat (setting aside the small remnant of true Liberalism), is that of a strong government and of "one-man rule."

It is manifest to every close observer, whatever may be his personal predilections, that this ideal has made great way in Europe, as compared with belief in government by "national palaver," which was the accepted creed in those days when the Liberal Diet met at Frankfort; and it is equally evident that the powerful influence of Bismarck and his work has helped to produce this result. The danger of gazing on tyrants with a dazzled eye, to which Wordsworth has referred in a fine sonnet, is a real danger to-day. It is only in the small States of Continental Europe that the old idea of liberty and self-government finds a home. France is, indeed, a republic, but more in name than in fact. Italy is a constitutional monarchy, but she does not admit the simplest guarantees of personal freedom, liberty of press, of combination or free speech. The other Great Powers embody, more or less completely, the principle of autocracy. Now, it is the Parliamentary countries among the Great Powers that show serious signs of weakness, as it is the autocratic Powers that have been leading decisively in Europe. There is no more patent and significant fact in contemporary Europe than the failure, if not the absolute collapse, of Parliamentary government. In France and Italy the Chamber of Deputies is half dreaded, half despised. In Austria, fortunately,

the Reichsrath does not govern, or the Austro-Hungarian Empire would be dissolved in a week. On the other hand we must admit that in Germany, however strong may be our dislike to its political forms, there is a sense of solidity which the Parliamentary *régime* does not show except in England; and even there a visible decline in the esteem in which Parliament is held, and of the genuine authority which it possesses, must give us pause before we pronounce the success of Parliamentary government in the home of its birth. We cannot help admitting that Bismarck divined the tendency of his time better than the Liberals of 1848, that he perceived the hopelessness of building German federal institutions on the basis of Parliamentarism. But on the other hand, if the Parliamentary form of government was impossible, the elected President of the American type could only have degenerated into some form of dictatorship which would have resulted in the rupture of the composite empire. Therefore, thought Bismarck, the talk of unity is mere impudence if we cannot secure a strong personal head, and yet a head consistent with the rights and interests of the federal princes of the empire. The outcome of such a conception was the hegemony of a strong Prussian sovereign on a military basis. Every line in the Memoirs dealing with the problem of German unity shows that that was the thought of Bismarck. He tells us that in 1848, when he found himself opposed by a remarkable coalition in the Reichstag, he also found that he was not supported at Court in the way he thought needful, and that, for a time, he concluded that he had overestimated the national feeling of the dynasties, and underestimated the same feeling in the electorate and their representatives. But he became convinced afterwards that he was momentarily wrong, and that, while the personal dynastic government was sound as an integrating factor, promoting that strong State which was the end of the Bismarckian labours, the elected person was a source of weakness and disintegration, and to that view Bismarck held.

It must be admitted that Bismarck was not in every respect the pure reactionary he has generally been pictured by some of his critics. He tells us that his father was "free from aristocratic prejudices," and that he himself had imbibed with his mother's milk Liberal rather than reactionary views. He also says that whenever he came forward on behalf of landed property he was thinking, not of the mere interests of the class to which he belonged,

but because he saw "in the decline of agriculture one of the greatest dangers to our permanence as a State." Something like this, to be sure, one seems to have heard of in England in the Corn-law days, but we may give to Bismarck the benefit of the doubt and consider him rather as in this matter an adherent of the school of List in Germany and of those American economists who regard variety of occupation as the greatest source of economic strength to the State and conceive of protection as fostering that variety. Bismarck's strong monarchy was not of a necessity a reactionary institution in the sense of being incompatible with material progress. Nor was it incompatible with representative institutions. Here is Bismarck's political ideal: "The ideal that has always floated before me has been a monarchy which should be so far controlled by an independent national representation—according to my notion, representing classes or callings—that monarch or parliament would not be able to alter the existing statutory position before the law separately, but only *communi consensu:* with publicity, and public criticism, by press and Diet, of all political proceedings." As a theoretical statement of his political creed, this cannot be called reactionary, though the representation of classes hints of a Prussian feudalism masked under Parliamentary forms. It is a rooted disbelief in the "common sense of most" that marks the mind of this powerful berserker of politics rather than any absolutely reactionary view. Bismarck was not in the least a devotee of old wives' fables, he bowed his intellect to none, he probably despised priests and preachers, he was not in the least a victim of the monarchical superstition as, for instance, was Chatham, who trembled when in the not too dignified presence of George III. If we are to identify progress with democracy, then Bismarck was a pure reactionist. But, though democracy is a factor in the complete evolution of society, it is but one factor, and a statesman may be progressive, as Cavour was, without being necessarily democratic. It may indeed be urged with some truth, as writers like Maine have urged, that, for a time at least, democracy and progress are very far from being convertible terms.

Bismarck's position, indeed, was not far removed from that of Maine, who thought democracy spelt anarchy. Parliamentary government to Bismarck was inadmissible because he thought it meant no government, and starting as he did, with a profound disbelief in human nature and a conviction that it needed persistent

regulation, that its emotions were strong and its intellect weak, his conclusions were logical enough and by no means necessarily reactionary. Bismarck in politics has his contemporary parallel in literature in Carlyle, who entertained for him so sincere a respect. Both were political Calvinists, both thought mankind "mostly fools," and saw in the development of a system in which men should attempt to govern themselves nothing but "shooting Niagara." Carlyle preached the doctrine, Bismarck practised it. Nor can it be doubted that the majority of Bismarck's countrymen believe in the doctrine more or less firmly. The sole question is, where shall the coercing force lie? That a strong coercing force in German opinion there must be is seen in the constitution and methods of the Social Democratic party, which is as despotic in its way as the Kaiser or Bismarck in his.

National unity pursued as an end, as against the democratic instinct for equality and for spiritual instead of racial unity, brings to the birth the "armed nation." The creation of that portent is not, of course, the sole work of Bismarck, for, as has been urged, it was an unforeseen product of the crude methods of the Revolution. But Bismarck, stepping into the European arena at a time when some great statesman might have initiated a policy which would have led to the realisation of the United States of Europe, threw the greatest individual weight since Napoleon into the scales of destiny on behalf of the ideal of the armed nation. It must be remembered that this was deliberately done by Bismarck before Louis Napoleon stood forth as the Saviour of Society. "It appeared to me more useful," wrote Bismarck, dealing with the events of 1849, "instead of indulging in theoretical dissertations on the meaning of paragraphs of the constitution, to place the actually existing vigorous military power of Prussia in the foreground." That resolve has in great measure brought about the situation in Europe to-day. Bismarck's armed Prussia, with its signal triumphs, followed by an armed Germany, has changed the whole condition of Europe, and is the cause of the dominance of militarism at this moment. Bismarck, more than any other public man, has changed the ideals of Europe, has made a militant imperialism the prevailing creed, has undone the liberalising influences which had been at work obliterating the effects of Napoleon's iron rule, has led, more than any other influence, to the present cult of a hard cynicism, has weakened humanitarian aims, and has done

nore than any other single cause to increase the armaments of Europe.

The passing of Europe to a phase of militant imperialism has, of ourse, powerfully affected the smaller nations, which cannot be mperialist, and which alone at the present hour keep alive the lemocratic instincts of the European peoples. True, even these mall States have, in some degree, caught the infection of militarism, ncurring heavy burdens to maintain an army. Holland and Belgium, for example, are greatly weighted by their military establishments. The excuse for these is the fear in which these States ve. In the creation of that fear Bismarck was a powerful factor. That he interfered in the politics of such small States as, in his idgment, stood in his way, is a fact believed in by the peoples of hese countries, as, *e.g.*, in the Norwegian crisis in 1884. Holland o-day fears, probably not without cause, designs in Berlin against er independence. Thus, democracy in Europe has been depressed, reternatural suspicion has been intensified, and even the States here democracy has a chance have been led perforce into a military olicy which can only ruin them while it cannot seriously afford a rotection against the aggressions of their more powerful neighbours. n incidental outcome of this policy has been the tightening of the rip of the financier over Europe. The question of whether the nancier makes for peace or not has been much discussed. The nswer seems to be that he makes for armed peace, for a state of hings in which, while war would mean a tremendous risk, yet reparations for war are necessary in order that the power of the nternational financial class may be sustained. As the newspapers, otably in Vienna and Berlin, are completely in the hands of that lass, and the newspapers can be easily used to spread rumours and o instantly affect the prices of all securities as well as to carry on rusades in behalf of armaments by frightening the public with ague alarms, it may be said that the effect of the "armed nation" s developed by Bismarck has been not only to directly depreciate emocracy, but also indirectly to create a power more fatal to its rowth than any other in the world. The huge indebtedness of Europe is not only an economic disorder, it places immense powers n the hands of a small class who can never be open, as kings may ometimes be, to humane impulses.

If the "armed nation," with jealous rivals all round it, is to stand, t must have a strong material and economic basis, or what seems to

be such. Hence the policy of Bismarck has furthered protectionism, and afforded scope for the spreading of the so-called "national economy" of List and his school, a variant of the American school of Carey. Again, this cannot be called reactionary in the proper sense of the word, but it certainly makes against the intercourse of peoples, and so against the growth of democracy, which must be international or it will be futile. The growth of protectionism in Germany has helped on the same growth in France, Italy, perhaps in England, and it has been coincident with the aggressive development of extreme high tariff doctrine in the United States. It is all part of the same root idea—that of the armed State, with its strong government resting on a military basis. The United States, so long outside the circle of militarism, has now been drawn in, as a result of the doctrine set forth by believers in intense nationalism and the "mailed fist." The war for the liberation of Cuba has been converted into a war for empire, which may have the tremendous effect of converting the United States into a militant oligarchy, unless more wisdom and self-restraint is displayed than has hitherto been made apparent. It is interesting to a cynic to watch Germany looking, as in a mirror, at her own policy carried out by the United States in the Philippines. It is a striking testimony to the universality of Bismarckian principles.

It cannot be doubted that the career of Bismarck, like that of Napoleon, has furthered the cause of Machiavellism in Europe. This is the inevitable effect of making the State, instead of the individual, the end of policy. If the Social Democrats in their present temper were to secure and control power in Germany to-morrow, there would be no fundamental difference in this respect, for the same principle would be at work in the minds of German rulers. The means would justify the end, and "reasons of State" would determine policy as truly as when Bismarck forced on that Franco-German War for which, as he admits, he had been preparing years before. He obviously regarded as "unctuous rectitude" the protest of Gerlach against making use of Louis Napoleon in 1855 when Bismarck had an idea of a policy of that kind. The simple Gerlach wrote, "I hold by the word of Holy Scripture that evil must not be done that good may result therefrom; because of those who do this, the damnation is just." We can imagine the grim smile of the rising pillar of Prussian military rule as he read Gerlach's words, written at a time when Bismarck, as he tells us, was

setting before the King a plan for invading Austria and Russia with 100,000 troops, in order to make of the King of Prussia "the master of the entire European situation," and to "gain in Germany a place worthy of Prussia." The creed of the Florentine philosopher is stamped on these Memoirs throughout. The writer is calculating every move in the game, watching the position of every piece; he loses sight of nothing; his powerful insight commands instant respect, but one never feels that any moral scruple would stand in the way of action. If any one wishes to deal with the "honest broker" he had need to remember the old motto—*Caveat emptor*. When Bismarck wills the end, he emphatically wills the means. The way in which he has dealt with the attack which was to have been made on France in 1875 is in keeping with a disciple of Machiavelli. That the German ambassadors led the Governments of Europe to believe that Bismarck meditated this attack is certain, and Lord Odo Russell reproached him to his face for it. Yet in these Memoirs he sets this projected attack down to a "lie" of Gortchakoff, whom he treats with contempt whenever he has occasion to mention him. The reason for Bismarck's attitude of "unctuous rectitude" appears to be that the project failed owing to the vigorous opposition, and even threats, of Russia, supported, it is understood, by England. The incident in all its details is a characteristic piece of high political casuistry. In the same spirit Bismarck gave as his reason for not taking full advantage of the victory over Austria by marching into Vienna not any generous instinct, but "what is politically necessary." It was also political necessity which led to a temporary alliance with the Liberals for Bismarck's ends, as he had been able to reconcile in his own mind common action with Governments born out of the Revolution for supposed Prussian ends. For State ends anything may be justified —such is the real opinion of nearly every statesman, whatever moralities he may indulge in *coram publico*. But, while in republican and constitutional countries a public man usually pays court to the professed ethics of the average man, in countries that come under the category of armed nations, and which throw popular control to the winds, there is no care for these outward decencies. The whole brutal fact is avowed—the "law of the beast" is practically the law of the land. The growth of this tendency has been displayed in a startling way in France, and its development in Europe generally is one of the capital facts of the time. To that develop-

ment Bismarck has contributed in a higher degree than any other European statesman. But once admit the fundamental political notions of Bismarck, and the "law of the beast" becomes a fatal necessity. Without being *laudator temporis acti* one may fairly say that the morals of Machiavelli have become a more marked feature in Europe than a generation ago. Europe is to-day farther from realising the ideal of politics transformed into morals than in the buoyant days of 1848. We all incline to hold now with the German doctrine that the world-movement is independent of morality.

The doctrine of the armed nation, born of romanticism and nationalism, has, by a strange and yet intelligible paradox, produced the most rampant materialism of life and thought. Germany has become the arena of a mighty scramble for material good. Mercantile reasons dominate every line of policy, and the Emperor is not ashamed to travel in the Orient as the manager, so to speak, of a great business firm canvassing for orders. Idealism has given place to materialism. Genius is almost as dead as liberty. Outwardly, indeed, Germany makes a splendid show, surpassed only by the United States. As one walks to-day through the streets of Berlin, Leipzig, or Frankfort, and recalls the old days, he is amazed at the material revolution which has taken place, and which has converted many a picturesque old city into a luxurious centre of wealth and industry. One receives, too, the impression of a well-groomed, admirably regulated community, where the whole population is rising in the scale of riches, and where the almost bare simplicity of yesterday is passing away more rapidly than in any other nation of modern times. This is a great achievement which no one will underrate. The fine modern architecture, the palatial railway stations, the new hotels, the great bridges, the immense development of electricity, the enormous growth of fine mills filled with the best machinery—these material facts impress the world and swell the German nation with pride. But the result has been brought at a mighty cost. Gone is that old German contentment and charming simplicity of life; gone are the "peace, the fearful innocence, and pure religion breathing household laws." Goethe has given place to Krupp; the memory of Lessing is all but buried under the successes of Baron Stumm. Philosophy has degenerated into rather arid criticism; and even in music, Wagner has left no successor, the fountain of superb musical genius having apparently

ceased to flow. Literature is said to be dependent on a vigorous nationalism. Even Goethe, who tells us that he was no patriot, and was glad to be free of such a weakness, held that cosmopolitan culture provides no matrix for the growth of the germ of letters. Yet it is singular to note that, while in the old days of separate States, Germany produced a Lessing, a Goethe, a Kant, a Schiller, a Beethoven, to-day, in her exaggerated and almost arrogant nationalism, she produces no name that has any chance of life even in the nearer future. One might have thought that the new empire would have inspired formative thought and a literature of power, but it has not. The militant imperialism of the new Germany has given us pessimistic criticism; and while German arms and commerce are the envy of the world, the German mind "is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." We may well ask whether a nationalism, which seems disposed to sunder itself from the general body of European life, and to assert itself as against that general life, contains the necessary elements of healthy growth. The literature of the last century was humane and cosmopolitan; it conceived of Europe rather as a spiritual whole with a common body of culture and tradition than as the field of rival and antagonistic interests. Cultivated Frenchmen admired Hume and Richardson as truly as cultivated Englishmen admired Voltaire and Montesquieu. This great conception has not died out, for the interchange of thought is wider, in a sense, than ever; but it no longer directs European life as it did, and it cannot do so while the Bismarckian idea of distinct and separated national interests holds the field. No fruitful and worthy human life can ever be developed in the future out of mere nationalism. No less comprehensive idea than that of the community of human interests can be made the basis of civilisation.

It has been said that the unity of Italy was achieved too easily and too quickly. We cannot, perhaps, compare German unity with that of Italy; and yet it may reasonably be asked whether something analogous is not evident in Germany. An outer unity has been attained, but can we say there is any deep underlying unity? On paper Germany is a federal empire, in reality it is Prussianised empire, the prolongation of the immense shadow of Prussia. Admit that this was inevitable, that Bismarck was right in believing such a course to be the sole way in which any unity was to be attained, as Cavour was right in thinking that only through Piedmont was Italian unity to be reached. One is not so much

impeaching the methods of Bismarck as considering what results they have, as a matter of fact, brought about. Underneath the external calm and imposing order of the German Empire, one sees the clash of forces which no mediating power seems able to reconcile. A large and growing section of the German population is hostile to the fundamental institutions of the nation. It is true it could not rule if it obtained a majority to-morrow, but it can make the task of ruling one of immense difficulty and danger. The great Centre party, for which alone (though he hated it) Bismarck entertained respect, and without which no legislation desired by the Government can be carried through the Reichstag, forms a permanent source of apprehension, the more so, as it is intelligent and by no means obscurantist. Particularism still holds its own, and the Government finds it hard to meet it except through such measures as cancel the very idea of spontaneous unity, as the recent incidents of Lippe-Detmold and the expulsion of Danes from Schleswig indicate. Of course the strong monarchical executive is intended to provide for mediation between the clashing forces and the chaotic divisions in the Reichstag. But in reality the power of the Government is not felt to be mediating and conciliatory, but harsh and partisan. The heavy hand of the "predominant partner" is felt at every turn, the giant machinery is always visible. Given the principle on which Bismarck worked, given the basic features of his scheme, and one does not see how the result could have been much otherwise. But it is not a happy result in itself, and it constitutes a serious drawback to German peace and contentment. A nation which is forced to rule so largely by soldiers and police, and which dares not permit the journalist to speak his mind, or the workman to strike for higher wages, is manifestly in a profoundly unhealthy condition, and its solid appearance and external order afford no guarantee of its permanent stability under its existing forms.

Must we not say in the last analysis that the stone which the builder of the German Empire rejected is the head-stone of the corner in any healthy and well-conditioned State? This is the stone of liberty. We may admit that Bismarck had the most sincere desire for the well-being of his people, that he sincerely believed in the ideas on which the national structure was to be raised. But in the new era of competition among nations which he did so much to force on will his type of nationality be most likely to survive?

On the surface, Germany has achieved a marvellous success. She has burst forth into military power and commercial greatness. In material progress she is for the time outstripping England and is leaving her French rival far behind. She has, as we have seen, imposed her conceptions of government largely on the Continent, so that Parliamentary institutions seem to be declining, and autocratic institutions to be gaining. But in politics one must take long views. What of the probable outcome of the German type of political life a century hence? Are the hopes of the great men who fought for freedom of thought, speech, combination, trade, for equality and culture (which, as Arnold said, could only be developed in an atmosphere of equality) doomed to be barren and futile? In the race of the nations is the rule of the drill-sergeant to survive? Many critics who derive their political conception from a rather crude interpretation of the doctrines of the survival of the fittest think that this will be the outcome of political evolution. They dwell on external strength and on quantitative expressions of national power. They are affected by the spectacle of the obedience of great masses of men called forth by the military institutions. They watch with a kind of awe the steady working of the huge machine. The good old ideals of liberty and spontaneity of life no longer appeal to them. To such persons, whose name is legion in every modern country, the triumph of Bismarck is complete. It is the triumph of machinery, the splendid result of calculated foresight and skill. It is so obvious, so easy to understand, by those who cannot be brought to realise that the things which are seen are temporal.

But, after all, is the armed nation likely to survive in the competitive struggle? It may well be doubted, quite apart from any enthusiastic faith in the forms of democracy. Is calculating national egoism, is the mechanical obedience of millions, the last word in politics? Is the present wave of militant imperialism which Bismarck did so much to foster likely to last? The Tsar's Rescript already hints at the reaction. The nations have been enjoying their debauch, and the sober grey of the morning is beginning to bring calmer views and cooler heads. Is the mechanical obedience of the subjects of a strong military government a match, other things being equal, for the spontaneous energy of a free citizen? The decline of original thought in Germany is surely no accident. The never-ceasing drill of the body, the ingrained habit

of subordinating one's view to the will of another, has led throughout Europe to a state of moral hypnotism in which free agency is gone and in which freedom of thought has become almost dead. The condition of a large portion of the French nation at the present moment is only explicable on the ground that the Army has hypnotised the nation. Now, from the psychological point of view, which type of mind is likely in the long run to survive—the mind which has been reduced to a piece of machinery controlled by the dead-weight of institutions or by some external authority, or that which is and knows itself to be free? Will not the latter develop an ingenuity, a spontaneous power which will be far more difficult for the other? Will not the moral habit of self-reliance, of personal decision, be of more ultimate value as an agency of human progress than the best machinery ever constructed? And therefore must we not doubt the superficial judgment which is overcome by the temporary success of the armed nation with its mechanism in mind and morals? The most hopeful fact for Germany is that her working classes will not submit to the present *régime* without perpetual protest. They at least feel what a deadly influence may be this overshadowing power which seems so grand to those who have not estimated its influence on the springs of our moral life. For a time Louis Napoleon dazzled the world in the same way, but Sedan revealed to the world the Nemesis that waits on the successful autocracy. But one cannot conceive such a fate befalling Germany? Not in our time, but the question is as to the long result of time. The institutions of England, of the United States, have been built up on the distinct belief that liberty is a good thing, that its presence or absence makes all the difference in the community. Are we to abandon that belief because for a time the armed State seems to survive in the struggle for national existence? Are we to accept mere quantitative tests as regards the true condition of a nation? Napoleon said that God was on the side of the big battalions; what did he think of that theory during the retreat from Moscow? A grander army was never led by a more wonderful chief, but the faith, heroism, and devotion of the Russians were more than a match for the Grand Army. Let us have no mistake on this question, which lies at the root of the militant imperialism of the hour. If that doctrine is true, brute force is the world's sole ruler, and there can be no peace till the strongest of the competing organisms crushes and survives all the others. The contrary

doctrine is that separate and distinct national organisms will continue to live side by side, their relative worth being tested by a qualitative test—the comparison of moral force and intellectual power residing in each and freely used for the good of humanity. In other words, the nation which best serves mankind will survive.

The political ideas of Prince Bismarck have thus been considered without prejudice and with a view to discover what has been the nature of his influence in modern Europe. It remains to say that one rises from the perusal of these Memoirs with a profound sense of the power of the man, and also of his limitations. A stronger political force has not existed in the century. He is armed *cap-à pie*, he is prepared for any contingency. He has thought out the lines of his policy in every detail, he has taken note of every move that his adversary can possibly make. He shirks no fact, his mental alertness is as manifest as his will is steadfast. Nothing is permitted to stand in the way of his design. If such or such a party is to be " squared " he instantly makes up his mind to do it ; if the King hesitates, Bismarck treats him to a logical demonstration of the necessities of the case which is unanswerable. Nothing more clearly differentiates a statesman from a mere politician than a long look ahead, and Bismarck looked ahead to more purpose than any other statesman of his time. There is no loose thinking in these volumes, no waiting on events. Bismarck agreed with Napoleon that incidents must not govern policy, but policy incidents. He has the courage born of clear purpose and a determination to be rid of illusions. In an age of flabby opportunism Bismarck stands out as one who has the resolution to act on principle, and he starts with the same principle that he holds at the end of his career. So apparently unpopular was his root idea that his first speech was received with such jeers and mockery that he was obliged to stand in the tribune at Frankfort reading a newspaper till the riot was over. Who would have supposed, gazing at him then, that he would have bridled this wild German democracy and led it at his will ? A more powerful brain, a more courageous spirit, has scarcely ever been devoted to the service of a country.

But what moral and emotional gaps there are ! One may search in vain for any generosity of sentiment, for any lofty idealism, for any deep human sympathy. Bismarck had many gifts from the fates, but he had no grandeur, no magnanimity, no pity or

forgiveness. He was probably right in hating and opposing that "petticoat influence" which he always fought with vigour; but how vindictive and merciless he was towards it! The sincerity of his fundamental beliefs may be fully accepted, but how narrow those beliefs were! His synthetic judgments included no fruitful conception of any right order of society, he had no vision of any great amelioration of the lot of mankind. The great fabric which he reared is the natural outcome and analogue of his own character. It is imposing, vigilant, capable, swift in execution, forceful, intelligent, and, in a certain sense, progressive. But it is not greatly loved, for it is calculating, stern, ambitious, and it is, unhappily, unswept by the vivifying breath of civic liberty.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN

[NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, *July* 1892]

I WRITE of Freeman as one of the historical and political authors whose works have had a prominent place in my own education, and to whom I am deeply indebted; and yet I trust I can write of him impartially.

It cannot justly be said that Freeman was a profound thinker. He was a thorough Englishman, with some of the characteristic limitations of the English mind. He was not a philosopher, nor an idealist, but "a plain, blunt man," on whose original nature was grafted a splendid classical and historical culture. He rebuked young Oxford, when professor there, for the "chatter about Shelley," which to him was but poor stuff when compared with such themes as the dominion of the great Karl, the invasion of Duke William, the position of the Burgundian kingdom, or the forgotten conquests of Carthage. We may well doubt whether Mr. Freeman ever read Shelley in his life; and we may be morally certain that the "Epipsychidion" or the "Lines written in the Euganean Hills" would have been as absolutely unintelligible to him as the theory of quaternions to a non-mathematical mind like my own. It is useless to argue these points. There will, let us hope, be people like Freeman and others like Shelley so long as the world stands. But there is no reason why the one set should quarrel with the other. In the world of letters there are many mansions.

The first time I ever saw Freeman was at Cambridge (the English Cambridge) on a fine day of May in 1872. He had come to deliver the Rede Lecture before the University on "The Unity of History"; and as I had always had from my earliest days a passion for seeing any celebrated man, I made

my way into the Senate House, where the great man was welcomed by a crowd of black-gowned university men and by a considerable gathering of the ladies who grace Cambridge with their presence in what has been conventionally termed the "merry month of May." I was particularly struck with Freeman's massive head, leonine aspect, and deep, full voice, which resounded in sonorous periods through that ugly pseudo-classic building. I afterwards saw him, when the lecture was over, walking through the courts of St. John's College with his friend Professor Babington, the venerable professor of botany, and was irreverently amused at the shortness of the historian's legs, which rendered his walking not very unlike the waddling of a duck, while he was pointing all the time at the red brick gables of one of the older courts, and probably gesticulating on architecture.

The qualities which Freeman showed most conspicuously throughout his lifetime were solidity and thoroughness of work and the most extraordinary industry. If genius consists in an infinite capacity for taking pains (which it doesn't), then was Freeman one of the most striking men of genius of the century. The mere amount of work he got through fills one with amazement. His writings fill no fewer than thirty-seven volumes, and while some of these, like the little book on "William the Conqueror," or that on "The Growth of the English Constitution," are small, the five large tomes of the "Norman Conquest," the fragmentary "History of Federal Government" and the "Historical Geography of Europe" involve an amount of hard toil in the actual making, quite apart from the preparation in reading and research, which only those who have themselves done a fair measure of writing can possibly appreciate. It is, I believe, the case that Freeman at one time actually lost the use of his right-hand fingers through sheer overwork. No typical German professor ever did more severe tasks. "He could toil terribly," it was said of Sir Walter Raleigh; the same verdict might be passed on Freeman.

But Freeman's work was not only heavy, it was thorough and exact. A distinguished historical scholar once said to me of Freeman's friend, Bishop Stubbs, whose great "Constitutional *History*" is one of the *opera magna* of our time, that he had

never made a single mistake. I believe the same thing might be said of Freeman himself. He had the instinct for facts and the perfect sense of accuracy. I am not prepared to assert that there is not a single error in any one of Freeman's thirty-seven volumes, but I never came across or heard of one. His observation, whether of old manuscripts or of ancient buildings, was as painstaking and exact in every detail as was the observation of Darwin of the facts of natural history. Freeman had, therefore, the first qualification for a historian—accuracy—a quality in which his old rival and now successor in the chair of Modern History at Oxford is singularly deficient. It would indeed have added a pang to death had Freeman known that James Anthony Froude was to be his successor.

Another great quality which marks Freeman out as belonging to the newer school of historians is his impartiality and rigid reverence for truth. Gibbon, of course, stands alone in solitary grandeur—the greatest historian by far that England, or perhaps the modern world, ever produced. But the other well-known English historians, until the new historical school rose at Oxford, are mostly vehement partisans. Macaulay's brilliant and ever-charming narrative is a glorification of whiggism. Mitford wrote a history of Greece (to be had now at second-hand bookshops) from the point of view of an English Tory. Grote answered it from the point of view of a philosophical Radical in what has been described as "the most gigantic party pamphlet ever produced." Hume's "History of England" is a piece of sceptical eighteenth-century Toryism; while Robertson, now little read, was Whiggish in his *tendenz*. Godwin's "History of the Commonwealth" was the attempt of an English Republican to set forth the case for Martyn and Vane against that for Cromwell. Carlyle, on the other hand, produced a splendid Cromwelliad, nearer the truth, it may be, than Godwin, but obviously biassed by the writer's anti-democratic sentiment. Mr. Froude devoted a picturesque style and no little energy to a glowing romance in which the halo of heroism, if not of saintship, was cast round the figure of Henry VIII. This romance he humorously named a "History of England." He also produced another work on Irish history, crammed with inaccuracies and

wrong inferences from beginning to end, which Mr. Lecky, with his cold, rigid devotion to truth, has riddled through and through with the red-hot shot of historical criticism.

It has been much the same in modern France. Take up any French history of the Revolution, with the exception of Mignet's succinct narrative, and you find a party pamphlet. Thiers glorified Napoleon, and Louis Blanc the democratic Rousseau tradition; while M. Taine, under a cloak of impartiality and philosophic method, has obviously delved into the Revolutionary documents with the distinct intention of proving that the leaders of the Revolution were among the most ignoble scoundrels whom the stirring of the social scum ever brought to the surface. Tocqueville's calm and lucid survey of the "Ancien Régime" suggests that the great author of "La Democratie en Amérique" ought to have been the historian of the French Revolution. It has been reserved for an English writer, Mr. H. Morse Stephens, to produce a work on that great theme which, though not brilliant, is most painstaking and accurate, full of information as to the events in the provinces as well as the doings in Paris, characterised all through (so far as it has yet gone) by excellent judgment and by genuine impartiality.

Although I should be far from desiring that a historian should never write as an avowed Conservative, like Hume or Mitford, or should write as an avowed Radical or Democrat, like Grote or Freeman,—yet I am persuaded that no historian can produce a work of permanent value unless his intellectual sympathies are fairly progressive. For history is not a narrative of events, but a *rationale* of the process of growth. Now we see that in biology the men who were dead set against the evolutionary conception of life, men like Cuvier, *e.g.*, although they may have done excellent work in observation and classification, have yet lost their hold on the scientific mind. Their influence is dead, because they were on the wrong track. It is the men like Goethe, St. Hilaire, Wallace, Darwin, who had a fruitful idea, who had grasped the conception of orderly progress through the interaction of forces inherent in organisms themselves apart from external mechanical agencies—it is these great naturalists who have really given the vast impetus to the science of the nineteenth

century. And in the same way, I conceive, no man who is boggling over antediluvian politics, or who fails to conceive that what we call the democratic movement is inevitable, or who fails to realise that there is a movement at all—no such man can be a great historian. We shall relegate the writings of such a one to the dusty top shelf where those uncut volumes of Hume are placidly reposing.

I may be reminded of Gibbon's Toryism, of Gibbon who supported George III. against the American Colonies, and who sat for a brief time among the Tory squires in the old unreformed House of Commons. It will be remembered that Gibbon threw over, in obedience to his father's wishes, a lady whom he desired to marry. "I sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a son," he says in his autobiography. So there was, I venture to think, a Gibbon the Tory and a Gibbon the philosophic historian, and the first never intruded into the domain of the second. All through Gibbon's great work we have the sense of the inevitable destiny of the great fabric of the Roman Empire, the growing weakness of the vital organs, the birth of new ideas, the ever-growing, resistless might of the barbarous tribes, the sense of dissolution. The historian who built the great "bridge between the old world and the new" cannot be accused of any lack of the sense of inevitable movement.

Now Mr. Freeman as a historian had the twofold advantage of being strictly accurate and impartial, while yet sympathising with the general world-movement. His sympathy does not go the length of believing that everything which has happened was, as a matter of fact, the very best thing that could conceivably have happened. Perhaps no one really does hold such a creed, although some optimists occasionally speak as if they did. Mr. Freeman holds, *e.g.*, that it would have been a very happy thing for Europe had the old Burgundian kingdom remained intact as a bulwark between Germany and a France much smaller than we know it to-day. In such a case there would have been no wars of the *Grand Monarque*, no Franco-German war, no possibility of that coming Franco-German war which Europe dreads to-day. If a man believes that every historical event was absolutely the very best that could have taken place, it is hard to see where he

gets his incentive to reform. What I claim for Freeman is that he is reasonably sympathetic with democratic progress, and that he is conscious that historical events are not isolated phenomena, but are woven into the texture of the world of man.

The danger, of course, in holding this view is that of counting individuals as nothing, and the movement (conceived of as a sort of distinct entity) everything. It is the opposite error to Carlyle's hero-worship, where great and wonderful individuals are made to do and be everything. Freeman appears to me to hold a very even balance between these two extremes. He can see the immense value of the personal contributions of such statesmen as Perikles, Karl the Great, Simon of Montfort, Washington, and yet he invariably subordinates even these to the organic life of which they were but a part, however necessary and imposing. Surely this is the true view. The Carlylean view is merely a traditional relic of the early Pagan legends of God-descended heroes, a Herakles, a Curtius, a Thor, who could perform by a divine magic what ordinary human beings could not do. It is a notion quite fatal to democracy, fatal to humanity, as Mazzini showed in his searching criticism of Carlyle. If we are incapable of self-government and must wait until the *deus ex machina* is pleased, in some unaccountable fashion, to reveal himself and pull the wheels of the chariot of state out of the mire, then indeed the world's whole course is backward, and instead of celebrating Columbus and the French National Convention in this year 1892, we should retire to the interior of our respective tubs with a headpiece of ashes and clad in a funereal and inexpensive suit of sackcloth.

But neither, on the other hand, is it possible to contend that the great leap forward in representative government in the thirteenth century could have taken place as it did without the aid of the great Earl Simon. Peter the Great impressed his personality upon the imperial system of Russia in its whole subsequent development. The present Italian kingdom, with all its vices and virtues, was undoubtedly brought into being by the personal ability of Cavour, whose astute and not too scrupulous diplomacy was, thirty-three years ago, one of the most powerful factors in Europe. Gambetta personally

crushed the designs of the French monarchical faction in 1877. Perhaps the partial truth contained in each view is best seen by comparing the careers of two famous men in the last century. Turgot was one of the greatest statesmen and one of the most virtuous men who ever lived, and yet even he could not save the rotten, falling French monarchy. On the other hand, the American Revolution was (at least so I believe) inevitable. And yet how differently it might have worked itself out, with how much greater difficulty and amid what far greater political chaos, had it not been for the practical sagacity of Washington. Both views form the complete truth, and I think it will be generally found that both are adequately recognised in the works of Mr. Freeman.

And still further, supreme among Freeman's excellent historical qualities is his determination to view every movement from the standpoint of human welfare. He is never dazzled by successful crime; he always puts the final question, Was it right? Not, indeed, that he interprets right in any hard, narrow fashion. He makes allowances for times and seasons. In his essay on "The Reign of Edward III.," *e.g.*, he condemns Brougham for bringing that monarch before the tribunal of "abstract right"—a hopelessly erroneous method of estimating any great historical character, as we see in the case of the peddling sneers directed by some who claim to be regarded as "thinkers" against some of the great men of ancient Hebrew-story, like Moses and David. The crimes of such men were subsidiary incidents in their careers, for which they made what atonement they could—and what more can a man do? But Louis Napoleon's crime of the *coup d'état* was no mere incident, but the very expression of his whole career, the seed from which he reaped twenty years' harvest of tyranny. For such a vile deed, foul in every way, the denunciations of Victor Hugo were not too strong. And it is a high eulogy on Freeman to record that, at the fallen and exiled tyrant's death, when the English Press, as usual, was beslobbering the dead man's bier with its crocodile tears, the historian spoke out plainly, calling things by their right names, attacking no private character, but dealing faithfully with public deeds. And if you search through the whole o Freeman's historial writings, you will everywhere discover this

high ethical note, this conception of the good of man as being the end for which political personages and machinery exist.

But we must be frank with Freeman, as he was with the records of history. He had his faults, and perhaps he was not quite so conscious of them as we should have liked him to be. He was a little too inclined to play Sir Oracle, and to assume that when he oped his lips the opposition dogs would cease to bark. He was probably very deficient in a sense of humour, and he was inclined, like many learned men, to get rather angry over points in which no moral or intellectual principle, but merely matters of scholarship were concerned. Like the mediæval scholars, he would damn his opponent for his "theory of irregular verbs." Macaulay, with his prodigy of the learned schoolboy, was much the same. This is perhaps merely an exaggeration of a good quality; viz., the putting of one's conscience into a piece of work, no matter how far removed from any moral issue it may seem to be. But a restraining influence of good nature would have been an excellent thing for both men. They were deficient in what Matthew Arnold has called "sweet reasonableness." We all remember the savage glee with which Macaulay records how he danced, metaphorically speaking, on the prostrate bodies of the unfortunate Quakers who had come to argue with him on the subject of the character of William Penn. Freeman was cast in a similar mold; both thought they did well to be angry.

Freeman's nature, like that of many righteous persons, was narrow. His contemptuous talk as to "chatter about Shelley" revealed a good deal of his character. If he had been endowed with plenary authority over the whole system of education, many elements would have been omitted in his scheme which deeper thinkers than Freeman considered of vital importance. The ideal, the poetic, the artistic side of human nature would have suffered under such a stalwart censorship. Large and minute as was Freeman's architectural knowledge we are not long in finding out that he values architecture less for its artistic side than as the handmaid of history. Indeed, it would perhaps be scarcely too much to say that Freeman had absolutely no artistic sense whatever. Notwithstanding which it is possible to derive great pleasure from his sketches of old

cities such as Trier, Ravenna, Perigneux, Cahors, and Orange: and his very first published work was one on architecture.

Freeman's youth was spent at Oxford when that "sweet city with her dreaming spires" was under the spell of the High Church revival. That revival undoubtedly imparted a very considerable impetus to historical study, as we find in the works of Freeman's friend, Bishop Stubbs; and Freeman himself doubtless owed much to it. But it does not follow that his mind was imbued with any great spiritual ideas. The Tractarian movement will never be understood so long as it is regarded as primarily religious. It was rather a movement for restoring discipline and beauty, for reviving the sense of ecclesiastical authority in the Anglican Church, than for advancing the religious idea. Aside from discipline, æsthetic beauty, and the cultivation of the historical sense, the High Church movement has been rather barren. It endowed England with some interesting though not great or enduring poetry from the lyre of Keble, but it furnished no philosophy, it produced no thinker, it merely kept alive, and perhaps deepened, a sentiment. Its one great mind, that of Newman, was logically driven to the Catholic Church, to be followed by the distinguished ecclesiastic whose more recent death was mourned by the poor of England as they never mourned for the loss of any Anglican bishop. And now the old High Church movement is fading away and being replaced by a new movement, the leaders of which are looked askance upon as heretics by the few belated survivors of the old *régime*.

I fancy that, spite of the undoubted stimulus given to historical study by the High Church movement, Freeman really derived his most fruitful ideas in history, far more from Dr. Arnold, and in a less degree from Mr. Goldwin Smith. Indeed, Freeman has himself admitted the debt he owed to Thomas Arnold, who, without being a profound thinker, was a thoroughly healthy man of a fundamentally progressive mind. From him, I imagine, reinforced, as Freeman has taught us, by the ethics of Aristotle and Butler, the historian got his idea of the power of character and moral force in history and his detestation of cruelty and wrong committed under the hypocritical pretence of preserving "moral order." Freeman's nature, in short, like that of most English people, was ethical rather than religious.

Hence it is that he betrays little patience with great attempts at a "philosophy of history."

Freeman's culture, too, was somewhat old-fashioned though his learning was immense. Though politically Liberal, he always claimed to be really Conservative. And he was so, just as his favourite modern statesman, Mr. Gladstone, is. Both relied on precedent, both took old-fashioned views, both were distrustful of heresy. Freeman never looked forward, he went back for his justification of democracy; holding, as he did, that "freedom is older than tyranny," and that the Tories are the real innovators—a paradox which has some truth, but which, if words are to mean anything, is largely misleading. If there is anything in the doctrines laid down by M. Fustel de Coulanges; we must regard it as still a moot point as to whether ancient society consisted in communistic groups of equals, or as to whether these supposed equals were not really the serf of some feudal lord in germ. But Freeman probably troubled himself little about the ultimate origins of history. For him history begins to all intents and purposes with civilisation. This limitation weakens his power, as, *e.g.*, in his treatment of the Celtic element in the population of England. He did much of his work before the new and important study of craniology had come to the aid of historical research, and he was dominated by the Aryan school, which based relationship entirely on language—a theory which no historical writer would now uphold. Consequently, we find archæological and craniological research quite opposed to Freeman's conception as to the population of England being almost entirely Teutonic, but the historian was not sufficiently versed in these new sciences to appreciate the force of the arguments urged against him. It was, of course, not a case of inaccuracy, of which, as I have said, Mr. Freeman was incapable; it was a matter of too rigid narrowness, of too close reliance on purely political and documentary evidence.

A still further and more serious deficiency in Mr. Freeman was his ignorance of economics. We need not agree with Karl Marx, that the economic factor is the one factor which exclusively determines the bent and direction of social evolution. We may believe that often behind economic there are lying, perhaps unsuspected, moral and æsthetic causes. But un-

questionably so long as man has an animal basis, and so long as his bodily parts are not, as Coleridge says, "defecated to a pure transparency," we must admit that the way in which he will order the satisfaction of his bodily wants is a social question of the first magnitude, without understanding which history is rendered at times almost meaningless. Who can understand such historical themes as the contest between Marius and Sulla, or the causes of the French Revolution, or the necessity that existed for slavery in the Southern States to maintain itself by extension, without some pretty clear comprehension of the economic forces at work in these respective epochs? The history of the English Chartist movement may be better understood by knowing the rise and fall in the price of bread than from any other cause. The true history of mankind can, indeed, never be adequately written until we know clearly what the economic evolution of mankind has actually been, and it can only be written by those who understand that there is an economic evolution. The absence of all reference to the economic conditions of the periods and countries about which he wrote renders Freeman's work far less valuable than it might otherwise have been made.

And there is one final shortcoming in Freeman's writings: his style and lack of any sense of form and proportion. Freeman says that Macaulay was his favourite stylist. Macaulay's style though interesting enough, is not the best. It is full of what Mr. John Morley has called, in his very able essay on Macaulay, a hard metallic glitter. But it is, unquestionably, a powerful, brilliant style, marked with the note of distinction. Mr. Freeman may have admired Macaulay greatly, but he has certainly not caught his style. Freeman is always clear, but he is often clumsy, and he repeats himself so often as to become rather tedious. His manner of compiling an historical work like the "Norman Conquest" can scarcely be commended, as any one will say who has waded through those bulky tomes. There are notes, scores of pages long, which ought to have been incorporated into the text, so that over and over again the reader has to turn back in a state of mental confusion. The whole work too, might have been considerably abridged with advantage. I fully subscribe to Professor Seeley's doctrine that history, like any other serious study, should be written for the

student, not for the seeker after the picturesque. "Fine writing" is out of place in a historical work. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why the laws of form should not be observed in a historical treatise, nor can we tolerate without protest prodigious notes made up of quotations from original documents, the very essence of which is supposed to be embodied in the actual text.

There only remains a word or two to say on Freeman as a public man. He has himself told us that he was, as a boy, a young Tory. "I have the dimmest remembrance of Catholic emancipation as something very dreadful." And he was a youthful champion of Don Carlos and other foolish and pernicious causes. He attributes his conversion to the Liberal creed to the influence of his uncle, Thomas Attwood, the founder of the Birmingham Political Union, whose statue one sees in that city soon after leaving the huge New Street railway station, and to, also, his phil-Hellenic feeling. Once fairly started in the path of Liberalism, Freeman kept steadily to it to the end of his days. He was for United Italy, against Louis Napoleon, for Hungary against Austria, for the extension of Greek dominion, for extended suffrage and for Irish Home Rule long before most English Liberals had committed themselves to the Irish cause. In 1868, he was a Liberal candidate for Parliament, but he was happily not elected. I say happily, because if a member of Parliament is to do his duty it takes up his whole time; and Freeman, as I think, had better work to do than the average member of the House of Commons. Freeman wooed an agricultural constituency where his speeches were by no means fully appreciated; and his rather high-handed ways were not altogether liked (if I am correctly informed) by his election committee.

When the Bulgarian agitation broke out in 1876, Freeman cast aside his literary task and threw himself eagerly into it, supporting the policy of Mr. Gladstone, speaking and writing day and night, and collecting money for the unfortunate victims of Turkish oppression. To Freeman the Turk was as "unspeakable" as to Carlyle; and the dislike was more intelligent, since Freeman knew far more of the actual history of the Ottoman power. At the great conference held in London in December, 1876, Freeman was a foremost

figure; and all through the long fight against Disraeli he never wearied. It is singular, by the way, to note the almost complete unanimity of historical scholars in supporting the Gladstonian view. For once the exact, scientific Oxford school, comprising Bryce, Freeman, Gardiner, York Powell, and Green, combined with the "picturesque" school of Carlyle and Froude in advocating a complete break with Turkey. Professor Seeley, I believe, was almost alone in championing the cause of "Jingoism." Freeman rejoiced greatly when Gladstone won in 1880, though doubtless he, like others, was greatly disappointed by the not very creditable record of the Gladstone administration during the five succeeding years. Freeman's Liberalism was of the older kind, confined to political mechanism and foreign affairs. He had no idea of the new economic problems that have come up so fast, and which are making of the older Liberalism as ancient history as that contained in the "Norman Conquest." In the new seas on whose breast we are launched, we need quite other pilots than the learned and high-minded historian whose death we have to deplore.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

[NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, *October* 1890]

OF all the prominent men in London there is none who to many of us is so satisfactory in every respect as Stopford Brooke. As the author of one of the best biographies in the language, "Life of Robertson of Brighton," as a preacher who is sought after by countless flocks of visitors to London every year, and whose sermons are read all over the English-speaking world, as a poet and as a critic, as the writer of those two little literary gems, the "Primer of English Literature" and the Milton monograph—in all these capacities Mr. Brooke is widely known and highly esteemed.

But mere literary achievement, however admirable, must ever yield the palm to a great and genuine manhood, to a large and lofty type of character; and it is essentially in this that Mr. Brooke is deemed so satisfactory by those fortunate enough to be counted among his friends. His nature is laid out on a generous and splendid scale. His fine bodily frame, crowned with its noble head, is the fitting temple of such a spirit as his. When worn and depressed, there is no one with whom mere contact does one such real good. One feels the virtue coming from him as the woman in the story is said to have felt it stream from the person of Jesus. You are in touch with one who is full of life, seething with spiritual energy; and you feel, even under the black pall of London smoke, that amid those grinding millions there is at least one man alive.

Whether as writer, preacher, biographer, reformer, or friend Mr. Brooke is always a poet. He has not written much verse, and what he has written has probably not been very widely read. But one may say of him what Emerson said about himself to Miss Peabody: "I am not a great poet, but what-

ever there is of me is poet." He is incapable alike in his books of a commonplace sentence, and in his conversation of a commonplace expression. The common and the familiar are for him transformed as they were for his beloved Turner, and become "golden exhalations of the dawn." He always seems to view mankind and the order of things in their ideal aspects; and for him the bright beams which shone upon his boyhood have never yet faded "into the light of common day." He can scarcely hear a simple tale of ordinary life among the poor without finding in it a tragedy or romance; for his mind instinctively passes by the commonplace detail and seizes on the essential heart of the matter and weaves around it a network of wonder, so that you blush for your former stolid apathy, and feel that henceforth for you nothing that is human is alien or indifferent. Yes, Mr. Brooke has the heart and mind of a poet.

Mr. Brooke owes not a little to his Irish birth and early surroundings. Whatever the victims of New York aldermen and ward politicians (who probably get as good a government as they deserve) may say, Ireland unquestionably produces some of the most charming and original men and women in the world. Three such men it has been my special privilege to know—my dear old friend, John Kingsley, friend and comrade of Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, dead now upwards of two years; Michael Davitt, whose heroic nature has endeared him to millions throughout the world; and Mr. Stopford Brooke. Whenever I note the low aims and self-seeking designs of Irish politicians on either side of the Atlantic, whenever I hear the shrill and angry screeches from Mr. Goldwin Smith's Toronto home, I think also of the other side of the shield and of the fact that Mr. Brooke is a warm and genuine Irish Nationalist.

The Irish mind is more simple and sympathetic than that of England, and the contact of the people with nature more direct and vital. England, as Emerson observed, seems "finished with a pencil" instead of a plough. The small country is over-civilized. The mass of the people live in big, ugly towns, and many of them have lost their feeling for the country, as is seen by the fact that when on chance occasions they go there, they contrive to make it as much like town as

possible. The English are immersed in affairs, in bondage to the unremitting despotism of trade. Their aristocracy, it is true, and their unemployed proletariat have alike nothing to do, so they take to providing material for the divorce and police courts. But otherwise the island is overrun with business, and ne'er a man of them has either time or inclination to possess his soul before he dies. The English capitalists of the last century effectually prevented Ireland from sharing this experience, when they destroyed Irish manufactures. The result is that only in one corner of Ireland do you find the same kind of hard-headed, unimaginative business man you know of in Manchester and Glasgow, and of whose Philistine nature and practical judgment you are so heartily tired. The world is made for such men, says Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen; and looking at the present course of things, I am afraid he is right. But meanwhile, before the Philistine millennium is reached, when, as Matthew Arnold has it, we shall all yawn in each other's faces, I am glad to think there are a few places left where we can "sit by the shores of old romance" and, amid the complexity and over-culture of the day, catch the nature poetry of an older age. One such place is uncultured, bare, beautiful Celtic Ireland, with its barbarism, and quiet, and soft climate, and absence of hurry and tumult and cotton-mills and heaps of refuse and constant trains, and all the other glories of English civilisation.

Mr. Brooke is an Irishman, with his gaiety, humour, poetry, dislike of routine, lightness of touch, but with a broad and deep modern culture added; a culture which he assimilates and uses, but which does not overmaster him or obliterate his original character. He possesses culture, but is possessed only by ideas. He had the education which Trinity College, Dublin, gives or gave forty years ago to a young Irish gentleman; but he has told his friends that his youth was blessed by a very fair share of happy ignorance. He knew nothing of modern history, and was not so much as aware that Ireland had any history of her own until his college days; and as his father had a theory that novel-reading, though good for himself, was not edifying to young people, the growing boy with his hunger for romance was driven to surreptitious means of obtaining the forbidden fruit. Mr.

Brooke dates an important development in his intellectual life from the time when he and his brother used to read Emerson's Essays in a garret in their grandmother's house in Dublin.

In his most suggestive book, "Theology in the English Poets," as well as in some lectures which he has recently given in London, Mr. Brooke has laid down the doctrine that any new poetic expression is likely to form itself in a period of political convulsion, when some new organic shape, hailed by many and dreaded by others, is coming to the birth. Thus the poetry of Byron and Shelley and the earlier poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge was born in the storm and stress of the French Revolution, while Tennyson and Browning were pluming their wings in the hopeful reform era of sixty years ago. In like manner Mr. Brooke's own manhood was ripening in a time of public ferment and generous enthusiasm. While the glowing embers of 1832 had long become dead ashes, a spirit of revolt and heroism was being kindled in other lands in the movement for Italian unity and the struggle against American slavery. With both these movements Mr. Brooke became an ardent sympathiser; and so the native idealism of his character received scope and outlet and grew into a generous love for man and a deep faith in human progress. The perpetual hope for a better age, always quenched but always again kindled at the torch of idealism, the same hope which in the closing years of the last century animated Cowper and Burns and the young Wordsworth, this hope was shared too by Stopford Brooke, and in his more mature years he shares it still.

Like all idealists, Mr. Brooke has a thoroughly synthetical mind. I remember his once warning me against the habit, too prevalent in England, of small, acute peddling literary criticism, which finds its account in pulling some fairly good work in pieces to show how clever and knowing a fellow the critic is. He held up for imitation the kindly constructive French criticism of Sainte-Beuve, and recommended me always to find out and proclaim, as the best French critics do, the positive merits of any book, rather than search minutely for its defects. The advice was characteristic of Mr. Brooke's mental attitude. He is at war with the spirit of destructive analysis which marks our time as it did that of the Greek

sophists. He has the soul of the poet and artist, and instinctively dislikes the point of view of the laboratory or dissecting-room. Yet he is deeply interested in some branches of science, has been a close student of Darwin, and is well read in geology. But I suppose that it is Darwin's constructive rather than his critical side which interests Mr. Brooke; for Darwin does not so much parcel out the organic world into separate groups as combine the groups under common laws, and hence sets perhaps the poet and idealist to a greater and more far-reaching view of the world. The "fingering slave" who won Wordsworth's scorn would incur also Mr. Brooke's dislike. Perhaps neither does full justice to such a dry and dull person as Holmes's "Scarabee," without whose aid, after all, the greater men of science could not achieve their larger tasks.

Mr. Brooke has no quarrel with the analytic mind when, like the shoemaker, it sticks to its last. But when it deals with the greater and more subtle objects of human consciousness, such as the State, humanity, domestic love, religion, as it does largely in much of our present-day realistic literature, then it calls forth Mr. Brooke's energetic protests. Not that he opposes realism in art, for he is a profound admirer of Tolstoi, whose "La Puissance des Ténèbres" he commended to me as one of the most powerful and artistic products of modern times, almost Greek in its conception and method. But his theory is that the greatest facts of life, the deepest realities of the world, are most real to those who adopt an attitude of belief and love; and, like Goethe, he accepts the reverence for that which is above, around, and beneath us as the ground for all that is greatest in man. He would have neither undue introspection, which tends to morbid quietism, nor undue criticism, through whose clumsy fingers the noblest gifts of life are permitted to slip.

Mr. Brooke has all his life been a comprehensive student of art. I do not know that he has that wonderfully minute knowledge of every variety of Italian art which was possessed by Robert Browning, who was his friend; but his oft-repeated visits to Venice and Florence have given him a familiarity shared by few with Venetian and early Florentine art, while he knows the pictures to be found within the old churches of many a quaint Italian city. One of Mr. Brooke's choice pos-

sessions is a complete set of the "Liber Studiorum," to match which he has the lovely early editions of Ruskin. The warm personal friend of Burne-Jones and William Morris, and a close student of both the poems and pictures of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. Brooke shared in the religious passion for art expressed by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in *The Germ*, a copy of which he possesses in his library. Distrustful of the analytic and mercantile instincts of his time, when wealthy capitalists first coin money by defiling natural beauty and then spend it on expensive portraits by Millais, which are hung up duly on the walls of the Academy, Mr. Brooke shares very largely the views expressed by William Morris in his "Hopes and Fears for Art." And this brings me to Mr. Brooke's views on social and political matters.

When in 1880 Mr. Brooke shook from his feet the dust of Anglicanism, he explained clearly to his friends and the world the reasons for the step he had taken. He objected not merely to the theology but to the politics of the English State Church. Himself a convinced democrat, he felt that Anglicanism was a weapon of political reaction as well as an agency of intellectual insincerity. Dean Stanley and other excellent but accommodating persons plied the usual arguments for staying to "liberalise" the Church. "Do you think," said Mr. Brooke to Dean Stanley, "that there is any chance of James Martineau being made Archbishop of Canterbury?" The dean was obliged to confess that such an appointment could scarcely be looked for until the very eve of the Greek Kalends. "Then," replied Mr. Brooke, "of what use is it to talk of comprehension and equality, when you know that these are mere empty words?"

On its political side the Anglican Church is an organisation for the propagation of Toryism. No religious body can show a meaner record than this Church since it assumed the main outlines of its present form at the time of the so-called English Reformation, when the most unscrupulous of kings and of statesmen determined to use it as an engine of government. Bound to the monarchy through its system of making bishops, and to a decaying aristocratic system through its method of Church patronage, the Anglican Church has been mainly the subservient tool of the upper classes. To preserve its endow-

ments it will ally itself to-day with the worst elements of English society, and in point of fact habitually does so. For more than three centuries the people have waited in vain to hear from its prelates a trumpet-call to progress and righteousness, and have been treated instead to stale homilies about the duty of contentment and obedience. The great humanitarian movements against the slave trade, against a brutal and degrading penal system, against wholesale murder by due process of law, against popular ignorance, against the robbery of Demos to fill the pockets of Plutos—all these and other great movements were carried on by laymen, by Howard, and Clarkson, and Romilly, and Mill, and they all encountered the apathy or hostility of the Anglican dignitaries. The Catholic Church can justly boast of its noble efforts to limit serfdom and to found a rational criminal jurisprudence. But what has the Anglican Church to boast of? Three centuries of virulent hostility to almost everything that can be positively proved to have enlarged and dignified human life.

It is not a question of individuals, but of a system. Many Anglican clergymen are excellent men, but their system is bound up with class rule, as the best among them, like Dr. Arnold, have confessed. The only consistent theory of Anglicanism ever propounded is that contained in Coleridge's "Church and State." The Church is not a Church in the legitimate sense of the term; it is an institution set up and maintained by the governing class for the propagation of what that class understands as culture. Its culture happens, owing to historical causes, to be expressed in terms of Christian symbolism; but, as Coleridge submits, national culture and not Christianity is the essence of it. When, therefore, any simple soul expresses astonishment that the Anglican pseudo-followers of a Jewish carpenter can sit in the House of Lords, live in palaces, and draw immense incomes, while their "brethren in Christ" are working fifteen hours a day for bare bread in an empty garret, without any apparent consciousness of the incongruity of the situation, he must be told that these personages are not primarily Christian pastors, but Anglican prelates, and that their first duty is not at all to the memory of their Master, but to the temporal powers that provide them with the luxuries which they enjoy. The Galilean tradition

may be carried on among the poorest curates in the large towns, but the bench of bishops is as innocent of it as the Bank of England.

It is easy to see that Mr. Brooke, full of passion and energy, idealist in every nerve and fibre of his body, indignant at the crimes committed by the rich against the poor, and contemptuous of that slothful luxury which is often called lettered piety, should become more and more dissatisfied with his *milieu*. It was no doubt hard for him to wrench the bonds asunder which bound him to the Church in which his father was an eloquent and respected minister; all the more as he was one of the Queen's chaplains and had a high reputation as the most brilliant leader of the Broad Church school. But to him, as to others, "there came a voice without reply," and the democrat went out from the Church of the plutocracy, greatly to the satisfaction and building-up of every honest English soul.

Earnest men, however, are everywhere beginning to see that they cannot rest contented in mere democracy, as understood even a generation ago. Individualist democracy may answer very well for a time in a simple agricultural community like the United States of sixty years ago, when every one has access to the land, and when there is a fairly general equality of fortune. One can in like manner conceive the rural democracies of Norway and Switzerland existing for a long time untouched. But the permanent progressive life of mankind resides not in such simple communities as these. Had the United States continued to remain a congeries of scattered agricultural settlements, they would have possessed absolutely no significance for mankind. With the clash of social forces began a new life and a new literature for America. And so it is everywhere. Culture and the intellectual life come to maturity in cities, and spiritual growth involves social complexity. The new seed may, it is true, be sown by quiet lake or mountain side, but it only arrives at full measure amid the stirring scenes of civic life.

Now the simple individualist democracy which answers the needs of a simple rural society supplies absolutely no answer to the problems of a complex, interdependent society. Hence it is that we see the breakdown of the earlier democracy

everywhere. Those old people who worked arduously and sincerely for the older democracy are saddened and bewildered by the newer growths, which seem to them hostile to liberty, as they understand the word. They chafe at increased State interference with a hypothetical "personal liberty" which, misled by eighteenth-century phrases, they suppose to have a real existence; and they gloomily predict, as I heard an English politician predict not long ago, that shaving will soon be regulated by Act of Parliament. These poor people are everywhere engaged, under the banner of Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a perfectly futile attack on the irresistible forces of Socialism. For the change is everywhere, the civilised world over, from individualism to Socialism; or, in other words, from an unorganised to an organised democracy; from a crowd of unrelated units to a phalanx of disciplined comrades.

The literature of our time is permeated with this idea just as truly as our politics. Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Dickens, Tennyson, William Morris, and (in his latter years, when his father's spiritual poison had been eliminated from his system) John Stuart Mill, are all penetrated with the new organic conception of society, with the thought that "we are members one of another." "Benthamism" seems more old-fashioned and defunct than an Egyptian mummy; so much so that we are scarcely, perhaps, inclined to give it credit for its real merits.

In this new movement Mr. Brooke finds a source of inspiration. He confesses that he is not an economist, and does not understand the economic side of the new movement; but as a poet he feels its ideal and human side. He has seen much of the misery and poverty of London, where, be it remembered, one person in every five dies in a workhouse or a hospital, and he knows how hopeless it is for "private enterprise" and "private charity," and all the other individualist nostrums to cope with the ever-widening problems of this complex society. He is, therefore, heartily in sympathy with the movements for the extension of State and municipal functions, for the public appropriation of ground values, for the shortening of the hours of labour, and for the public provision of healthy homes, with the appliances of culture for the masses of the people. Upon these subjects he constantly preaches, and says out plainly

what he has to say, whether his hearers like it or not. There is no public wrong which he does not denounce from the pulpit, whether it be Beaconsfield's cynical support of the "unspeakable Turk," or Gallifet's indiscriminate butchery of the Communists, or the brutal assault made by the London police on the working classes in Trafalgar Square. He is the true preacher of righteousness, not content to refer the outcast to golden streets and palm branches in another world, but, like St. Basil and St. Ambrose, pledged to justice here and now for the humblest member of the common family of man.

In the department of literature Mr. Brooke has yet to give his most important work to the world. He has long been engaged on a comprehensive study of the pre-Shakespearean literature of England, which will, I venture to predict, add, when completed, a noble gem to the literary treasure-house of our time. Mr. Brooke is a profound student of English literature. His "Selections from Shelley" and his "Milton" reveal his sympathetic study of England's great lyric and epic poets; and I never listened to a more eloquent and convincing defence of Shelley's poetry, especially in reply to Matthew Arnold's criticism, than was contained in Mr. Brooke's splendid address, some four years ago, to the Shelley Society. This address called forth from Mr. Andrew Lang a very amusing parody at Mr. Arnold's expense. Shelley attracts Mr. Brooke because he is, as his admirer says, "full of resurrection power." "There was one thing at least," writes Mr. Brooke, "that Shelley grasped and realised with force in poetry—the moralities of the heart in their relation to the progress of mankind. Love and its eternity; mercy, forgiveness, and endurance, as forms of love; joy and freedom, justice and truth, as the results of love; the sovereign right of love to be the ruler of the universe, and the certainty of its victory—these were the deepest realities, the only absolute certainty, the only centre, in Shelley's mind; and whenever, in behalf of the whole race, he speaks of them, and of the duties and hopes that follow from them, strength is then instructive and vital in his imagination. Neither now nor hereafter can men lose this powerful and profound impression. It is Shelley's great contribution to the progress of humanity." Professor Freeman, in his austere way, sternly rebuked the "chatter about Shelley" which was invading Oxford, as he

rebuked a lady acquaintance of mine for caring about artistic blue pots. But some of us are so constructed that we would prefer "chatter about Shelley," so long as it is Mr. Brooke who chatters, even to the learned and excellent historical writings of Mr. Freeman.

I do not believe that a more perfect little book was ever written than Mr. Brooke's monograph on Milton, whether we consider the compressed narrative, the wise judgments, the note of profound admiration, mingled with occasional rebuke, the lucid analysis of "Paradise Lost," or the conception of the historic movement in which Milton took part. Compare this excellent little book with that of Mark Pattison on Milton in the "English Men of Letters" series, especially in its treatment of Milton's relation to public events. Mr. Pattison's work is that of a mere scholarly critic; Mr. Brooke's that of a man of insight. To Mr. Brooke "Milton and his work remain apart in lonely grandeur. In one aspect he had no predecessor and no follower; and we, who attempt at so vast a distance to look up to the height on which he sits with Homer and Dante, feel we may paint the life, but hardly dare to analyse the work, of the great singer and maker whose name shines only less brightly than Shakespeare's on the long and splendid roll of the poets of England."

It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Brooke has bestowed more study even on Milton and Shelley than he has on Wordsworth, who, he says, "does possess a philosophy, and its range is wide as the universe." By far the larger portion of his volume on "Theology in the English Poets" is devoted to Wordsworth, the remainder being given to Cowper, Coleridge, and Burns. A second series on Blake, Shelley, Keats, and Byron was promised, but has not yet seen the light. In Wordsworth "the whole of the natural theology of the eighteenth century disappears"—the theology which found its final expression in Paley, who likened Nature to a watch, made by a "great Artificer" and set going. This mechanical and static notion was replaced in the mind of Wordsworth by a dynamical and pantheistic conception, which prepared men for the theory of natural evolution so universally held by intelligent persons to-day. And Wordsworth was not only the priest of nature, but the poet of man. Although he became a political reaction-

ary, and denounced in his age what he had admired in his youth, yet he forsook the form rather than the substance of true progressive ideas. He perceived—as who does not perceive now?—the shallow philosophy, the lack of social bond, the short-sighted optimism of the Revolution; and he fell back on those primal human qualities, in the absence of which no social fabric can endure, and devoted himself to their development and support. All this and more Mr. Brooke has traced with the hand of a master and the affection of a disciple, in the essays relating to Wordsworth, and in the lectures on "Poetry and the French Revolution," recently delivered in London.

Mr. Brooke's study of our modern poetry has led him to brood much over the French Revolution—that tremendous Nemesis inflicted on culpable rulers by an aroused people, that "truth clad in hell-fire." In his volume of poems published two years ago he has a poem called "Versailles (1784)," in which the "young Scotch musketeer," Leslie, has a vision of the coming horrors. His friend watched him in sleep, after the revelry of the Carnival at Versailles had died away.

> I watched, and marked above his head the moon,
> That shone like pearl amid the western heaven,
> Suddenly swallowed up by a vast cloud
> With edges like red lightning, but the rest
> Of the sky and stars was clear, and the rushing noise
> Now louder swelled, like cataracts of rain.

The young Leslie tosses upon his bed, crying "Horror! horror!" wakes, and tells his awful dream.

> "You heard," he said, "that rushing sigh of wind,
> And then the awful cry, far off, as if
> The world had groaned and died.—I heard, and trance
> Fell on my brain, and in the trance I saw
> The square below me in the moonlight fill
> With nobles, dames, and maidens, pages, all
> The mighty names of France, and midst them walked
> The king and queen; not ours, but those that come
> Hereafter; and I heard soft speech of love
> And laughter please the night,—when momently
> The moon went out, and from the darkness streamed
> A hissing flood of rain, that where it fell
> Changed into blood, and 'twixt the courtyard stones
> Blood welled as water from a mountain moss;
> And the gay crowd, unwitting, walked in it.

Bubbling it rose past ankle, knee, and waist,
From waist to throat, and still they walked as if
They knew it not, until a fierce wind lashed
The crimson sea, and beat it into waves.
And when its waves smote on their faces, then
They knew, and shrieked, but all in vain; the blood
Storming upon them, whelmed and drowned them all.
At which a blinding lightning, like a knife,
Gashed the cloud's breast, and dooming thunder pealed."

Mr. Brooke's little volume of poems contains love lyr ballads, and narratives or dramatic incidents clothed in form of verse. Perhaps the two most striking poems are "T Lioness," an impressive version of a story which Mr. Bro heard, and "The Crofter's Wife," which, with "The Sempstre reveals its author's deep sympathy with the poor who called on to make such a desperate struggle for life. No little of the book is inspired by Venice, picture after pictur which is drawn, all of them beautiful.

Mr. Brooke's poetry, whether pensive or joyous, is, like his teaching, inspired with the thirst for "more life and full Although so much of the book is devoted to love poems, it not love alone which suffices. Nor is it duty or knowled Such is the burden of the two quatrains, "The Tree Life":

There were three fruits upon the tree;
Love, Knowledge, Duty—most of men
Take Love first—then they know—and then
Find Duty, best of all the three.

But he plucked Duty from the tree
The first—and Knowledge then he got,
And then seized Love, and he forgot
Duty and Knowledge—whence was misery.

Nor is mere purity the end; purity which may be as the sand, empty as the deserted shell, barren as the and watery moon. This is the note in "The Jungfr Cry":

Alas! cold sunlight, stars, and heaven,
My high companions, call.
The ice-clad life is pure and stern—
I am weary of it all.

Fulness of life, as the final and complete end, transcends and includes all minor and partial ends. It is that, and not the affirmation of any special virtue or the negation of any particular vice, which he who seeks for growth will really care for. It is the renewal of life in man which is the perpetual miracle, as it is the source of all the world's most real progress. To touch the hidden springs of life is the sacred office of the poet, as it is also the mysterious function of nature:

> A little love, a little trust,
> A soft impulse, a sudden dream,—
> And life as dry as desert dust
> Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So says Mr. Brooke in the beautiful little lyric of four verses, "The Earth and Man," and this fittingly concludes what I have to say concerning his poetical work.

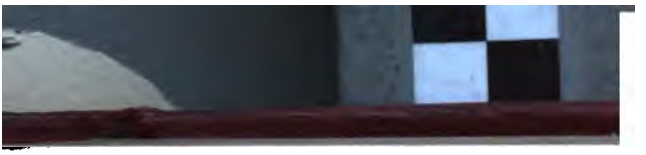
I like to look back upon the fortnightly meetings of the debating society over which Mr. Brooke used to preside, and at which I was a pretty regular attendant. We discussed all subjects in heaven and earth, scientific, literary, political, social, philosophic; and finally Socialism came in, like Charles I.'s head, and could not be ejected. No matter what the subject was, it drifted into Socialism. One evening it was "modern novels," which led to a defence of the realism of Zola as a necessary and wholesome account of the real facts of modern life. What did these facts imply? Obviously they implied the need for a reconstruction of society; and then we were at it, hammer and tongs, with the "law of rent," and "surplus value," and "wage slavery," and all the rest of it. Or we fell to discussing "Ireland," or the speeches and writings of the late lamented Beaconsfield, and it was just the same. The "trail of the serpent was over it all." We struggled manfully against our destiny, but our puny efforts were of no avail. Had Socialism met with any vigorous and intelligent opponent in our midst, something might have been done; but as we all found ourselves committed to Socialism "more or less," we thought it better to suffer the society to lapse, and it "died of Socialism."

The most interesting part of the evening was when Mr. Brooke summed up the discussion, except on those occasions

when he himself read a paper. He gave us some delightful essays on "Tennyson's Women," on "Rossetti's Poetry," on "Darwin," on "The Millais Exhibit," and on several Shakespearean plays. His summing up was always full, epigrammatic, suggestive, and brilliant. I wish I could recall the many clever things said and the many fine thoughts expressed at these meetings, which stimulated, in a quite unusual way, several of the most active young men now in London. Occasionally some well-known outsider came to take part in a discussion of special interest to him, or even to open it; and I recall among the visitors Mr. Bryce, Dr. Martineau, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Dr. Lauder Brunton, and others.

As a result of his deep consideration for the poor, Mr. Brooke has interested himself for some time in providing some means of recreation for those whose lives are so joyless and whose opportunities are so few, while his eldest daughter has managed with rare ability and devotion a children's holiday fund, to provide several hundred poor children of the slums with a month in the country every summer. I have heard pathetic stories of these holidays: of one boy who voluntarily gave up his place to another who needed the country air more; of a little cripple who was tended carefully by his comrades; of a little fellow from some dark London court who had never seen a pig before, and was lost in wonder and delight at the uncouth creature's ways; of mothers selling some object of apparel to provide their little boys or girls with small coins, so that they might not go quite empty-handed. The children are all taken from the board schools of a certain London area, so many being selected each year, are duly examined by a medical officer to ensure cleanliness, and, some morning at the end of July, are sent off in batches from the various London termini to their "country fathers" and "country mothers," as the children call the kind people who receive them into their rural homes, for a whole glorious month to play in the fields and grow strong. The children's experiences form the chief subject of conversation in many an otherwise cheerless London home for the next twelve months.

Mr. Brooke has recently started a club for working girls in central London, a fine old house in dignified Fitzroy Square,



here Clive Newcome and the old colonel lived, having been osen. The club is open every evening, and is largely manged by the girls themselves. Such institutions are sorely eeded in London, where thousands of young girls, after a long ay of monotonous work, have no place to go but their own mall bedrooms or the streets. I have heard of cases where ne girls have begged to be allowed to stay inside a business stablishment after it was closed for the sake of light and armth, although they had been on their feet all day for welve hours. These same girls for their exhaustive toil are aid about two dollars a week, while the shareholders in the ompany that employs them chuckle over their twenty-five er cent. dividends. And the girls are expected to be quick, bedient, good-natured, and polite all day long! While some rofessional philanthropists (an odious class with which England terally swarms) go crusading round the world, tilting at windmills and interfering with barbarous people who are much appier when left alone, Mr. Brooke addresses himself to this eal slavery of which English girls are the victims near his own oor. He is not and never will be one of those "blind guides 'ho strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," and who render the ery name of philanthropy disgusting.

In person Mr. Brooke is tall and handsome. Although ow fifty-eight years of age, he looks much younger, for he eems to have the secret of perpetual youth. His striking ead, with its mobile expression, eager, bright eyes, and plendid dome of forehead, with light wavy hair here and there ghtly touched with grey, is an attractive object, as well as he subject of frequent photographs to be seen in the London hop windows. It is pre-eminently the face of a man of courage. ntellect, sympathy, emotion are all there in an unusual egree; but above all moral courage, the expression of a incere mind, seems to me its most striking quality. One night put in Mr. Brooke's mouth the grand words of Danton: 'Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de 'audace!" It is the expression of his life, the life of a brave man, who had sufficient single-mindedness, sufficient love of truth and of man to rid himself of a false and reactionary theological and political environment, to quit the vitiated atmosphere of a Church made by and for narrower souls than his. And he

gave up place and preferment, not for a life of silence and emptiness like some, or for a career of petty quibbling and carping criticism like others, but for the best work of which his nature was capable. He has added to the permanent stock of that moral health upon which England can alone rely amid the mass of corruption and mammonism piled up around her heart.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

[THE YOUNG MAN, *July* 1900]

MY first acquaintance with the writings of Mr. Howells was through his charming Venetian story entitled "A Foregone Conclusion." That was many years ago, before I knew either Howells or Venice, but I was so pleased with the story that I could not set it down until I had read it through. I did not dream at that moment of ever making the personal acquaintance of its author; but how little do we foresee even our immediate future! Some two years after, I found myself sitting in the proscenium of the Park Theatre in Boston, next to Mr. Howells himself, listening to the performance of a dramatised version of his amusing story, "A Counterfeit Presentment." I had been so fortunate as to make the personal acquaintance of the novelist through his cousin by marriage, my dear friend, Mr. Mead, now editor of the *New England Magazine*, himself cousin of Larkin Mead, the sculptor, long resident in Florence, and whose sister became Mrs. W. D. Howells. I had never had the pleasure of sitting before by an author who was listening to his own play, and I was anxious to find out whether Mr. Howells was enjoying himself. But it was not easy to extract from him any distinct verdict on the performance, and I had to find my way home without any clearer idea of my distinguished companion than that he was a somewhat silent but yet charming man, modest to a fault, kindly beyond expression.

It was many years before I saw Mr. Howells again, though in the meantime I had been keeping up, not only with his stories, but with his admirable and luminous literary criticism in *Harper's Magazine*. Indeed, for some time I took my own views of some of our current literature from those pages.

There was an openness, a self-revelation about those criticisms which was peculiarly delightful. One was carried behind the actual works which were being reviewed and admitted to the freedom of the author's own mind, was an accepted private guest and revelled in a true spiritual hospitality. I heard now and then from America as to the doings of Mr. Howells. When I had known him in Boston he was living at Belmont, a suburban town, after having resided in Boston itself in a pleasant old square, almost under the dome of the State House, in a district which I think the most delightful urban district of any town in the world. But it was plain that Boston was soon to know him no longer, and I learned without surprise that he had left and settled down in New York. Let me say, however, that Howells does not love New York or its people. Its rush, its money-making, its plutocracy, are all abhorrent to him, and he said to me—what I heartily agree with—that Boston is not only the most pleasant but the most progressive of all American cities. "Every good and advanced piece of social reform comes from Boston."

The next time I saw Mr. Howells was in the curious piece of architecture at the Chicago World's Fair known as Old Vienna. A party of us had contrived, after a prolonged struggle with the waiters in a densely crowded dining-room, to secure something in the nature of a dinner, after which we adjourned to a private room, where Mr. Howells was waiting for us in company with the brother of a distinguished man of letters, now dead. Lager beer was dispensed with lavish hand, and we settled down to talk on the Exposition, but soon drifted on to the social problems growing up so fast in the United States. The scenes in Chicago itself at that moment compelled one to think of the ever-present problem. It was the beginning of the panic and depression. A day or two before I had seen a procession of a hundred thousand unemployed, and a mass meeting on the Lake Front near the huge Auditorium Hotel. A few days before that I had seen the streets of Cleveland blocked with unemployed, and a few days after I was to see the same phenomenon in St. Louis and Pittsburg. Howells could think of nothing else. To him the mass of the thing we call literary work seemed child's play compared with the work to be done in probing this grim

question of capital, of the workmen, of poverty, of the proper distribution of physical well-being. "If only I could speak," he said; "but I can't. I never made a speech in my life, and I should not know how. But I never envied the speaker his ability to get up and talk to his fellows as I do now." And what would Mr. Howells have said? I looked at the short, thick-set figure, with the powerful head set firm on its short neck, and I said to myself that, though I had found much interest in Mr. Howells as a writer, I believed I should find still greater interest in him as a speaker. I found him practically Socialist in the conclusions at which he had arrived. He was not at all violent; his Socialism was moderate, but it was clearly pronounced all the same. We talked of the movement in Germany, and we exchanged ideas on what seemed to be going on in the American labour movement. "We have no intellectual idea running through that movement at present," said he; "we are too chaotic at present; we have not yet filled up and come to our full stature. We are crude, and the money-making instinct is the strongest one in our midst." Here was one of those rare men with clear principles, but with no illusions as to the real condition of things.

"You must call on me when you are in New York; there is much to talk of." These were his final words amid the crowds of the Midway in the Exposition grounds, and I accordingly did call. Mr. Howells lived in one of the great apartment houses near the Plaza in front of Central Park. I had more than one walk with him in the park in the golden afternoon of the lovely American October. The nursemaids were in the main avenues of the park with the sucking millionaires and heiresses of the future in their charge, and the older children were playing about, the surly policemen looking carefully to see that none of them stepped on the sacred grass. We turned once down a side path, and sat down on a rustic bench under a tree. Suddenly there happened a pleasing incident, illustrating a certain wildness of life still remaining within the great city and an evident kindness on the part of the New Yorkers to animal life. A lovely little squirrel, after surveying us for a moment, appeared to arrive at the conclusion that we were people to be trusted. He hopped on to the seat, and then on to my shoulder, and

them he ran all over us, his bright eyes beaming an affectionate salutation, which was fully returned. Howells was delighted, and I had never seen or dreamt of such a scene right inside the precincts of a great city. The incident suggested to us how good it would be were all men to be able to meet on terms like this—terms of friendship and equality, glad to see one another and to cause each other, were it only for a moment, some measure of pure joy. We talked about New York, its crime, its drinking, the law courts, the rich classes. I said—and I may repeat it now—that I never felt so overwhelmed by the presence of long lines of rich people, never felt so unhappy, so irritated, so conscious of the world's heavy burden, as I had been a few days before at the fashionable hour on Fifth Avenue. He agreed, and said that the famous street was, he thought, more flaunting and aggressive in its riches than any other thoroughfare in the world. I said, after a great experience of New York at all hours of day and night, that I had not observed so much drunkenness as one might expect—nothing at all compared with London. He had noticed the same thing so far as the streets were concerned. "But you notice, on Third Avenue, for instance, the saloons quite bright after the nominal closing hour." I had observed saloons a blaze of light at two in the morning, when coming back from a club in Brooklyn. "That is all part of the game played between Tammany and the saloon-keepers. They pay into the Tammany funds, and Tammany allows them to keep open so long as any purchaser of a glass of whisky can be found. I suspect, if we were to examine more carefully, we should find more drunkenness than seems to exist."

Every one knows that Mr. Howells was Consul at Venice during the presidency of Lincoln, and many persons have doubtless read his admirable sketches of "Venetian Life." Next to his own country, Mr. Howells loves and understands Italy; and since one of the periodical Italian crises was claiming a share of public attention, we naturally talked about Italy. Mr. Howells said, "I knew Italy well during the time of my consulate at Venice, as I roamed about the country whenever I could get away from my duties. I had many friends, and I knew the language. That was in the sixties. Now, I went again to Italy on a visit in 1884, and was a guest

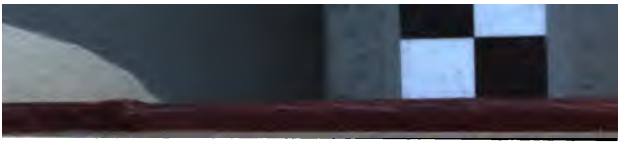
of several Italian friends, and I went to places that I had known well twenty years before. In every case the people were poorer and more miserable than they were when the Austrians were in possession of the land. The mere political oppression has been ended, but there is a far worse economic oppression which has the Italians in its grip." And so each road that we entered led the same way—to the economic and social problem of the time, and the method of meeting it. News had come the day before of the bomb thrown by the anarchist Vaillant into the Chamber of Deputies. Howells, who is, of course, a psychologist if he is anything, tried to place himself in the position of an anarchist—not of your gentle, theoretic, artistic anarchist, but of the fierce variety with a can of nitro-glycerine or a detonating powder in his vest pocket—and felt it hard to condemn wholesale, but at the same time saw that violence would wreck the whole movement, and so urged patience and peace, while still believing, as a matter of fact, that we should see not a little violence. The murders of Carnot and Canovas, and the attempts on King Humbert, soon showed that he was right. I said farewell with regret, as I was going to Boston. "I wish I were going too," said he.

Since then I have again seen Mr. Howells in London and in Frankfort. "All the world is becoming exactly alike," said he. "I have a grievance against your English railways. I was counting on coming to London in one of the old narrow compartments, and, behold! I am brought here in a big dining car, which might have been running on the New York Central. I thought you would never change here, and I must own to being very much disappointed." Mr. Howells made but a short stay in London, for the bad news came that his aged father had been taken seriously ill. He saw one or two old literary friends, and he met two or three veteran journalists at the house of a friend who kindly entertained him, and where again we talked the social question. At Frankfort I was paying a visit to the Goethe house, which I had not seen for years, when I was slightly tapped on the shoulder, and there was Mr. Howells, just fresh from Carlsbad, where he had been taking the cure, and was looking all the better for it—fresher, his kindly eye brighter, his tendency to

undue corpulence checked. He said he had not felt so well for some time, and wished he could have set forth with me to Vienna and Budapest, whither I was then bending my way. I found that he had been studying the social question in Germany, but was surprised at the comparative absence of squalor in the chief German cities. "I am told," he said, "that in some cities they deliberately keep it out of the way."

Mr. Howells has given us, in his little book "My Year in a Log Cabin," a very charming piece of autobiography. The cabin was in the southern part of Ohio, the pleasant region through which one passes on the Vandalia route from Pittsburg to St. Louis, rich in trees, streams, and meadows. His father was a Welshman and a printer by trade, and the house, if containing but little luxury, contained what is far better—family love, honest industry, and interest in the highest things. It has been good for American literature that so many of its writers have been brought up in the country and in simple fashion. Emerson drove his mother's cows home, Whitman and Whittier were both children of the farm, and Howells experienced the simple life of a log cabin when Ohio was a different state from what it is now. Howells belongs fundamentally to the great healthy democratic American class—the class which gave birth to Lincoln, and the class to which America, attacked by the twin vampires of Imperialism and plutocracy, must look now for aid and inspiration. In this connection it is as well to note how the future author went through all the varied experiences of democratic American life. He looked after the cows, split the wood, snared the game, fished the streams, and went to learn the printing trade, after which he became connected with the world of journalism. How much fresher will be the writing, how much more real and substantial the thought, of such a man, knowing life and standing firmly on his own feet, than that of the dilettante person who takes up writing as a mere business, with no knowledge of nature, of the actual world, or of the joys and sorrows and the simple life of its struggling men and women. Howells knew life before he began to criticise or describe it.

It is not, however, my intention to write a biography of Mr. Howells, so I pass on to a very brief consideration of his



works, only adding to what I have said as to his social opinions that, like all good Americans, he is vigorously opposed to Mr. McKinley's policy of "expansion," and that he is a member of the Anti-Imperialist League, which believes in sticking to the Declaration of Independence. The intensely Republican spirit which leads Howells to take this course, and which compels him to interest himself so deeply in the social question, permeates all his writings. It is so potent an influence in his mind that it led him to decry Walter Scott as likely to impress a worn-out feudal sentiment in the mind of young America—a doctrine which, I think, he has since modified. His criticisms of Tolstoi and the Russian novelists was largely determined by a feeling that they, above all other novelists, had approached life in a simple, direct, democratic way. That is the way of Howells himself. He has produced the present-day democratic novel—plain, realistic, too minutely photographic, it may be, too lacking in passion, but interpretative of actual life as the writer feels and sees it. Mr. Howells is rather apt to depreciate his earlier works, because there is in them somewhat of that sentiment, that romanticism, which afterwards, when he had reflected more deeply on the world, appeared to him insipid and jejune. Opinions here will differ. My own taste is sufficiently catholic to enable me to appreciate novels of various schools and tendencies. I think, *e.g.*, that Mr. Howells has rarely done better work than in "The Lady of the Aroostook"—so artless, so flawless in treatment and sentiment. What simple machinery to produce so admirable a result! The broad Atlantic and a handful of people on a sailing vessel—that is the whole *mise-en-scène*, and yet the story is one of the most charming idylls of our time. In his later works Mr. Howells seems to desire to make a study of all the leading questions of our time, just as Zola did. In "An Undiscovered Country" he took up spiritualism in the striking personality of Boynton, a sincere but baffled and not quite sane investigator. In "The Rise of Silas Lapham"—by all odds one of his best stories, if not his very strongest piece of work—Mr. Howells has traced the course of an American politician. In "Dr. Breen's Practice"—which seems to me rather unattractive—the question of women's work in the world is considered. "Annie Kilburn"

treats of life in a New England factory town, while "Out of the Question" touches the great negro problem which looms up so large in America. The author has passed away from idylls, and has determined to use the instrument of the novel as Turgenev used it—for social purposes. There is a third class of Mr. Howell's novels, a class that cannot be included in either of the former categories. This is the novel of average American manners and types of middle-class character, such as "Their Wedding Journey" and "An Open-eyed Conspiracy." It is not so interesting a class, although marvellously faithful to life as it shows itself to an observer on American soil. If we must place the three varieties in order of merit and interest, I think it must be in this order: First, the social novels, by reason of the strong purpose running through them, and the fidelity of treatment; second, the early novels of sentiment; third, the novels of average life, with not much sentiment, with no special purpose, and occasionally with a complication of detail which is a little tiring.

Mr. Howells, in more than one of his literary criticisms, has said that the present-day English novel is apt to be rather slipshod in its style and methods, and the charge is true. That charge cannot be laid against Mr. Howells himself, for his writings are the very embodiments of method and care. It is all like the carving of cherry-stones, every bit of the work is so minute and thoughtful. Indeed, if we can lay any charge at the door of Mr. Howells, it is that he is too little spontaneous, too careful, too minute in every detail of his work. This extreme carefulness is, I think, a characteristic of American writing. It pervaded the essays of Lowell and the romances of Hawthorne. Mr. Howells excepts from his condemnation of English novelists Anthony Trollope, whose systematic methods he praises highly. But Trollope never did such minute, painstaking work as Howells. We are invited to consider the most trifling domestic details of the March *ménage*, which I confess I am not anxious to do. I should prefer some of these details omitted, and the rest of the story painted with a freer brush on a wider canvas. Next to this careful accuracy of minor detail, the reader will note the comparative absence of passion in Mr. Howells's stories. The

lovers are, one thinks, too introspective, too studious of minute shades of feeling. One longs to see them throw aside the psychological analysis and end it all with a good hearty kiss. However, when in Mr. Howells's company we are not often far from Boston Common, the Athenæum, and the old South Church, and one says to oneself, "Well, that is the way they do there." Lovers of the romantic, of Wertherism, of breakneck adventure, must not open these pages—they are not for them. There are no hairbreadth 'scapes here; there is no languishing, no blowing out of brains in a fit of passion. Even in a serious crisis every one is fairly cool; they all keep their heads. It is Boston's way.

On the other hand, what excellent descriptions there are! The admirable vignettes of Quebec in a "A Chance Acquaintance," or the very flavours of the New England woods in "An Undiscovered Country," or the streets of New York in "The Shadow of a Dream." The truth about Howells is, in fact, that he is a wonderful and nearly supreme observer—primarily a social observer, but an observer of natural objects also. Everything he sees fastens itself firmly on his memory and intertwines itself with his moods, his thoughts, his reflections, his imagination. He looks about him for his types, he does not create out of his moral consciousness. But when he has seen what he went out to see, he so broods over it that he assimilates it and its surroundings, physical and social, in his own mind. That mind is very hospitable; it welcomes saints and sinners, and dull people who do not belong to either class, and it simply lets them tell their story. If you say you are not interested in the story, it is as much as to say that you are not interested in life as it is, but you want to hark back to all that Byronism, that false sentiment, that romanticism against which the realist movement, represented by Mr. Howells, is in active protest. I do not agree with you, but, as I have hinted, I do wish Mr. Howells had more passion. For, after all, even in this prosaic age there is surely more passion than Mr. Howells draws in his books. Would that he might yet do for us what has not yet been done—write a novel of American working-class life as it is in New York to-day. There are passions in those circles not dreamed of by good Mr. and Mrs. March.

Many literary men, when one comes to know them, are disappointing, cold, formal, superficial, even positively disagreeable. One wishes one had contented oneself with their books, and had never met them. But there are two men of letters whom in my time I have had the pleasure of meeting who were even better than their books, and both were Americans. One was Emerson, the other Howells. It is impossible to exaggerate the charm of Mr. Howells. His kindly deference to oneself (when one feels all the time so undeserving of it), his soft and pleasant voice, his speaking eyes filled with a mild light, his powerful head, with its big jaw and clear-cut features, his many interests, his social enthusiasm, his knowledge of men and cities, his fine ethical nature—all draw him inevitably to one who has, in however small a degree, some qualities answering to his. There is not a more characteristic American living, and yet not one whose heart goes out more warmly to all throughout the world who are engaged in work for the uplifting of their fellow-men.

As Mr. Howells is but sixty-three, I hope he has still some important original production for the benefit of his readers, so numerous in both the Old World and the New. I should, for my part, be most pleased by something in the line of "The Traveller from Altruria," that satire and prophecy in one, which contains perhaps the sum and substance of Mr. Howells's social teachings. It is the Christianity of Christ translated into the tongue of modern life. Perhaps, were one to say what at bottom one thought Mr. Howells really to be, one would say that he was before all things a believer in the Gospel of Nazareth.

THE RT. HON. LEONARD COURTNEY

A CHARACTER SKETCH

[The Young Man, *August* 1900]

It was surely significant that when Mr. Courtney rose a short time ago in the House of Commons, to denounce with fervent passion the war in South Africa, he should have been received with loud applause by the Irish Home Rule party. For in 1886 the defection of Mr. Courtney from Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question was one of the severest blows aimed at the Irish Nationalists. Every one knew that the Duke of Devonshire would secede, and every one knew that the secession of Mr. Chamberlain was not an act of sincerity but of ambition. But Mr. Courtney's break with Mr. Gladstone and the bulk of the Liberal party was known by every person in political life to be due solely to a profound conviction that Home Rule for Ireland was neither possible nor wise. There was no heated passion, no self-seeking egotism in Mr. Courtney's attitude, while the speeches he made on the subject remain the most logical arguments against Mr. Gladstone's proposals. The Irish members know this. They must have felt keenly the opposition of Mr. Courtney to their cause, and yet they hailed him the other day as though he had been one of their stoutest allies. A better testimony to Mr. Courtney's independence and honesty it would not be easy to find.

One need only look at Mr. Courtney to see that he is a strong man—strong mentally and morally. There is a vast array of facts well stored in that massive head. When I look at him, or when I read one of his admirably thought-out speeches, I am always reminded of what Macaulay said of Sir James Mackintosh: "In his most familiar talk there was no

wildness, no inconsistency, no amusing nonsense, no exaggeration for the sake of momentary effect. His mind was a vast magazine, admirably arranged. Everything was there, and everything was in its place." I know that this kind of nature is not usually popular. The average slipshod man, with his jellyfish character, his rooted inability for clear thinking, his confusion of issues, his habitual inaccuracy, dislikes being handled by a trained thinker, without vulgar prejudices, who measures everything he says, who informs himself as to his facts, and who is ready to stand by his convictions whether he meets with the applause or the howling of the stupid mob. Aristides, who was a man of this type, was so unpopular in Athens that the citizens banished him since they could not answer him. If the clever and brilliant Athenians had to take such a line of action, what are we to expect from duller, muddle-headed John Bull, with his inherent hatred for logic and argument! I much fear that our Aristides will be banished not from the country—we have not come to that yet—but from Parliament, which will be perceptibly the poorer for his absence.

If the powerful head assures to its possessor intellectual power, the slightest glance at the countenance is equally convincing as to a good and upright character. You feel you can trust him, and you feel it instantly. There is no part of that moral fibre which is unsound. There is nothing in that moral fabric which is squeezable, not to say saleable. A strong, sane, sturdy, self-contained individuality, standing four-square to all the winds that blow. How different, you think, from some prominent men in the House of Commons whom one might name but concerning whom I will, notwithstanding great temptation, keep silence. For, after all, as the Frenchman said of the St. John's men, "They too are God's creatures." Yet, strong as is the individuality of Mr. Courtney, I think two assertions may be safely made about him. In the first place, though some "patriots," victims of a low mendacity, may call him the friend of every country but his own, Mr. Courtney is a thorough Englishman in aspect and in character. One might possibly take Mr. Chamberlain for an American, Mr. Morley for a Frenchman (I mean in aspect), but one could never suppose Mr. Courtney to be anything but

an Englishman, ruddy, healthy, and well favoured. In the next place, Mr. Courtney's convictions never lead him to lose his temper, to deal with an opponent unjustly, or to adopt any attitude other than that of a courteous, sincere, earnest inquirer after truth. His convictions, indeed, are so deeply rooted that he can possess his soul in patience. When Sir Isaac Newton was once told by some ignorant sciolist that his mathematical calculations, on which he had spent years of laborious thought, were all wrong, he replied, "It may possibly be so." The small man would have fumed and sulked under the insult; the great man, secure in his mind, could afford to be quiet. Mr. Courtney's disposition is of this kind. The best statement of his attitude might well be given in those weighty Bible words, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Mr. Courtney received what was perhaps the best training which could have been given him for public life. The old classical tradition among Whigs and Tories alike was the useful tag from Horace or Cicero. Far be it from me to disparage classical culture, which I believe still to be the groundwork of a liberal education. But stock quotations in a Parliamentary speech, I must confess, do not impress me. They must always have been unintelligible to the great majority of the members, and they appear to me usually examples of mere affectation. Mr. Courtney had the inestimable benefit of a deep training in mathematics and, like the younger Pitt, in political economy. I can speak with perfect impartiality on mathematics, for to this day I attribute it to the mysterious dispensations of Providence that I got through my mathematics at Cambridge. I am so helpless in that field that I possibly unduly admire the mind which can wind itself into the mysteries of the differential calculus or even of conic sections. Many years ago the late Dr. Whewell and the late Sir William Hamilton held high debate as to whether logic or mathematics was better for training the mind. Both are good, but some of us take more naturally to the one, some to the other. I dare say Mr. Courtney took to both, but his public record is on the side of mathematics, for he became a high wrangler at Cambridge, and was elected to a fellowship at St. John's College, and that is the mathematical

college *par excellence*. It is worth noting that two other prominent Cambridge economists, Fawcett and Marshall, were high wranglers. There is some close association between the two subjects, whatever we may think about the merits of the economic school which uses mathematical symbols for the elucidation of economic truths. After his Cambridge career Mr. Courtney became a professor of political economy in University College, London. Now I think it will be admitted that here is excellent mental groundwork for a statesman's career, mathematics, in the first place, training the mind to accuracy and continuous thought on difficult subjects, while political economy accustomed its exponent to deal with that vast array of questions which concerns the "wealth of nations." I think that is better than Cicero, with his thin rhetoric, or Horace, with his rather superficial feeling.

Mr. Courtney first entered the House of Commons about the same time as Mr. Chamberlain—in 1876. I am not about to detail what he did and said there. For that you must go to Hansard. I recollect hearing him speak in that very year. It must have been one of his first speeches. I noted, or thought I noted, a not altogether friendly House, and I thought I could divine the reason why. Mr. Lecky in his recent volume, "The Map of Life," has told us of the impression the House of Commons makes upon a highly cultivated man whose life has been devoted to the problems of the mind. The intellectual man does not like the House; he does not approve of its short views, of its carelessness of general principles, of its indifference to logic and to ideas. The House, though a tolerant body, reciprocates this feeling, and shows an instinctive distrust for men who do not live merely for the moment. This was the attitude of the House towards Burke, and to some extent towards Cornewall Lewis and J. S. Mill. It is in the nature of things that this should be so, for the House is, after all, only representative of the interests and prejudices of the average man. It seemed to me, therefore, that on the occasion of this speech of Mr. Courtney the philistine House sniffed "ideas" and scented reasoned convictions in the air. I observed once a similar effect produced by an able speech of the late Mr. Thorold Rogers, which made even the philosophic Mr. Balfour quite irritated. But to one

who feels drenched by the commonplace philistinism of the House of Commons how welcome is this occasional reminder of a world of great ideas beyond the narrow limits of the division lobby! I do not know that Mr. Courtney could ever be politically popular in Parliament, but what a needful corrective is his logical idealism! One may say of him, as Gladstone said of Mill, that he is the conscience of the House of Commons.

The weight of Mr. Courtney's influence has never been more surely felt than in the discussions which have arisen out of the war and of the diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain which preceded it. This is not the place for partisan politics or even for the discussion of politics at all, and therefore I shall say nothing here about the merits of the war. But everybody, friend and foe alike, will admit that Mr. Courtney has been the real moral leader of the Opposition. One felt a certain pity for the nominal leader, looking this way and that, for fear he should offend a section of his divided party. But Mr. Courtney had no party to bother about, save that which was under his own hat, and never in the course of parliamentary history have a series of abler and more earnest speeches been delivered than he has uttered at Westminster. These speeches were all the more powerful in that Mr. Courtney believes in the old Greek doctrine of "not too much." There is always a note of restraint in all his utterances, leaving the impression that there is far more behind, as there is. In manner his tone is measured, his utterance rather slow, his voice strong and pronounced. You would not say that he was an orator as Gladstone or Bright was, but you would say that for clear, definite, powerful yet calm speaking, interfused with a grand moral tone, you had but rarely heard anything like it.

In conversation Mr. Courtney is the least egotistical, the most suave and genial of men. He rather endeavours to learn your opinion than to advance his own, and he treats one not only with kindliness, but with an almost embarrassing deference. He speaks in low quiet tones, but if you ask his opinion, it is ready; he has thought out the matter in question, and he does not hesitate to state it, though always with charity and kindness towards opponents. Most people are shy of one who is a mathematician and an economist into

the bargain, not to say an ex-official in the Government; but Mr. Courtney has not only courtesy of an almost old-fashioned type, he has a keen sense of humour and an appreciation of a good story which will soon break the barriers of the most icy reserve and put the most undistinguished stranger at his ease. After all, as has been said, it is kindliness which at bottom makes the true gentleman. That is the explanation of Mr. Courtney's fascination.

I suppose, if you were to ask the ordinary party politician what he thought of Mr. Courtney, he would say that he thought him a faddist or crotcheteer. This is not only because he will argue out every question as he was accustomed to work out his mathematical problems at Cambridge, but also because he has taken up unpopular causes and pressed them in season and out of season. With two of these he has been very closely identified—viz., Woman Suffrage and Proportional Representation. I will not discuss these matters, any more than I would now discuss the war, but it is necessary to state the ground on which Mr. Courtney insists on their vital importance. It is because he believes that serious injustice is being inflicted on persons that he seeks for the suffrage for women, and for a form of representation that would represent all, and not only a series of chance majorities. I am inclined to think that he attaches too much importance to the machinery of politics in the matter of proportional representation, and that, as things are, it would not be easy to work it in this country. But when one sees how faulty our existing system is and what poor results it gives, and when one finds that all the reformers in the United States, the British Colonies, and Switzerland are completely with Mr. Courtney in this matter, it is time that less earnest people ceased talking of one who sees present evils as a mere faddist.

On the great economic and social problems which have to such a large extent superseded the older politics in most civilised countries, I should say that Mr. Courtney held the position of one clearly biased in favour of individualism, but with an open mind. He sees the danger of hasty action, which it may be difficult to recall, and he sees also, I should say, the tremendous risks we are running—risks to the higher nature of man—by giving to the State too great control over the

destinies of man. The idyllic State dreamed of by some of our good Socialist friends is a very different thing from any actual Socialist State that could be framed now, with men as they are. The latter would be a State armed with vast military power, able to crush all opposition to its will, and, above all, "run" in the interest and modelled after the ideals of the average sensual man—not a very attractive picture to those who think our existing States of Europe far too strong already, and who would be glad to see a rehabilitation of the individual. Mr. Courtney would say that much can be done by co-operation, much by the development of a higher sense of justice, and that, in a word, the actual problem is more moral than economic. Of a vast intricate bureaucracy, such as is the dream of some who call themselves Socialists, Mr. Courtney would express the most intense dislike. It is probable, though, that he will be found supporting all the progressive social movements that will arise in his time.

Sundered from the Tories on nearly every question and from the Liberals on Home Rule, while separated from the typical man of either faction by his politics founded definitely in morality, Mr. Courtney is in some respects a rather pathetic figure in political life. Like Milton, he has fallen on evil days and evil tongues, but also, like the great poet, he bates no jot of heart or hope. Probably his constituents will reject him, unless the war fever markedly subsides before the elections. But he has a constituency far wider than the Liskeard district of Cornwall, attached to that as he is, being himself a Cornishman. He speaks to the English-speaking world, and his utterances are read in the United States with sympathetic interest by all those thoughtful Americans who believe they are menaced by the same disease which Mr. Courtney thinks has taken deep hold of England. For my part, though I should be sorry for the bad taste of Cornwall if Mr. Courtney were rejected, I should be relieved if his enforced leisure enabled him to do what is one of the most important pieces of work that could be done now—viz., to trace out for us in a masterly treatise a body of political doctrine such as the world's thinkers have given to an ungrateful world from time to time. Perhaps general mundane gratitude is no greater than it ever was, but we are getting into such a tangle that none of us knows where

he stands. We need, as Matthew Arnold put it, to pour a fresh stream over our old stock notions. It would not be easy to point to any one who could perform that function with a steadier hand than Mr. Courtney, for it needs political experience, economic knowledge, and moral enthusiasm, combined with sane judgment. I heard Mr. John Morley say at the Carlyle centenary that there were still two sages left in Chelsea. One of them must have been Mr. Courtney. There is work for such a sage, whatever comes of the political blindness of the hour.

CHARLES SPURGEON

[DAILY CHRONICLE, *February* 1, 1892]

PERHAPS the first thought about Mr. Spurgeon's death is that a great Englishman has gone from our midst. Just as the news from his sick-bed has been scanned with eagerness by the Anglo-Saxon race, so will the tidings of his death be keenly felt by men and women of English speech in both hemispheres. Mr. Spurgeon belonged peculiarly to the English world. He spoke their language with a simple force, which in these days only the other great modern Puritan orator, John Bright, has equalled; he interpreted the stricter form of their Protestant faith, and his genius for organisation, his humour, and his strenuous and homely personality, appealed to various sides of their character. Yet, like many great men—like Napoleon and Gambetta—Mr. Spurgeon did not belong entirely to the people whom he served. He was a Dutchman on the father's side, a branch of the stock which Alva in vain tried to bend to his iron will, and in appearance at all events he suggested his descent from the countrymen of William the Silent. His Dutch solidity, however, was shot through with a lighter strain of blood, just as his Puritan fervour had come down to him through generations of men who professed the faith in which Cromwell and Bunyan and Wesley found their inspiration. In a sense, indeed, Spurgeon lived largely in the past. He cared nothing for new ideas, for modern refinements of faith and morals. His language, save for its characteristic turn of humour, and perhaps not even in that, differed little from that of some stout camp-preacher of Cromwellian days. His method of interpreting Scripture was largely theirs. His views of the future life, and its relations to the existence of to-day, were in no important sense distinct from those of the authors of the

"Westminster Confession." It has, indeed, been one of the wonders of the time that in the midst of our humanitarian, æsthetic, sensitive age, with its Universalist formulæ, its shrinking from logical extremes, its leaning to optimist idealism, one powerful, insistent, strenuous voice has resolutely preached the old doctrines in the old style, illumined by the light which genius gives, but set uncompromisingly to the note which found favour with the "rude forefathers" who made English Puritanism. And the voice has been a solitary one. Spurgeon leaves no heirs. The attempt to found a kind of Sacred College, of which he was the head, failed. His "young men" recall only the less desirable features of his ministry. Truly, the Last of the Puritans is gone from us.

That he was a great man cannot seriously be questioned. If the test of greatness is the power to sway one's fellows, Spurgeon possessed it to a degree which only two of his contemporaries, Mr. Gladstone and John Bright, shared with him. There is a familiar story told of the great preacher entering a howling mob of the worst characters of slum London, and stilling them in a moment by the mere magic of his wonderfully persuasive voice and the rude strength of his presence. For thirty years he has been justly accounted the greatest preacher of his day. During that period his audiences at the Tabernacle could never have fallen below five thousand, and often reached six. His weekly sermon, which was always good, always fresh, never formal or barren, had an average circulation of 25,000 copies, and on special occasions ran up to 100,000 and over, and has furnished the chief spiritual food to millions of souls. His "John Ploughman's Talk," with its gospel of common sense and its plain and on the whole manly views of the conduct of life, sold to the tune of a quarter of a million copies. For a generation no country trip to town has been complete without a visit to the great religious theatre —we use the word in no invidious sense—where Mr. Spurgeon so completely filled the stage. And yet, as we have said, the man who wielded and maintained this tremendous influence was at no pains to accommodate his teaching to new lights, to soften its inexorable conclusions, to shake off its most pitiless dilemmas. When he thought that his own church, the church which he had chosen in place of the Congregationalism in

which he had been brought up, was going with the modern multitude to do evil, he at once cut himself adrift from it. But though his was the only name of note appearing in the protest against the "down-grade movement," that act and his secession from the Baptist Union in no way weakened his personal position as the popular prophet-preacher of British Evangelicalism. Mr. Spurgeon to the last believed in the old form of the old dogmas, in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, in eternal punishment, in the reprobation of the great majority of his fellow-creatures—in short, in the formidable anathemas of that extreme Calvinism which, reduced to their barest proportions, pictures just such a world and such an outlook as Tennyson portrayed with grim power in his "Despair." The majority of the churches, indeed, in revolt against such conclusions, threw themselves on what the poet calls "the human heart of the age." Mr. Spurgeon remained an eloquent voice crying in the wilderness, and preaching the old notions with the old force and the old intensity of personal belief. Not, of course, that he dwelt exclusively, or even largely, on the sterner aspects of his faith. Mr. Spurgeon was too human and too rich in saving common sense to picture only the lurid side of Calvinism. Like most men of his way of thinking, he practised Arminianism while he assumed predestination, and though he believed that a good many men were predestined to be damned, treated all men as potential subjects of salvation. Indeed, the universalism which he denied in the future life was precisely the note of the admirable secular work of which he was the inspirer. No sectarian test barred the way to his splendid Orphanage, or impeded his numerous charities.

Mr. Spurgeon's reputation as an orator was fully deserved. The web of his speech was as simple as that of John Bright's, and the effect he produced upon his hearers was strikingly similar. Humour, pathos, appeal, were all pressed into the preacher's service. The illustrations were drawn from the daily life of his hearers, the jests were current coin stamped with rough impressions of the "common round, the daily task." The mere mental refreshment of such a method to the men and women who heard him must have been enormous, apart from the moral stimulus. The sight of the strong face and

the homely figure pacing easily about the platform, which suited Mr. Spurgeon so much better than the cribb'd confinement of the pulpit, the flow of simple Saxon speech, the rich, deep voice that penetrated to every corner of the vast oval of the Tabernacle—one can recall, though never completely realise, the attraction that all these things were for thousands and tens of thousands of Englishmen. Something of the charm of the religious side of life, the sense of visions "of the night and of the day," was no doubt wanting, for Mr. Spurgeon had a habit of presenting the most mystical doctrines of Christianity in anything but a mystical form. But the preacher's belief that he had a message to deliver, the power, simplicity, sincerity with which he presented it, and the flavour of a strong self-reliant personality which ran through every racy sentence, bid us remember that there was only one Spurgeon, and incline us to couple his name with that of a greater man, whom in one or two particulars he curiously resembled, the name of Martin Luther.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

[DAILY CHRONICLE, *Friday, May* 20, 1898]

"This is the Happy Warrior; this is He
That every man in arms should wish to be."
WORDSWORTH.

A GLORIOUS light has been extinguished in the land. Mr. Gladstone is dead; and all his life lies in the past; a memory to us and our children, an inspiration and a possession for ever, but no longer a visible presence,

A constant influence, a peculiar grace.

To all things an end. To Mr. Gladstone that end has come as to a soldier at his post, it has found him calm, expectant, faithful, unshaken. It is sad to think that instead of the gentle visitation of decay death has come robed in the terrors of mortal pain. But what better can be said of him who is gone than that as he taught his fellows how to live, so he has shown them how to die? "Why," says the poet, "should we mourn for the blest?" To have been for sixty years in the front of the battle for great causes, to have been the governing influence in the greatest Empire ever known for at least a generation of the sons of the men, to have never faltered or weakened, to have used every hour that could be saved from the "eternal silence," to have been noble, placable, and gentle in character and in behaviour, to pass away at last full of years and honours—these things it has been the happy fate of Mr. Gladstone to be and to do. And now it is less our place to grieve than to rejoice:

All is over and done,
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.

It is impossible for us at this hour to survey the mighty range of this splendid life. One of the Continental observers whose messages we quote to-day describes him as the last of the humanitarian statesmen. It might almost be said that he was the first. For our part, we would assign to him the title of the great Nationalist of the nineteenth century. To Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Belgium his is the name of the strongest helper of small peoples that Europe has known since the dawn of the nineteenth century. Mr. Gladstone lived to mourn in the last year of vigorous life allotted to him the abuse of the power of the great military autocrats of Europe. To that power he set many limits and provided many checks. He felt an inborn love of the small land; perhaps he remembered that from two little countries, Palestine and Greece, came the chief moral and intellectual interests of his life.

But beyond everything we claim Mr. Gladstone as the Patriot, the greatest of the Master Builders of modern England. The Queen and the Constitution owe to the great founder and leader of the modern Liberal party a debt which, so far as the Sovereign is concerned, has never been adequately paid. Of our commercial greatness he was, with Sir Robert Peel, the main promoter in the region of State finance. He described himself as "a commercial statesman," and to his strong, orderly, thrifty stewardship, the country owes, in the main, the unassailable strength and integrity of its fiscal position. Liberal and Conservative finance has for thirty years been little more than an adaptation of the Gladstonian rule. The great Budget of 1853 was the most masterly financial document of modern England, initiating, as it did, a period of unrivalled prosperity. Nor can we forget what we owe to Mr. Gladstone's enlightened railway policy in 1844, which first gave us cheap transit and which furnished the first check to railway monopoly. We believe that it is no secret that Mr. Gladstone was then willing to go much farther, and that he looked with approval on the doctrine that the railways should be public property. Though always inclining to the "classical" English political economy, Mr. Gladstone was never a slave to hide-bound formulas. He was ever ready to recognise large social facts, and he was therefore as prompt to use the agencies of the State against the railway magnate as he was later on to use the same

agencies against the Irish landlord if the well-being of the country demanded it.

It was Mr. Gladstone's fortune, through his long career, to serve the State in nearly every one of its departments, and so to acquire a mastery over public details possessed by no other man of our time. He touched all kinds of themes, and he touched nothing that he did not adorn. The record of his achievements is a roll-call of the political problems of our age. Finance, tariff, relations of Church and State, public education, a popular suffrage, the ballot, the ownership of land, international arbitration, Army Reform, Home Rule, the rights of nationalities—his vast sweep included all these and many other questions, into each of which he threw himself with a gallantry and enthusiasm rarely equalled and never surpassed in our national history. In his golden mouth statistics became eloquent, in his eager hands Acts of Parliament acquired meaning and interest. His unresting energy, his magnetic will, his lofty character dominated the men of smaller intellect and feebler faith. His courage was contagious, his personal force created "a soul under the ribs of death," his high seriousness and noble magnanimity infused his own fine qualities into the House of Commons during the time when he held that assemblage under his firm but gracious sway. To us who have watched him on that arena of his many triumphs and reverses, it can never be the same place after the removal of that stately figure panoplied in the armour of a splendid purpose and an exalted character. It was not so much his wonderful mental resources, his exact memory, his wide grasp of affairs, that commanded the homage even of his foes. It was the nameless force which we call personality, the great soul whose presence breathed forth an undefined perfume—it was the gravely proud nature which soared above the sordid details of ordinary politics and illumined and transformed them as no other statesman since Burke has done. And it was this force of a great personality which lifted Mr. Gladstone to such a pinnacle of greatness in the eyes of the majority of his countrymen. The people commit many blunders, and sometimes they sanction terrible crimes; but they never fail to recognise a man, and ever since the day when a puny and

short-sighted academic "culture" rejected Oxford's greatest son, the common people, if we may use the expression, "heard him gladly," and treasured up in their hearts the recollection of his noble face and dignified form, fit outer temple of so large and elevated a character.

This is not the occasion on which to criticise the policy or leading lines of action of this great man. History will calmly analyse these matters, and will reach her own conclusions as to what was wise or unwise, expedient or impossible. In the sorrow of the hour we pass by these things. It is no time to "peep and botanise" over this honoured grave. One thing, however, we may say with confidence. Mr. Gladstone has been called an Opportunist, and there is a sense in which this is true. He was an Opportunist, as all responsible statesmen must be as differentiated from agitators and purely moral reformers. It is for the moral enthusiast like Garrison to say that slavery must be destroyed root and branch, without any consideration of public convenience; such a man cannot, for one moment, compromise with crime. But it is for Lincoln, the statesman, equally sincere in his desire for the right, but compelled to take into account the balance of social forces playing all round him, to determine under what particular conditions this moral aspiration shall be embodied in public action. Now, it was in this sense that Mr. Gladstone was an Opportunist, and not at all in the usual French sense of that word, which denotes a timid, featureless character temporising with a problem which it dares not attack. Timidity had no place in Gladstone's soul, he was a lion among men, endowed with a granite strength of will and purpose, rare indeed in our age of feeble convictions. Courage, ardour, conviction were the very breath of his being, whether he was attacking Bourbon rule in Naples or demanding a vote to resist aggression at Penjdeh, or committing himself to a new Irish policy which he well knew would split his party from top to bottom. But as a political leader, as a statesman, it was his duty to study times and seasons, to watch for the right moment, to discover when the mind of the country was ripe for a response to his trumpet call. In this sense alone he was an Opportunist, as every leader of men, from Pericles or Quintus Fabius downwards, has been.

It is not Mr. Gladstone's opportunism, but a very different quality, which has given him the commanding place in the affections of his countrymen. It is, in a word, his Faith. We do not mean his theological opinions, his ecclesiastical preferences, but his firm hold on unseen verities. Here was a man who "lived as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye," and who saw running through the details of secular policy the golden thread of an eternal purpose. This, after all, is the great wall of separation between men—do they believe or do they not? No professions of religion, no pious formulas, can long conceal from the people the unbelieving man; they will penetrate all his disguises, and the shrivelled soul will be laid bare before them. Mr. Gladstone's life presented aspects of charm for all minds. His learning captivated the scholar, his eloquence and statesmanship the politician, his financial genius the man of business, while his domestic relations and his simple human graciousness appealed to all hearts. But that which gave to him his supreme strength, that which made him stand forth in the eyes of his countrymen, was his faith, his steadfast and serene confidence in the Power that rules the destinies of mankind.

> Now is the stately column broke,
> The beacon-light is quenched in smoke.

But the memory of a great character cheered and supported to the end by an unfaltering faith is one of the most precious legacies of the dying century to all English-speaking people.

MAX NORDAU: THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

[The Young Man, July 1896]

Several years ago some one put into my hands a cheap reprint of a book called "Conventional Lies of our Civilisation." Being somewhat in revolt against civilisation myself, I opened the book in a spirit of eagerness, the more so since I knew that it had exercised a considerable influence in America, where it was used as a kind of text-book by the small Socialist party and by so-called advanced people generally. I supposed at the time that the author's name, Max Nordau, was a pseudonym, little imagining that in a few years' time, he would be one of the most talked-of men in Europe. When this book was republished last year in a more expensive and attractive form, I read it all through again, and found my first impressions of Nordau fully confirmed. What those impressions are, and more especially what is the value of Nordau's more famous work "Degeneration," I will discuss later on. Let me first say a word or two about the personality of the man himself.

Max Nordau is a man of striking appearance, and of somewhat under fifty years of age. You see at once that he is of Jewish origin. The intensely bright and prominent eyes are Jewish; so is the nose, which is not, however, so pronounced as among most members of Nordau's race; so is the sharp, keen air of the man. Nordau is not, however, of the type of the city Jew, the Jew of finance; for he is not thick-lipped or sensual. He may rather be said to belong to that Jewish type of which Heine is the great representative—the Jew of intellect and culture, the Jew who has either passed through or has never experienced the stage of money-spinning and stock-

exchange gymnastics. The modern Jew has these two sides—the side of Spinoza and the side of Rothschild. Nordau belongs emphatically to the former. He carries his head erect, looking forth on the world with a certain knowing air, and pleasant as he is, he conveys the impression of a certain scorn for those who do not know as much as he does. This may be an unjust inference; I only speak of the feeling produced on my mind. The face indicates intellectual curiosity, facile power, marvellous mental rapidity, a by no means unkindly, albeit satirical disposition, but along with these, an utter absence of reverence, a marked blank in the region of sympathetic imagination. One feels that this man would never produce the higher poetry, as he has never enjoyed any deep spiritual experience. Those lines of his own favourite Goethe must mean nothing for Nordau:

> Who never ate his bread to sorrow,
> Who never spent the darksome hours,
> Weeping and watching for the morrow,
> He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

This clever man is a little too clever, a little too self-confident, a trifle too assertive, a little too much under the domination of the logical understanding, a little too cocksure about everything in heaven and earth. Such at least is the impression he makes, and this impression is confirmed by much, if not most, of his writings.

The splendid condition of Max Nordau as a purely intellectual machine fills you with wonder. He seems to know everything that is worth knowing. The politics, art, literature, science, social details of Europe seem at his fingers' ends. He can turn from one language to another with a facility that seems almost miraculous to English people, whose linguistic powers are generally bounded by the ability to spell out tags of Horace with the aid of a dictionary, and to struggle blindly with foreign waiters and railway officials. I have known not a few of the accomplished Englishmen of our time, but one and all appear clumsy and diffident compared with Nordau. He takes up any allusion at once, and knows all about what you are saying. If he has not actually read (for that would be impossible), he has heard of everything in the shape of a book ever published during the last hundred years. I suppose

he has not seen every drama put upon the stage in half the theatres of Europe, but you would think he had. Nor is this mere superficial hearsay in his case, but quite genuine knowledge. He has the power of Macaulay, who absorbed knowledge, as it were, through the pores of his skin. Mark Pattison once calculated the number of books a man might read through during the course of a lifetime. I forget how many there were, but the number would have appalled the cultivated, not to speak of the average man. Nordau gives one the impression of having acted on Mark Pattison's principles by reading all day long and in half the languages of Europe. But it has not been the reading of the bookworm, but of the man of the world, of the man who reads, not for the sake of accumulating vast stores of learning, but for the purpose of equipping himself for the tasks of modern life. For dilettantism, Nordau has the utmost contempt; he is utilitarian alike in theory and practice all the way through.

Having heard this prodigy talk in half a dozen languages on as many themes of human interest, you are amazed to discover that the reading of books has been Nordau's recreation, and that the business of his life is the practice of medicine. Born in Hungary of Jewish parentage, Nordau has lived for years in Paris, where he has cured the ailments of the poor with a devotion beyond all praise. Decidedly, if he has no religion, he can at any rate say with Abou Ben Adhem, "Write me as one who loves his fellow men." Never indulging in luxuries himself, Dr. Nordau easily makes enough money to keep the mother and sister who share his simple home, and to procure the books he needs. He lives an almost ascetic life, but keeps his eyes open to all that goes on in Paris and the world at large. Some persons imagined that he could not have read all those French books which he quotes in "Degeneration"; but Nordau has the same kind of interest in probing into the dust heap of French decadent literature that he has in morbid pathology. It is all of it research into abnormal conditions for the good of mankind, and at this manner of work Nordau never tires. Although he is manifestly unfair to France in many ways, he believes in the French method of so-called "human documents," and hence he has thought it right to go with some detail into the lives and

manners of some of the writers whom he dissects with such a steady hand at the scalpel, such a firm grasp of the operating-board.

Besides practising medicine in Paris, Nordau has travelled much in Europe. Like Ulysses, he has seen men and cities, though he has never mixed in society, and never belonged to any literary clique. And although he has acquired fame in England by two books only, he has written a great variety of works—plays, essays, novels, pamphlets—some ephemeral, others of more lasting worth, but all clever, incisive, often indeed brilliant. One could easily conceive him turning out a fresh book every week with little more effort than the average writer turns one out in a year or two; and whether you agreed with their arguments or not, you would at least find them all interesting. Of how many men could half as much be said?

But enough of Nordau as an individual: let us turn to his works, or at least to those which have made a stir in this country, and endeavour to appraise their worth. Are these books merely sensational works for the hour, or have they a positive value, on the one hand as affording diagnosis of any social disease, or on the other, of providing us with sound therapeutics?

Let it be said at once that Nordau is no mere sensation-monger. Whether he is right or wrong he is always serious, always in dead earnest. No man lives more entirely for ideas, no man less for the passing flattery or fame of the moment. He thinks that he has a gospel to preach which is needed at the present time. He sees, or thinks he sees, two great sources of evil, which influence for the worse our whole civilised life. In the first place there is what he calls degeneration, moral, physical, and intellectual. In the second place there is absolute insincerity, or a fatal divergence between our professed belief and our actual conduct. In considering this doctrine of Nordau's, I purpose treating him more seriously than he has been treated by critics like Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. G. B. Shaw, and the anonymous writer who has produced a reply to Nordau entitled "Regeneration." It seems to me that these critics do not feel sufficiently the real evils of the time which Nordau has laid bare. Indeed Mr. Shaw gives one the impression of

believing that there is no evil, and preaches, in his light and airy way, a gospel of Pyrrhonism, which is fatal to the very reforms he professes to have at heart. Nordau, like his favourite author, Goethe (as Matthew Arnold has it), "puts his finger on the place, and says, Thou ailest here and here." Nobody acquainted intimately with the literature and some phases of the art of the day can doubt that they contain a very considerable expression of that profoundly unhealthy matter which Nordau has exposed in his powerful pages.

If one would understand Nordau, he must first understand Lombroso, the famous Turin professor who has studied for many years the varied forms of human aberration. Lombroso has ridden a sound theory to death. Finding much that is undoubtedly abnormal in the lives of men of genius, he has concluded that genius itself is little else than a sign of insanity. If we look at the history of such men, we see not a little to support this view. Consider, for example, the cases of Aristotle Lucretius, Raphael, Swift, Beethoven, Byron, Rousseau, Poe, Leopardi, Loyola, Voltaire, Carlyle, Tasso—to give names which occur instantly to the mind—and we perceive the truth of the saying that great wits are close allied to madness. Not a few men of genius have committed suicide, and some have even been criminals. This idea, then, is worked out in an extreme and exaggerated form by Lombroso in a book whose English title is "The man of Genius." Nordau has taken up this idea with reference to certain representative contemporary writers. He finds that the predisposition to abnormality is strengthened by the social facts of to-day. Life is lived at a high pressure unknown before in human history. Scientific inventions have given us a new environment, to which the majority of us have not adapted ourselves. We live in crowded and noisy cities, where our vitality is fast used up; we rush about to catch trains; our ear is at the telephone; we are agitated by events happening all over the earth; life is one constant round of excitement and precariousness. We have developed a wholly new set of diseases, chiefly nervous, through the altered conditions of our life. Our very amusements are no longer quiet and peaceful, but are big, noisy events, at which the whole world is invited to participate. Those who desire quiet must go to more and more out-of-the-way nooks

seek it: the crowd invades us everywhere. It cannot be nied that this modern city life must be affecting us power- ly for good or evil; and Nordau sees in it an influence ich is exerting a twofold effect. It is on the one hand ısing degeneration among those who cannot readily adapt ir lives to the new conditions, and so leading them to nire the exciting, the abnormal, the unhealthy, the appetite which grows by what it feeds on, and gives rise to an ever ɜh demand for a supply of certain kinds of fascinating but sonous products of perverted genius. On the other hand, s perverted genius is only too willing to meet the demand the supply of forms of art and literature which are found pay. Thus the desire to make money and to be talked ut are artfully worked in with the production of baneful ms of art.

Dr. Nordau does not think that this degeneration is by any ans universal. The average healthy working-man he holds be free from it. It is the well-to-do classes, devoured by *ui*, who are the special victims of degeneration, the people o drive in the park and fill the boxes and stalls of theatres. e main trouble with them is that they do not, as a class, rk for their living, but are dependent on the labour of ers. They are more or less social parasites, growing to natural dimensions and developing unnatural needs, at the ɔense of the healthy and normal members of the community. is, it will be seen, is precisely the account which Socialists e of society; and as a matter of fact Nordau is in substance Socialist. Yet, singularly enough, it is by those who con- ve themselves to be Socialists (but are probably at bottom archists) that Nordau has chiefly been attacked in this ntry.

The more prominent characteristics of contemporary art l literature will be, therefore, such as will respond to these ormal feelings. Such characteristics are: sensationalism, entricity, egoism, vagueness, highly-wrought passion divorced n moral aim, love of the horrible, the grotesque, the criminal, occult, mysticism, sex mania, reason generally subordinated moods and states of feeling. The writings of the most minent authors of the time—Ibsen, Tolstoy, Ruskin, Zola, ısetti, Wagner, Maeterlinck, Whitman, Morris, Verlaine,

Swinburne—are subjected to fierce, vehement, scathing criticism, and are found to yield these unhealthy results. To make the meaning of Nordau more clear, let me illustrate by a reference to the writer of whom perhaps Nordau makes most ridicule—Maeterlinck, whom some of his unwise admirers have termed the Belgian Shakespeare. I asked a very intelligent lady who had been to see one of this writer's plays, what she thought of it. She said she felt "creepy," just as many people feel at a spiritualist *séance*, and that this peculiar feeling lasted the whole evening. "But," I asked, "what was the effect of the play on your emotions apart from your nerves, and what, above all, was its effect on your intellect?" She told me it had but a slight influence on her deeper emotions, and no influence whatever on her intellect. As her intellect is unusually powerful and her nature unusually responsive, one is almost compelled to the conclusion that in Maeterlinck we have a writer who appeals mainly to peculiar nervous sensations, which he mistakes for spiritual intuition. Now it is precisely this kind of mere unintellectual impressionism which Nordau thinks is a sure sign of the degenerate nature of our literature. It is akin to the blue fire and false lights of the stage, it is sundered from intellect, it is the "monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens" of a decaying civilisation.

While Nordau is most satirical towards Maeterlinck, he reserves his most tremendous maledictions for Ibsen, whom he looks on as the greatest impostor in current literature. A more violent, a more scathing onslaught than this on Ibsen has rarely been penned. A Norwegian rushlight, says Nordau in effect, has been mistaken for a magnificent world luminary of the first order. Ibsen's ethics are pronounced infamous; his science is ridiculed; his social theories are found to lead to anarchy; he has no knowledge of society and the great world outside his petty Norwegian range of life; he is neither thinker, moralist, nor prophet. Most of the plays are dissected with the object of showing how absurd they are, though Nordau freely admits that Ibsen has no small skill as a dramatic writer. Ibsen is held to be crazy on the sex question, to portray his women as all heroines of a strident "new woman" type, while his men are either liars, humbugs, and poltroons, or else are "cranks" of the type of Dr. Stockman in *An Enemy of the People*.

It is impossible, however, in the space at my disposal to analyse this book; I have given some indication of its general line and contents, and I have hinted that there is not a little in it with which I find myself in agreement. I know of no book, certainly, in which the imposing claptrap and impudent frauds closely connected with modern cultivated life are more mercilessly dissected. We must remember, too, that Nordau is essentially a dissector. Trained in anatomy, he carries his anatomical methods into literature, and we must make allowance for that. Much of what he has said needed saying, and though it might have been said with greater refinement and critical exactness, it could not have been said with greater power. It has had its effect, too. It was not mere idle curiosity that sold seven editions of an expensive book within three months. One effect may be alluded to. It has killed the indecent, unhealthy, morbid sex-novel, the production of which has disgraced England of recent years, and which has been, for the most part, the work of English women, to whom one would like to address the old command, 'Go spin, you jade, go spin." The terrific exposure also of this worst kind of morbid literature in the person of one of its hierophants in a recent trial has not only provided a needed object-lesson, but has pointed the moral which Nordau has set before us with so angry and tumultuous energy.

I must not, however, be thought to be a disciple of Nordau, for I am a critic also. I hold that he has done needed work, but that he has not done it with discrimination. I think also that he has a fundamentally wrong point of view. As illustrating the first criticism, it seems to me absurd to lump together, as Nordau does, people so different as Ruskin, Tolstoy, Rossetti, and William Morris on the one hand, with filthy or drivelling decadents on the other, in the one general category of "degenerates." The two sets of people have not an idea in common. The mysticism of Tolstoy is not the mysticism of the French symbolist. Indeed, it may be doubted whether there is any mysticism in the great Russian novelist of a marked kind. Most critics would hold with Matthew Arnold that Tolstoy's besetting sin is a disposition to put the letter in place of the spirit, which is the very opposite of mysticism. It is equally absurd also to jumble up together

such a writer as Ruskin with those who prattle about "art for art." There is not a shadow of excuse for this: indeed, Nordau is not entitled to deal with Ruskin at all, for it is plain that the sole work of Ruskin's which his critic knows is "Modern Painters," and that all Ruskin's noble ethical teaching is entirely unknown to Nordau. Only a competent musical critic could deal with Nordau's chapter on Wagner; but a mere amateur like myself, who has enjoyed and been profoundly affected by much of Wagner's music, is inclined to say that the blending of the arts to produce a complex effect on the mind (which is Wagner's chief sin in Nordau's eyes) is not only sound, but is justified by its results. Nordau tells us it is going back to primitive forms of art which we have outgrown. But if it is reversion, it is reversion that takes up into its grand sweep much of art's noblest achievement in its long and splendid history. One feels, too, in Nordau's criticism of Wagner the spirit of the Jew. Wagner was something of an anti-Semite. He felt in particular that Jewish composers like Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn had deflected the proper evolution of German music. This is a high theme, which I cannot treat, but it is evidently a theme to be discussed on its merits from a purely artistic point of view, and with no reference to mere racial prejudice.

But the lack of discrimination evinced by Nordau is not so grave a source of error as is his wrong point of view. It is in considering this that we are led inevitably to what I have termed his therapeutics as distinguished from his diagnosis. He sees very clearly our social diseases, but he has no adequate remedy. He is, however, as I think, right on one point. Either, he contends, we shall be obliged deliberately to abandon much of the modern machinery which is making life so intense and playing such havoc with human nerves and tissue, or we shall have to remodel social life in such a way as to adapt ourselves to the new conditions. In a word, we cannot eat our cake and have it. If we are to exchange the advantages of open air country life and hand labour with the aid of simple tools which we individually own for the different advantages (if advantages they be) of the smooth and rapid mechanism of city life, with all that it involves, we are bound to make enormous changes in regard to labour, and we are

bound to curtail very greatly individual liberty. Otherwise the degeneration of our section of the human race becomes a certainty. Filled with this latter idea of adaptation to the new conditions of urban life, Nordau is once more carried away to an absurd and one-sided conclusion. Himself a materialist, he thinks that science and science alone will completely dominate our life. Religion, art, metaphysics, and, in a great measure, literature, will disappear, having served their turn in bringing the human family up to its present level. They will simply drop aside as no longer useful, and we shall find all our inspiration and resource in science alone. If such a day is to come, I trust I shall not live to see it. Even if the word science be extended far beyond the narrow bounds of physical science, it can never cover the infinite range of human interests. We desire not only to contemplate existing facts which can be tested, weighed, analysed, and measured, but we need also to reach forward in imagination to those ideals which have not yet hardened into facts, but which are, as Plato said, "the patterns laid up in heaven." It is precisely these patterns, invisible to bodily sight, submitting themselves to no test-tubes or microscopes, which have been objects of contemplation to seer, prophet, poet, and artist in all ages. To be blind to the heavenly patterns means the death of the soul, just as truly as to take no earthly sustenance means the death of the body. Therefore it is in the very nature of things that science can never satisfy man, because it merely analyses the actual fact, and man does not live by actual fact alone. If industry without art is, as Ruskin truly says, brutality, life without art, without religion, without poetry, would be intolerable. It is indeed probable that science may enormously extend its range both in the realm of practical achievement and in that of pure knowledge; but let it go as far as it will, our imagination, our affections, our undying beliefs outstrip it. We do not give up these higher elements of life because science on its lower range cannot logically justify them. And it is these things which constitute the ground and substance of art, religion, and philosophy. Therefore so long as these things last (that is, so long as mankind lasts) science can never exhaust or express the whole experience of man.

In conclusion, I must say a word about the other book, "Conventional Lies of our Civilisation." It is a powerful book, more interesting to the general reader than "Degeneration." Its main point is that the vague modern pessimism which troubles the world is due to a fatal divergence between real belief and everyday action. We keep a number of superstitions going in which we do not in the least believe, but to which we pay a mock reverence, because we have not the courage or honesty to make our beliefs and our actions square. Nordau traces this hypocrisy through the whole of social life in its more important phases. We are, for example, servile to kings, though they are no better or wiser than we are, and though we know that the old view of their divine right is a lie. If we are really self-governing, as we pretend we are, why do we not get rid of kings and the whole atmosphere of lying toadyism which surrounds them? We pretend that we keep up an aristocracy of birth (for which, if one could have it pure, Nordau thinks there is a good deal to be said), and we talk of our "old nobility." Whereas the plain fact is that present-day nobility is not old, and is an affair of money, not of birth. We pretend to believe that modern industrialism is making every one wealthy, whereas it is creating a huge and wretched proletarian class all over the civilised world. Men profess still the old romantic ideas about marriage and perfect love lasting for ever, when all the time both parties have their eye on the marriage settlements, and the passionate love does not endure for a couple of years. But it is above all in religion that Nordau sees, or thinks he sees, the contradiction between belief and action. No sane, rational man, he declares, believes or can believe to-day in the old historic creeds of Christendom, and those who pretend to do so are insincere. He pictures the priest in his unmanly garb going through genuflexions and unmeaning ceremonies, and he contrasts these with what to him are the grander functions of the future, when the glories of "science" are celebrated in national temples. This passage in Nordau's book reminds me of two irreverent suggestions I once heard made as to what should be done with Westminster Abbey. One person thought it should be turned into a vast chemical laboratory, the other that it might be smartened up and converted into a dancing-hall.

But this is the merest secularism of a pronouncedly vulgar type, it may be urged; and the criticism is true. This second book of Nordau's is little else than what one may hear from narrow and uncultivated speakers at the "Hall of Science." In justice to Nordau we must remember that he is a Jew, and that the grand historic faith of Europe is to him quite meaningless. To the Catholic the ancient Church which Nordau despises was created by God Himself. To the philosophic observer that Church is at least the grandest and most abiding outcome of the intellect and imagination of Europe. To Nordau it apparently means nothing but a gigantic fraud. We concede Nordau's sincerity, which is transparent, but it is at once evident that one who can take up this attitude, however true may be his delineation of the evils of the time, can provide us with no remedy.

It is not, as I have said, science, or even that kind of scientifically formulated ethics to which Nordau refers at the end of "Degeneration," that can save society from the "body of this death." It is rather the wider application of truths already living, however feebly, in the consciousness of civilised man. In a sense it is true, as Nordau says, that our current action is sundered from our noblest belief. Our faith in human brotherhood, for example, is contradicted by the mournful spectacle which Europe presents at the end of the dying century. Apart from questions of dogmatic belief, the supreme value of religion in the forms in which we have known it is that it presents human life not as (in Nordau's words) "a chemical personality," but as conscious spirit in living relation with an infinite Spirit. All the higher human duties are therefore seen "under the forms of eternity." Life is conceived as no longer bounded by this "bank and shoal of time," but is infinite in content, infinite in value, just in so far as it is redeemed from the dominion of the lower, consecrated to the higher ends of being. How absurd it is to talk of brotherhood between "chemical personalities"! Brotherhood is an essentially spiritual relation, expressing itself in material forms, but in no way explicable by them, and in no way justifiable save through a spiritual faith. That faith must be accepted before it is absolutely proved; it is in the experience of life and the world-process that the proof comes in time.

Here I must close. My survey of Max Nordau has been necessarily brief and imperfect, and there is much which he has said that I have not dealt with or even alluded to. He has, in my judgment, done a needed piece of work in destroying, however savagely, some fraudulent reputations, and in exposing some real and serious evils in our current literature and art. He has dealt a telling blow at pruriency, at hysteria, at vicious and absurd theories masquerading under pretentious forms. For all this he should receive our warmest thanks. He has also, as I think, revealed in literature positive degeneration corresponding to the moral and physical degeneration going on undoubtedly in society. But he has written without discrimination, he has tended to confound good and bad, and he has no real gospel to offer our sad and weary world. In a word, his diagnosis is largely right, his therapeutics impossible.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD

[SPECTATOR, *August* 6, 1898]

WHILE the civilised world resounds with the news of the death of Bismarck, the passing away almost at the same time of Principal Caird is comparatively unnoticed, and yet it may well be doubted whether the actual positive influence on mankind of the German statesman was so potent as was that of the Scottish divine. Some of our readers will recall that story told of Goethe at the time of the celebrated July Revolution in France. "I am thinking," said the great poet, "of the news from Paris." "And what do you think will be the outcome of the Revolution?" "Ah, my dear friend, I perceive we are talking of different things. I was not thinking of these political events, but of the great controversy at the French Institute between Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire." Goethe knew that the academic discussion had a far profounder bearing on the future of mankind than the mere overthrow of a monarchy and the substitution of another. The work and career of a statesman are constantly blazoned before the eyes of all men, the thinker works in his study unseen; and so, while all the world is talking of Bismarck, only a few are talking of the late Dr. Caird, whose mind was nevertheless engrossed in the highest themes to which mankind can address itself.

Scotland has been more directly and obviously influenced in her thought by the Cairds than has any other country of our time by any two men, or than has Scotland herself during the present century by any other thinker. Chalmers produced a great influence in Scotland, but not as a thinker, for, organiser, reformer, statesman as he was, Chalmers was not a great thinker. The Cairds, on the contrary, have been

perhaps the most striking intellects Scotland has brought forth in our century—striking, we mean, as regards speculative thought. The more powerful thinker of the two, Dr. Edward Caird, the successor of Jowett at Balliol, happily survives his less original though still finely endowed brother. His examination of the Kantian philosophy is one of the two or three original philosophical works that Great Britain has given to the world during the latter half of this century; it is a work, whether regarded from the side of critical analysis or of a suggested constructive metaphysic, worthy to stand in the front rank of all but the very foremost treatises of philosophy. To John Caird, however, the problem of philosophy was more urgent from another aspect; to his mind the fundamental problem was to relate philosophic thinking to religion, and especially to Christianity. He was not content to rest in what may be called the average attitude of the theologian who assumes the fact of a divine revelation, and then labours to show that Christianity is that revelation, which he usually does through the medium of Biblical criticism. To John Caird that method was not adequate. With the Liberal theologians of the seventeenth century, he was convinced that Christianity itself was the religion of reason, and his purpose was to show its inherent rationality, not merely as answering to the needs of man, but as the unfolding of a universal order. For this purpose he sought a clue in the Hegelian logic, and practically his most suggestive and interesting work on the philosophy of religion was an application of Hegelianism to Christianity. To the unlearned Christian, to the simple soul whom such poets as Cowper have celebrated, such a task was a work of supererogation. It is a happy thing for the world that a lively faith is, in the case of most men, independent of philosophy. Hegel himself declared that his own system was not devised for the average good man who loved God and his neighbour, protected his family, and performed his daily duties in sincerity and truth. But ever since the Christian Church had to encounter the philosophy of pagan society Christian ideas have been periodically called upon to relate themselves to the culture of succeeding ages. The greatest fathers, like Augustine and Origen, did not feel that Christianity was a mere isolated structure of thought,

having no relation to the rest of human affairs; they rather thought it the crown of the whole vast edifice of history, and so, under the inspiration of Christianity, they attempted to give the world a philosophy of history in terms of the Christian revelation. This is precisely what is claimed for Hegel, that he has fitted the Christian religion into the scheme of things, showing that it is or embodies the process of divine thought—that it is, in a word, the religious aspect of divine reason. To be sure, all that side of Hegel's thinking is repudiated by the "Hegelian Left," who evolved from their master a vast and imposing Nature-philosophy with God shut out from the world. But we are now speaking of the religious followers of Hegel, foremost among whom was Dr. John Caird.

While it is true that the religious soil of Scotland had been to some extent prepared for this philosophic Christianity by the work of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, and kindred spirits, yet it may be broadly said that a great gulf seems to separate the Scotland of the Cairds from the earlier Scotland of the previous hundred years. The Scottish mind has a tendency to extremes in thought, due to its logical character. The comfortable compromises so dear to England have usually had short shrift in the keen intellectual atmosphere of the North. Calvinism found there its completest statement, and it may be said to have written the laws of Scotland for centuries. On the other hand, the most absolute scepticism—the scepticism which reduced the sensational philosophy of Hobbes and Locke to an absurdity—was given to the world by Scotland in the philosophy of David Hume. Later on we find the Scottish "Common-sense" school furnishing to Whiggism that stamp of intellectual "finality" which has characterised its thinking. All the early *Edinburgh* Reviewers had sat at the feet of Reid, Brown, and Stewart. It is amusing to read the complaint of Macaulay, the very embodiment of the "Common-sense" school, that he could understand Stewart, but had no notion of what Kant was driving at. Whether orthodox or sceptic, the Scot seemed devoted to systems of absolute rigidity; he liked a narrow, defined area which he could easily survey, and at the angles of which he could place his intellectual posts to defend it

against a surprise. Vague, indistinct horizons, interminable vistas were abhorrent to the mind. In default of these rigorous systems he betook himself with Blair and Robertson to literary elegance and to fine-drawn ethical rhetoric in place of definite Christian dogma.

In attempting to set forth a philosophical Christianity to a nation like the Scottish, Dr. Caird had no easy task, for religion interpreted in Hegelian terms is very difficult to comprehend in any case, and is, we should say, unwelcome to a mind of the stern logical cast so long identified with Scotland. German thought attracts the mystic, the poet, and the sentimentalist, but one would say that it repels the hard-headed thinker; it has little affinity with either Calvinism, scepticism, or "common-sense." But silent influences had been operating on the Scottish mind, not only through religion directly, but through literature. Romanticism had been awakened by Sir Walter Scott, the love of humanity by Robert Burns, and the emotional inagination had been stirred by Thomas Carlyle. That Burns undermined Calvinistic theology has long been an admitted commonplace, but perhaps insufficient allowance has been made for the humanising influence of Scott and the powerful, revolutionary work of Carlyle. These influences, united with the new theological tendencies of Erskine and McLeod Campbell, had prepared a new Scotland which was in danger, perhaps, of taking refuge in a mere humanitarianism too weak to withstand the assaults of a powerful intellectual solvent, and which might have therefore crumbled away. On the one side stood the Scottish Kirk with its great and rigid doctrinal system, on the other these literary and humane tendencies so rich in their appeal to the young and generous mind. It would seem to have been the primary task of John Caird to reconcile the two possibly conflicting tendencies by a philosophic interpretation of Christianity, shed of impossible dogmas and allied to reason and to the progressive forces of society. For a generation John and Edward Caird had under their hands the intellectual and theological training of the youth who were to pass into the pulpits of the Established, Free, and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and they imbued the minds of these nascent Scottish pastors with a reasonable and philosophic Christianity which has powerfully

affected Scotland, and, through Scotland, the whole English-speaking world. Scepticism and "common-sense" are to-day eliminated from the philosophic claims of the Scottish universities, where are seated the pupils of the Cairds; and while, perhaps, orthodoxy may be said to survive in the pulpits of Scotland, it is orthodoxy of a new type, consistent with freedom of criticism and with brighter hopes as to the destiny of man than those furnished by Knox and Calvin. To produce such a silent revolution in thought, to inspire and to mould the minds of the teachers and preachers of a nation—is not that as great a task as can be given to any men? And that was the task of the lamented divine whom Scotland has lost. How far his work will be permanent it would be futile to predict, but that many elements of it will prove abiding we may well believe.

JAMES MARTINEAU

[SPECTATOR, *January* 20, 1900]

THE first thought which occurs to the mind when thinking of the late Dr. Martineau is his quite unique personality. England will be likely to see another Gladstone, Tennyson, Ruskin, or Arnold before she sees another Martineau. We do not say that Dr. Martineau was a greater man than any of these, that he had a more powerful mind or a finer spiritual nature. We do say that he was a rarer type of man than any of them. He was alike French and English. From his Huguenot ancestors, who went to the old city of Norwich after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Martineau had inherited the very finest elements of the best mind and character of France, so that he was akin to Fénelon, Pascal, Joubert. At the same time he had imbibed the best English spirit, the solid character of the "grave livers" of English Nonconformity. This blending of the best elements of two nations, combining the strongest moral and intellectual qualities, went to the building up of a personality so powerful and so unique that whoever came under its gracious spell was never quite the same person afterwards. He had seen a vision: a higher order of man had touched his own nature, and had suggested to him heights and depths heretofore unknown. It was not that any new set of opinions had been presented to him. We doubt whether the historian of the English thought of our time will credit Martineau with any distinct modification of the theological or philosophical opinions of this age. It was something that went below opinion; it was a revelation of spiritual character and power. That was the impressive thing in James Martineau. Holding this view, we should, perhaps, appraise differently from some the value of his writings. Im-

portant as are such of his later works as the "Types of Ethical Theory," or "The Seat of Authority in Religion," we have no hesitation in saying that in his wonderful sermons known collectively as "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," and in his "Endeavours after the Christian Life," the real Martineau, the spiritual teacher who will endure, has accomplished his greatest and finest work.

In these discourses opinion disappears, theological differences are forgotten, nothing repels or divides, every word tends to unite. The appeal is to the deepest in us, and it springs from a spiritual confidence in which we too confide. We do not question, we passively receive. Like the impulse from a vernal wood, like the salt breath of the sea, the healing influence steals on us. We are liberated from the vulgar and the mean and the transient into an ampler ether, a diviner air. We do not ask for the writer's credentials, any more than we trouble ourselves with his opinions—the credentials are there. This man at least knows our needs, he shares our experiences, he wings his way towards a heaven to which our fainter aspirations would lead us. Spirit speaks to spirit in these pages, which are worthy of the finest mysticism of the Catholic Church at her best, while at the same time manly, healthy, in harmony with human reason, and couched in a singularly noble and remarkable prose style. One must not, in passing, omit to refer to Dr. Martineau's style. Its severity and restraint perchance repel some. But he who thinks that the note of distinction is the finest element in prose literature will then admit that while Ruskin or Arnold may give greater and more varied delight, we should lose one of the finest and purest products of our time had we not the dignified prose writings of James Martineau.

It is remarkable to note Martineau's singular combination of an almost ascetic piety, an almost cloistral introspection, with a bold and increasingly radical criticism of the sacred documents. The Unitarians among whom Dr. Martineau was brought up were very different people from the same body to-day. They held by a mechanical philosophy which has been mainly abandoned, but they were no more in advance of the orthodox Churches in criticism than in spiritual power. What they did was to read into the Gospels and the Pauline

Epistles Unitarian views. This union of a dogmatic interpretation of Christianity with a mechanical philosophy was first broken up by Channing, whose noble spiritual fervour influenced Old as well as New England. At the same time began the new German historical criticism. Out of that double movement James Martineau was born. He represented a new piety with a new learning, and somehow, though one would say that radical criticism was apt to be fatal to deep-seated religious faith, it has been Martineau's distinction that as he grew in years his spiritual insight waxed keener, while his critical opinions carried him far from the old traditional Unitarianism of his youth. He seems to have ultimately arrived at a position with regard to Biblical criticism identical with that of the most advanced German and Dutch schools, while in regard to the inward pieties of the heart he was more intensely Christian than ever. It might be thought strange that he was not troubled or perplexed by the thought that this apparent contradiction would prove fatal to the organisation of Christianity, for on the one hand it cut at the roots of the Christian Church, while on the other it laboured to preserve that character and that faith for the cultivation of which the Christian Church exists. It may be doubted, however, whether Dr. Martineau saw the antinomy involved, on account of the strong bent of his mind in the direction of Quakerism. He had no ecclesiastical bias. To him Christianity was an inward and spiritual belief which needed but the simplest forms of outward expression. It was this feeling perhaps which made him so marked an individualist, and which has perhaps retarded his influence on the minds of a generation which is eminently social.

Dr. Martineau's individualism was accentuated by the Whiggism into which he was born and to which he held in the main all his life long. He had no love for democracy, and he had a strong hatred for anything in the shape of Socialism. Taking his ethics from Butler, and probably his political philosophy from Locke, he had much of the eighteenth-century thought in his fibre bound up with his life. He saw, as some of our present-day enthusiasts do not see, the infinite worth of the individual. His error, so far as he came short of a rounded philosophy of life, lay perhaps in the fact that he did not see all the many-sided relations of the individual, and how formal a

word individuality is when the social factors which have made it up are not fully taken into consideration. Hence his political and his ethical philosophy hang together, and one feels that he was perchance hardly fit to do full justice to the great historic Churches whose conception, not of the doctrines, but of the social interpretation of Christianity is so unlike his own simple creed. We find, therefore, that with the new Kantian creed, or with Hegelianism as now taught in several Scottish universities and also at Oxford, Martineau had small sympathy. The great difficulty with Hegelianism is to separate the person from the world-stuff in which he is interwoven so as to clearly present him on the stage of history. Philosophically, Hegelianism tends to run into Pantheism; socially and politically, into Socialism. Dr. Martineau felt the risks, it may well be, a little too keenly.

It is a rather painful fact, but we feel honestly bound to state it, that Martineau was not adequately appreciated in England. No doubt his subtle mind was not altogether comprehensible to even the cultivated English intellect, but that is not sufficient to account for the fact that while Leyden and Harvard honoured his great services to ethics and religion a generation ago, Oxford only recognised his existence long after he had passed his eightieth year, and Cambridge does not seem yet to have heard of him. Matthew Arnold said that Nonconformity was not in the main stream of national culture. Surely that will be admitted to be a taunt both unworthy and untrue when we remember that the Nonconformists can number among them a Dale, an Allon, a Baldwin Brown, and a Martineau. But that being so, it is for our seats of learning to recognise that fact. That they are doing so more than formerly we are glad to know. But assuredly it is not to the credit of our universities that they were officially ignorant of the existence of one of the chief religious thinkers of the century for years after he had been warmly honoured by foreign seats of culture.

A GREAT SCOTTISH TEACHER

[SPECTATOR, *March* 16, 1901]

THE people of his native place in Aberdeenshire are about to erect a memorial to celebrate the services and genius of George Macdonald. Happily the veteran novelist is still with us, but in such a case it is legitimate and right that death should not be waited for to express the love and veneration felt for one of the purest and noblest teachers of our day and generation. There have been greater novelists in his time than George Macdonald, there have been greater poets, there have been greater preachers. But assuredly there has been no man who has given more freely of his best, none who has poured his whole soul with more sincerity into his work, none who has written with a higher aim and who yet has fallen so little (at any rate in his Scottish novels) into mere didacticism while yet preserving a high ethical purpose. We cannot find in his later English novels that charm or that admirable art which characterised "Alec Forbes" and "David Elginbrod"; the tendency to preach is a little too pronounced. But, so far as the Scottish stories are concerned, we think them in their way almost perfect. They are veritable transcripts of Scottish life as it was two generations ago, especially in that north-eastern corner of Scotland from which the novelist came. The more recent "kailyard" literature, whatever its positive merits, cannot for one moment vie with the stories of George Macdonald in the literature of the small town or in the delineation of character therein contained. Thomas Crann, the stonemason, "Dooble Sannie," the shoemaker, the stern and yet loving old grandmother of Robert Falconer, with her soul torn asunder between love of God and fear of Knox and Calvin with their awful dogmas—no more living characters have ever been drawn

from Scottish life, not even by Sir Walter Scott himself. Indeed, supreme as Scott is in the realm of Scotch romanticism, he could not, in the opinion of the present writer, deal with average middle-class Scottish life with the inward fidelity of George Macdonald.

Two great achievements have been secured by this striking Scotch man of letters. He has helped to reveal Scotland to herself and to the outside world, and he has to a very considerable extent modified the Scottish religious attitude; and he has performed this twofold task, not by controversy, but by art. In a sense Sir Walter Scott made Scotland known to the world. By his unbounded industry, his broad human sympathies, his rich fertility of invention, his minute knowledge of Scottish history, he reared an enduring monument, and revealed the wealth of character and the extraordinary interest of a wild, half-populated country, until then almost unknown. The debt we owe to Scott can never be repaid. His great task was in part also aided by Burns, Thomson, and the Ettrick Shepherd. But all these men of genius, with all their remarkable work, yet left some gaps in the delineation of Scottish life. As we have said, Scott dealt mainly with Scotch historic romanticism. Burns dealt with the life of the lowly, of the outcast, life rough and coarse, perhaps even immoral, but with its aspects of poetry and idealism which went home to the human heart after the ruffles and periwigs of the school of Pope. Thomson and Hogg aided in the great awakening of the spirit of naturalism so long kept in restraint within the limits of Dutch artificial gardening. But romanticism is a little apt to pass by the homes of the decent, God-fearing middle class; it does not easily find poetry in a small town house or a shop in the village street. It was in this *milieu* that George Macdonald discovered the true line for his talent. He wrote out of his heart, he wrote from his own experience. He himself was Alec Forbes and Sutherland and Donal Grant; he had known this somewhat cloistered, severe, homely life, yet a life rich with a noble idealism, and full of the intensest dramatic interest owing to the inner contest between faith in the God of Jesus Christ and the God of John Calvin. If Burns can reveal to us the pieties of a Scottish cottar's hearth, George Macdonald can bring home to us the spiritual tragedy of many a Scottish middle-class household.

George Macdonald has also aided in the great work of liberating the Scotch mind and heart from the trammels of a harsh and unlovely Calvinism which sins against the loving instinct of man, and therefore against God, who is Love. He has done this, too, without any onslaught against faith; nay, he has in so doing strengthened faith by showing that the older theology of Scotland was largely built on fear. That he appreciated the noble characters, as of granite, built on the Reformation theology of Scotland, appears in his treatment of such a character as Crann, the stonemason; but he sees that Elginbrod is a greater character, a more beautiful and human character, and he made his countrymen see it too. If such divines as Thomas Erskine, McLeod Campbell, and John Caird have done much to reconcile reason and faith in Scotland, and to cast in new forms Scottish religion, George Macdonald has done even more, since for one man who can be approached by the logic of the sermon, twenty can be touched by the pathos and imagination of the story. While his Scotch stories cannot be described as novels "with a purpose" in the ordinary sense of that phrase, while they are alive with true human life, while they abound with pathos, humour, dramatic interest, yet they are, as works built to last must always be, moral and spiritual in their tone and ultimate aims, and so powerful adjuncts for the building up of healthy human character.

Our novelist has been also preacher and poet. Who that has ever heard him will forget George Macdonald the preacher? Who does not recall that finely chiselled face, almost unearthly in its wonderful spiritual refinement! Like Wordsworth's "Leech-Gatherer," he seemed to his hearers

> "A man from some far region sent
> To give us human strength by apt admonishment."

How unlike the conventional sermon was his discourse! He told his hearers of what he knew. It was no piece of brocaded oratory, no set theological essay; it was a simple yet most profound message from a human soul to his brother souls. Here was one, you felt, who had been on the Mount of Vision and who had seen and heard things beyond mortal ken. You forgot mere logic; you were rapt into an "ampler ether, a

sublimer air" than you were wont to breathe every day. The so-called "Unspoken Sermons" cannot impart the striking personality of the preacher, but they will convey to those who never heard him somewhat of his searching spiritual power. We think, on the whole, that his poetry is the least significant part of George Macdonald's work, but we must not be taken as depreciating its many beauties. If we may "place" him, we should say that he is of the school of George Herbert and Vaughan the Silurist, not so much by reason of his method as of his tone and spirit. But nearly all his work is interesting and good of its kind, and it is a happy thing for us that so noble a teacher and so happy and inspired an artist has both caught up before they died out vanishing aspects of Scottish life, and in so doing has wrought out noble lessons and morals for us all.

A MODERN WANDERING SCHOLAR

[SPECTATOR, *October* 6, 1900]

THERE passed away the other day, in a hospital at Montreal, a really great American scholar, who might have easily laid claim to having been, at the time of his death, one of the dozen most learned men on this planet. Living a quiet, retired life in a mountain farm in the Adirondacks, the most unworldly of men, caring absolutely nothing for money or fame, the late Thomas Davidson, whose very name is probably unknown to most of our readers, was one of the most gifted and remarkable men of the latter half of this century. To enumerate his writings, learned and important though they are, is to convey no idea of a spiritual personality to whom some (and among them the present writer) owe not a little. It was not the opinions of this "scholar-gipsy" which influenced his friends, for he was the most inconsistent of men, passing through phase after phase of philosophic thought, and contesting in the afternoon the very doctrines he had urged in the morning. Whimsical, vehement, impatient, his satire and argument flowing like a torrent, and his dogmatic spirit sometimes carrying him to lengths he had never intended, yet to know Thomas Davidson was to love him, and not a few are the young men now coming to the front in American philosophy and scholarship who owe a quickening stimulus to that bright and eager, albeit angular personality.

Mr. Davidson was American by adoption, not by birth. He came from that nursery of strong men where in his time they did literally cultivate literature on oatmeal—Aberdeen; and he was at the university at a specially brilliant era—that of Robertson Smith, Minto, and W. A. Hunter—all, alas! gone prematurely over to the majority. Davidson had the blood of

the wanderer in his veins: he could not rest at home, and so went over to Canada, but soon crossed the border into the United States, where he took up a position as high-school teacher in St. Louis. People who think of the Western American cities as given over to trade and materialism would have been surprised had they found themselves in the St. Louis of a generation ago, for it was one of the great centres of philosophy. The eminent man who is now at the head of the Federal Education Bureau in Washington was then editing at St. Louis the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, then the only metaphysical organ in the English language (to our shame be it said). The reason why this remarkable movement of pure thought centred in St. Louis was because of the immigration of German students and thinkers who had fled after the suppression of the 1848 rising, and many of whom settled down on the banks of the Mississippi. St. Louis ever after has been noted for Germans, philosophy, and the best beer in America. In this society Thomas Davidson found congenial souls, and to literature with oatmeal there succeeded the cultivation of philosophy with beer. They might have been at Leipzig or Heidelberg, save for the absence of duelling and other German formalities. Life was simplified and heightened by excursions into the forests and participation in the wild life then possible, but which the railway and the progress of industry have almost destroyed. The whole episode is indeed a delightful little bit of idealism in a rather prosaic century—plain living and high thinking, a finely-strung intellectual life hand-in-hand with simplicity and industry.

Thomas Davidson would have delighted Goethe; the *Wanderjahre* of Wilhelm Meister was Davidson's own life. He, too, held that "to give room for wandering the world was made so wide." As thorough an American as though he had been born within the shadow of Bunker Hill, he nevertheless was so classic in feeling that he yearned for the "palms and temples of the South," and he had his wish gratified. Attached, largely through Longfellow's generous influence, to the examination department of Harvard University, he soon had the opportunity of repairing to Athens, where he studied Greek archæology. And here it may be said that perhaps Davidson

was one of the greatest linguists of his age. Well grounded in Greek and Latin (able, after the good old mediæval plan, to speak as well as to read Latin), he obtained complete mastery of modern Greek within a few months of reaching Athens. He could make a speech in that language as easily as did Mr. Gladstone in the Ionian Islands. He spoke and read French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norse with absolute ease. He did his philosophic thinking in German rather than in his own tongue. He acquired later on complete proficiency in Hebrew and Arabic, and was fairly well versed in Czech, Russian, and Magyar. He never forgot a single word he had ever learned. His admiring friends tested him on one occasion in Greek. He never missed once, giving not only the ordinary but exceptional meanings, and stating in what authors they were to be found. He could repeat most of Aristotle's "Ethics" from end to end in the original. He knew word for word that difficult second part of "Faust" which at times baffles even German professors, but his supreme love was Dante. He knew the whole of the "Divina Commedia," and students who have read his introduction to Scartazzini's handbook to the great Tuscan know how Davidson entered into the very soul of Dante. Thus did this simple, hearty, big-brained Scottish-American wander over the globe. To-day in his little villa in the Italian Alps, to-morrow in a lovely rose-covered villa in Capri, again among the slashed-faced students of Heidelberg, then at Athens, or at rooms in London, or in the halls of Oxford and Cambridge, or under the shadow of the State House in classic Boston—thus did he absorb culture, study the world, and charm and entertain his hundred friends.

It is rather dangerous to be a great linguist, for the chances are that you will be nothing else—like Cardinal Mezzofanti. But Thomas Davidson was a contradiction to all rules. Though he missed being a great thinker, he had a powerful, philosophic mind. Like all that St. Louis group, he had begun by being a strong Hegelian, but he lived to denounce Hegel as unfairly as he had once praised him. Mediæval in his conception of (and we might say in his impersonation of) the wandering scholar, Davidson became mediæval in his philosophy; he took up the study of Thomas Aquinas. Outside the ranks of the profound Catholic scholars, there are few who can

say they have mastered the "Summa"; one of those few was Mr. Davidson. One must not hold him finally to anything, but at the time he wrote his learned work on Rosmini, the modern Catholic antagonist of the Jesuits, he certainly believed that Aquinas, based on the philosophy of Aristotle, had come nearer to solving the great riddle of being than any other thinker. In addition to the work on Rosmini, which is scarcely appreciated in England, Mr. Davidson must have some credit for stimulating the Pope in the preparation of his celebrated Encyclical on Aquinas. There are not, it is safe to say, many laymen who have had three hours' confidential talk on philosophy with Leo XIII., but Thomas Davidson was one. He was also intimate with some of the religious Orders, and knew not a little of the inner life of the Catholic Church, with whose art and devotion he sympathised as much as he detested its politics. He loved Italy as a man loves his bride, and in Rome he foregathered with the veteran Mamiani and others who had helped in the *risorgimento*. His work on Aristotle as an educational thinker is one of the finest and most helpful treatises on education written in our time. His essay on the Parthenon Frieze (which he interprets as embodying in marble the dream of Pericles of a united Greece) may be right or wrong, but it is a most learned and interesting piece of work.

If the linguist is a specialist, the philosopher is regarded as a pedant. But it was the charm of this wandering scholar that he was ever human and ever young. Like Abou Ben Adhem, he loved his fellow-men, and was as friendly with his old Italian housekeeper, who believed in ghosts and saintly protection, as with the learned men whose friend and correspondent he was. The present writer can see him now embracing a genial captain of the Alpine regiment stationed in the Italian mountain town where for a time he made his home. He was not quite a saint, but he loved much and he shall be forgiven much. He could have kept Socrates company over the amphora while the rest were under the table, and could have gone forth to teach with as clear a head. A unique character, built on a solid Scotch foundation, polished by travel and by thought, and with the bright and eager tone of the American, he was the best example in our time of the mediæval wandering scholar.

CULTURE AND CRITICISM

AMERICA'S DEBT TO WASHINGTON

[SPECTATOR, *December* 16, 1899]

ON December 14, 1799, George Washington died at Mount Vernon, that pleasant old Virginian estate by the banks of the Potomac, and his remains were enclosed in the tomb, which is now religiously visited by the thousands of tourists to the city which bears his honoured name. Few men have been more written about than the first President of the United States. Lives innumerable have been produced, and probably millions of speeches have resounded his praises. It is strange, however, what different views have been taken of him by men of genius. To Byron Washington was

> "The first, the last, the best,
> The Cincinnatus of the West
> Whom Envy dared not hate."

To Carlyle, on the other hand, with his belief in "force," Washington was but a dull and even commonplace man, model of all the respectable virtues, but utterly destitute of the heroic character. Carlyle immensely preferred Franklin to Washington, and classed the latter with his friend and ally, the "Grandison-Cromwell," Lafayette. Fox delivered a fine eulogy on Washington in the House of Commons when the latter's death was made known in England. Matthew Arnold thought Washington merely a very fine specimen of the English country gentleman, a view which Lowell seems to have shared, since, in his "Commemoration Ode," he writes of Lincoln as "the first American." Thackeray, on the other hand, always rises to a pure enthusiasm devoid of any cynical note when he writes of Washington. Shelley, as recorded of Trelawney, uttered the highest eulogy of Washington in conversation with an American captain at Leghorn. In France Washington's

name has naturally commanded enthusiasm ever since the French officers under Lafayette and Rochambeau fought under him in the last century. For the average person, as distinct from the men of genius, Washington has stood for the boy "who could not lie," and remains as a faultless but uninteresting hero.

What are we to say concerning the conflicting opinions of a man whose character is very simple, and of whose exploits we know every detail more clearly than in the case of any other great man in history? What manner of man was Washington, and what were his real services to the United States? We think Byron was much nearer the truth than Carlyle. Had Washington made himself a dictator, and had a few of his military and political opponents shot, we are afraid that Carlyle would then have seen in him a worthy companion of Frederick and Napoleon, the hero of one more modern epos. Politically, Washington was a model of Republican virtue, and that was a quality of mind unintelligible to Carlyle. Again, was Washington purely an English gentleman who happened to live on the other side of the Atlantic? We confess to thinking with Senator Lodge in his valuable biography of Washington that this cannot be sustained. Washington was of good English stock—the family manor house still stands in Northamptonshire: he had a fundamentally English character, akin to that of Hampden; he was sturdy, vigorous, honest, rather proud, and with a strong animal basis. But his environment had modified the old English character. He had travelled thousands of miles in the untrodden wilderness, had fought in distant border warfare, had been hardened by long experience of a barbaric existence, and courtly and dignified though he was, he knew little of men and cities when he took up arms against George III., as he had never seen any larger place than Philadelphia, then a quiet country town. This environment, as we have said, must have considerably modified the old English character, made it more primal, more self-reliant, sent the blood coursing more quickly through the veins, destroyed much that was conventional.

Nor was Washington the colourless Sunday-school hero that he appeared to be to Carlyle. The French are not, as a people, given to admire the Sunday-school character, and we

have the testimony of the young, dashing French aristocrats, accustomed to the brilliant *salons* of eighteenth-century Paris, to the effect which the noble personal aspect and high, dignified style of Washington made upon them. Here, indeed, was an aristocrat from the wilderness. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, in his interesting study of the "Real George Washington," gives us the true picture of the man. We see one hearty in friendship, with an overplus of animal spirits, who could dance all night long, a splendid rider, a practical woodsman, who admired a pretty girl, who loved a race, who could drink deep, and who could and did rattle out a vigorous oath when he thought occasion required. He is accused, like Cromwell, of youthful indiscretions, but respecting these we can neither affirm nor deny. It is absurd, on the face of it, to think of a young Virginian of that time as in any way a mere moral prig, and most certainly Washington was never that. He had as stout and vigorous a core of healthy, active, sensuous life as any of Carlyle's heroes.

Of Washington as a soldier we shall say nothing, since on this head so much has been written. In England especially we are too apt to think of him from the point of view of the commander who defeated British troops, and to be ignorant of and indifferent to his political achievements. But Washington was "first in peace" as well as in war, and was twice President of the infant Republic. His position as such was one of the most difficult that ever fell to the lot of man, and he held it with remarkable wisdom. He was one of the first to see that the old Confederation which had carried on the war was impossible to direct the Republic's affairs, and he summed up the essence of the situation in one pregnant sentence: "Influence is not government." To make a real and effective Government which should bind the young and errant States together was his first aim, and he presided over the Convention which made that Constitution which, with all its faults, has lasted over a century and has seen the dissolving wrecks of many a European structure. That, we take it, was the fundamental political service rendered by Washington to his people, and only those who have sufficient political imagination to realise the immense problem of meeting the needs of a new nation can estimate the value of that

service. In the next place one must look at Washington's attitude towards party. It was certainly not the passionate attitude of Burke who thought that the fortunes of the universe depended on pure Whiggism; but at the same time Washington was a moderate party man. He attempted to make his Cabinet bi-party, taking into it Jefferson, who led the Democrats, and Hamilton, who represented the Moderates; and very difficult it was to hold that team in check. But personally Washington saw that party government was inherent in rule in the United States, and he also saw that it was in danger of running to excess. He therefore took the wise part of bowing to the inevitable, while yet doing his utmost to abate party rancour.

The chief source of Washington's trouble while President was the growth of French and English factions arising out of the war in which France and England were the chief belligerents. Both factions were represented in his own Cabinet, and while the English faction was incensed at Jefferson's close relations with Genet, the French Minister, the French faction was enraged at Jay's treaty with England—a treaty which threatened to destroy Washington's entire influence over the whole Republic. Washington's own attitude was admirable; he was resolved that America should be herself and neither French nor English. In reference to France and he wrote with a discernment which marks him as a great statesman: "No nation is to be trusted farther than it is bound by its own interest"—a dictum the truth of which Jefferson afterwards saw when he effected the Louisiana Purchase to save the United States from possible French entanglements. All through his two trying terms, which stretched from the meeting of the States General to Campo Formio, Washington steered a fairly even keel, thus keeping the newly-found vessel of State off the shoals and quicksand of European complications. We think that was a priceless service. It goes without saying that Washington represented an exalted ideal of personal integrity in face of the financial jobbery which is not so new in American politics as some suppose, but which had reared its head in his time. Writing of "corners" and financial thimble-riggers, he says, "I would to God that some one of the

most atrocious in each State was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman." Carlyle would have called this noble Berserkir rage in the case of Cromwell; why cannot like praise be accorded to the great Republican President? We need scarcely refer to the ripe wisdom of the farewell address or to the zeal with which the project of a great national university was pressed by Washington—a zeal which utterly confutes the notion that he had no intellectual interests. As a matter of fact, his private library contained nearly nine hundred volumes—a good number for those days—and these included works by Voltaire, Locke, Vertot, and many of the classics of the age. Enough. It is clear that the American people have every reason to enshrine the memory of Washington in their heart of hearts.

THE TRAGEDY OF A MILLIONAIRE

[THE YOUNG MAN, *November* 1898]

A SHORT time ago one of the wealthy South African parvenus was dining at a London house, when he was asked by one of the company what was his real ambition in life. Prompt came the reply: "My chief ambition is to leave a million to each of my children." In that reply, uttered with the candour which privacy encourages, one detects the expression of the terrible disease of the modern world, especially of its English-speaking section. The love of money is the dry rot which is spreading so rapidly and threatening so much that we hold, or ought to hold, priceless in our lives. But we do not need privacy to give expression to the horrible *auri sacra fames* which rages among ourselves far more fiercely than it did in the days of Virgil. At a recent meeting in Birmingham, to promote a university for that city, Mr. Chamberlain is reported as saying: "I might come to you and say one single discovery, one great inventor, may double or indefinitely increase the power of production, *the wealth of a nation, and in consequence the happiness of its population.*" I have purposely italicised the last words, which show that, in the opinion of Mr. Chamberlain, the happiness of a country increases in exact proportion to its wealth! What a doctrine to be uttered by a prominent public man and applauded by a large audience! What a doctrine to be urged in furtherance of the claims of a university, the one institution in all the world which has hitherto been supposed to have only ideal ends of intellect, character, and culture, and to be entirely unrelated to the pursuit of material gain! It is surely ill for the nation whose leading men talk in this strain, and whose people applaud it. After reading that terrible paragraph, I took down my Wordsworth to get the bad

taste out of my mouth, and I fell on the passage from a noble sonnet:

> We must run glittering like a brook
> In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
> The wealthiest man among us is the best;
> No grandeur now in nature or in book
> Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
> This is idolatry; and these we adore;
> Plain living and high thinking are no more;
> The homely beauty of the good old cause
> Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
> And pure religion-breathing household laws.

What a comment is this utterance of the Lake poet on that speech of the Birmingham politician! Not that one lays peculiar blame on the latter. He was only thinking aloud the real inward thoughts and desires of millions. No class is exempt from the taint. Mr. Ruskin has said that, after hearing some two thousand sermons, he had not heard a single one in which the clear issue between God and Mammon had been presented to his hearers by the preacher. And yet those preachers' professed Master is recorded to have declared that "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." That is explained away very conveniently as "Oriental rhetoric." On the contrary, there is not a clearer or more direct utterance in Old or New Testament.

I wish to suggest to my readers that this saying of Christ was, to put it on no higher basis, sound common sense, the quintessence of wisdom; and that therefore the aspiration of the South African millionaire and the dictum of Mr. Chamberlain are utterly wrong, that they are nonsense, that they are opposed to every real interest of man. To show this, I will try to set forth what a tragedy the millionaire's life really is, and how true is that awful hint of the apostle's—"whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, who mind earthly things." I cannot write from personal experience, for I have not the misfortune to be a millionaire, and it is quite certain I never shall have. But one has read something about millionaires, one has occasionally met a millionaire, and one can imagine the almost inevitable trend of his life.

Now, before we can see how deep is the tragedy of a

millionaire's existence, we must ask ourselves what are the essential requirements of a useful and happy life. To begin with external things. "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content," said a wise man—at least I think him wise, though I suppose he would have appeared a fool at the Stock Exchange or the meeting at Birmingham. "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous," said another wise man, Emerson. The wisest man in Athens, Socrates, held no property, lived on whatever came to hand, and wore the same simple clothes winter and summer. John Milton lived in a small house, supped on olives and cold water, and wore coarse though clean clothing, while, though poor and blind, the "celestial light" shone inward, filling his soul with a rapture no millionaire knows. St. Francis deliberately chose poverty as his bride, thus disburdening himself of all clogs and bandages in the way of worldly goods, and his life was a happy and beautiful dream. Burns found more enjoyment in a mountain daisy than Mr. Rhodes or Mr. Beit find in a pocketful of diamonds. The really wise men of the world have been of one opinion about money; beyond satisfying a few needs, they have all agreed that it was a worthless encumbrance. In the course of much experience and a far larger acquaintance than falls to the lot of most, I can truly say that, apart from the victims of abject penury who were deprived of food, clothing, and shelter, all the happy people I have known have been those of few material possessions. For what, again let it be asked, are the real needs of man? First, physical health, which no money can bring. Next, leisure, which the cares of business drive away. Then the external needs of life, which can be supplied for a comparative trifle. Then knowledge, which generally speaking is today as open to all but the very poorest as it is to the rich. Then enjoyment of the varied charms of nature, which comes most easily to simple minds, and which no wealth can purchase. Then wisdom, which is, alas! the possession of few, whether rich or poor. And lastly, internal peace, a quiet conscience, fortified in justice, afraid of nothing. Of how many rich men can that priceless treasure be said to be the possession?

Now let us turn to the life of the millionaire, and see how it looks from this point of view of man's real needs. There

was a celebrated man in England half a century ago, now almost forgotten (it is surprising how soon rich men are forgotten), named George Hudson, the Railway King. He was a gigantic speculator, he "made millions," as the saying is, plunging madly into the mad gambling mania. He was admired by thousands, courted for his influence, his days crowded with one everlasting bustle, never a moment for peace or retirement, his brain seething with schemes. Like so many others, he fell, lost nearly everything, and was forced to retire to a little inn at Calais, where he lived in a small room. Never, he declared, throughout the heyday of his prosperity had he been so happy as in that humble retreat at Calais. Mr. Vanderbilt, the American Railway King (not the present Vanderbilt, but his father), was once approached by an admirer, who exclaimed, "How happy you must be, Mr. Vanderbilt, with all those millions!" "I happy?" returned the unfortunate millionaire. "Why, I have not an hour's happiness in my life. Consider: I cannot eat or drink more than other men, I cannot wear more clothes, I only require one bed to sleep in. All the rest is not only superfluous, it is the cause of perpetual trouble. My millions cause me ceaseless anxiety day and night." It is reported that Mr. Vanderbilt had an armed man in his house to protect him against robbers and possible enemies. What sane man would care to live that kind of life? Another New York millionaire, Mr. Russell Sage, has been shot at in his own office. A third, the late Jay Gould, was threatened with being hanged on the nearest lamp-post; his whole life was one incessant "grind" for money, and he died, worn out, at a comparatively early age. I am credibly informed that, in addition to begging letters by the tens of thousands from every part of the world, the members of the Rothschild family receive every day threats of blackmail and murder from "cranks" and rogues all over the globe. The late Baron Reinach, a French millionaire, after years of perpetual anxiety committed suicide. Ferdinand de Lesseps, after piling up a big fortune made out of forced labour of men whose bones are bleaching by the Suez Canal and the still unpierced Isthmus of Panama, died broken-hearted and disgraced. Barnato, admired for his success by millions, pestered by every money-spinning loafer in London, threw himself into

the Atlantic to escape from a life of misery. Joel, another member of the same South African fraternity, was shot dead in his own office. Colonel North, after buying his way into "society" by the millions he had coined, dropped dead in the midst of all his busy schemes, furnishing a startling comment on that text, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The Duke of Bedford, with his large estates and an income of £300,000, took away his life. Mr. Hooley, who bought big concerns for millions, is now a bankrupt. In the ancient world it was much the same. The Julian and Flavian emperors were immensely rich, but there was scarcely one of them who died a natural death. Murder and suicide were mainly the lot of the millionaires of ancient Rome. The Medici, who amassed such wealth in Florence, were in constant danger of poison. We need not postpone to a future state the tremendous Nemesis which commonly visits the rich; we see it enacted in this present world.

I am not now assuming that the millionaire becomes such by what are called dishonest means. The term dishonesty is a vague one; to most persons it means doing something that lands one in prison. This is, it need scarcely be said, a superficial view. There are very many more dishonest men outside prison than there are in, for a man who intends to be a millionaire is usually smart enough to keep on the windy side of the law. Dishonesty can never be synonymous with a mere legal offence; it cuts deeper than that. It differs, too, in climates, eras, and races; it is subtle and varied in its aspects. For instance, a Chinaman will usually try to trick you while the bargaining is going on, but the moment it is concluded, his word may be absolutely relied on. Respectable English shopkeepers, on the other hand, who would look with horror on picking pockets, have no scruple about sending goods quite different from samples. But, without entering into these curious questions about dishonesty, I am willing to assume that the millionaire makes his money by what an average English jury, let us say, would consider to be honest methods, and I shall say of him, What a tragedy! He has spent his life for nothing; he has toiled and cringed and calculated, and lost his health, wasted his finer nature, worn the bloom off his soul, and he has arrived nowhere. He has missed nearly all

the simple enjoyments of life: he has a big house, in which he cannot secure an hour's comfort; he has an army of servants, who cheat him on the first opportunity; he sees his sons become insolent spendthrifts, and he sells his daughters for a tarnished title; his time is spent in scheming against other men who hate and envy him, and who are plotting his ruin; and one day comes a stroke of apoplexy, or the gout reaches a vital organ, and—hey, presto!—his poor shrivelled naked soul strides forth into the dark. What is the tragedy of a Hamlet to that? The very elements of a right and happy life—health, peace, quiet, wisdom—this man has missed. He wanted to "have," not to "be," and he has had his wish, as men often do; but his life has assuredly been a Barmecide feast. It is not necessary to assume that he has been what the world calls dishonest, that he has consciously cheated or deceived. It is enough to say that he has chosen the worst part in life, that he has not had the wisdom to see the meaning of life, that he has starved his true inner nature, and committed a far more terrible wrong than suicide of the body—he is guilty of soul-suicide. He may have gained the whole world, but he has lost his soul.

In a recent work on the "Problems of Democracy," Mr. Godkin has said with some truth that, though good and wise men in all times have warned their fellows against seeking after wealth, yet men are as eager in its quest to-day as ever they were. Our race goes trampling up and down over the planet, killing and plundering for gold. During the last few months thousands of men have been found ready to brave starvation and death in the most inhospitable region on the globe for the sake of gold. How eagerly is the partition of China being watched by men who care nothing for the Chinese but to make money out of them! National policy now is entirely dictated by money-makers, it depends wholly on money considerations. Various neatly-turned phrases are used, but the one thought behind them is the thought of money. It is true that, in the nature of things, this money must run to pockets: it can only accrue to a few; the great mass will be as hopelessly out of the race as they ever have been. But the gambling habit is ever the same, whether it is Stock Exchange magnates plunging in millions, or dirty news-

boys placing their pennies with a seedy bookmaker; in either case, in all cases, the speculator thinks there is a chance he may win. The belief in luck, the never-ending hope of a chance, joined to the delusion that great material possessions are really worth striving for, give the millionaire his vogue, render him an object of admiration. What he is, millions of others hope to be, just as in America the superstition is still kept up that any boy may hope to be President, though it can be demonstrated to him that his chance is about one in fifteen millions. So that, in dealing with this far more pitiful superstition about the millionaire, one must approach it from several points of view. We must try to show first that it is next to impossible for the average man to be a millionaire. There is not enough in the world to go round for that, or anything like it. Nature is frugal, and therefore the more millionaires there are, the more paupers there will probably be. We must next show, as I have tried to show, that it is disagreeable and unprofitable to be a millionaire, that it takes from one the real enjoyments of life, and burdens one with the most onerous cares. Spite of Mr. Godkin's pessimistic utterance spite of the cheers which greeted Mr. Chamberlain's futile assertion that more wealth means more happiness, we must believe that the well-being, the healthy future of the human race, is dependent on men learning the lesson which a few wise men of all ages have learned, that the life is more than meat, the body than raiment.

But I cannot conclude this subject of the millionaire without pressing the moral that, in so far as we do see the futility of a life spent in scraping money, we are committed inevitably to the desire and the effort for a better and wiser distribution of the world's wealth than now obtains. I cannot go into the question of how this shall be done, as to how far State action and how far voluntary co-operation will tend to bring this about. It is an encouraging sign of a period darkened by many signs which are not encouraging, that some rich people are voluntarily parting with large portions of their wealth to make others wiser and happier. Such persons constitute the bare margin of rich men who may enter the kingdom of heaven, and they are to be hold in public honour. Their action shows that the true ideal of life is not quite so hopeless

as Mr. Godkin supposes. It is also encouraging to note that even rulers in all countries are beginning to feel anxious as to the extremes of wealth and poverty; for they cannot fail to see that widespread poverty of the kind not to be borne must make it victims materialistic in thought, since their minds are necessarily concentrated on the one problem of how to acquire material things. But it seems to me more and more that the one thing needful is the prevalence among men of what I will venture to call a reasonable spiritual communism—a disdain of piling up individual riches, combined with a desire that all should share in whatever benefits these riches may bring. Our problem is to bridge over the gulf between the finest spiritual aspiration by which a man becomes indifferent to all things save inward good, and the hard facts and struggles of a material world in which no great step forward can be taken without strenuous contests with the forces of nature. Possibly even the millionaire, in his painful tragedies, is helping, along with the rest of us, to bridge that gulf over,

AMERICAN SOCIAL FORCES

[SPECTATOR, *June* 4, 1898]

NOT the least interesting items in the war news from America have been those relating to the regiments formed by rich and influential young Americans for action in Cuba. Mr. Roosevelt, who has established a considerable reputation in the political world, has thrown up his office of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, and has gone to the front at the head of a regiment of Western cowboys. One of General Grant's sons, a son of Mr. Blaine, a son of General Alger, Secretary of War, and other young men of high social position or with political influence, have also received important commands. As soon as the war broke out Mr. Bryan, too, found it necessary to demonstrate his patriotism by offering his service to his political opponent, the President, and it was reported that he had been given the command of a Nebraska regiment. There is no suggestion in all this of any dubious influences at work. It is to be presumed that nobody has been appointed who was not qualified, and that every one who applied was moved by a genuine spirit of patriotism. Nevertheless, it is plain that there are social influences at work in America, as there are here, which secure for an applicant a certain superior chance over another applicant. It is clear that the theoretic political equality is greatly modified by the perpetual impact of social forces born out of the conditions of American life. This fact was very obvious in the Civil War. In spite of his utter failure in the field, McClellan was retained by Lincoln long after he had ceased to be useful, save to the enemy, while the *novi homines*, like Grant and Sheridan, had to encounter not a little prejudice and intrigue before they had a free hand. The career was open to the talents of the younger men, but the

social position held by the older counted for not a little in his retention of his post. Two enthusiastic opponents of slavery in Massachusetts raised black regiments in the Civil War, and earned for themselves affection and fame; but they could scarcely have done it had they not occupied a social position of the highest kind, accepted as such by everybody, and to which no German or Irish naturalised citizen, however excellent or wealthy, could have laid claim. What, then, are the social forces which make for distinction in American life?

The question is not so easy to answer as it would be in any European country. Here distinction is apt to be regarded as political distinction, because for centuries the great majority of our distinguished men, even including many men of letters, have been connected with political life. A Macaulay or a Disraeli, who might have been well content with the fame derived from letters, burned to enter the political arena, and the ambition was regarded as natural and just. But Prescott and Motley never dreamed of going to Congress, and nobody ever expected either to do so. Yet it would be quite erroneous to imagine that Prescott and Motley were not held in as great honour and regarded as citizens of as great distinction in America as Macaulay and Disraeli were here. On the whole, to be actively connected with politics in America is to be popular, influential, but not distinguished—at any rate since the era of Webster and Clay, the last distinguished men of the old school, who were "natural" and stately political leaders in the same sense that Cavour and Guizot and Mr. Gladstone were. The successful senator, governor, or political "boss" of a great city may be a pleasant, gentlemanly, well-informed man, or he may not, but he usually does not count as a person of genuine distinction, and the presumption is apt to be against him in that respect. Hereditary distinction is of course out of the question except in the very oldest States. In a Western city founded only thirty or forty years ago one's grandfather does not count as a social factor. In the older States this is not quite so true. Three generations of the Adamses held high office and received marked attention, though personally not very popular. Three generations of Bayards sat in the Senate from Delaware. A Quincy is at the present moment Mayor of Boston. But on the whole, if

we look over the lists of both Houses of Congress, of the State Legislatures of leading Municipal Councils, we shall be struck by the absence of historic names or representatives of ancient families. It is evident that, so far as political life is concerned, the old social forces manifested for centuries in Europe have largely ceased to operate in America. What has taken their place? Apparently the man who now succeeds is he who best represents a vast collective force of average humanity, its temporary sentiment, local feeling, direct and obvious interests, and calculating common-sense. The individual, in short, has "withered," and the "world is more and more."

Superficial observation would lead to the belief that the "almighty dollar" is by far the greatest of social forces in America, and that to it every other force must bow. Nobody can deny that in America, as all over the civilised world concentrated wealth is now a gigantic and dangerous power. The equipment of whole regiments of volunteers by rich people is certainly a significant fact, as is the power of the trust in politics. On the surface, too, "society" in an American city appears to be dominated by rich people in their own interests. We have all heard of the "four hundred" in New York, and of the lavish expenditure which marks their entertainments. But enormous wealth is only a supreme power in so far as people choose to bow to its influence and to acknowledge it as the controlling element in their lives. Now we doubt, in spite of external manifestations, if there is more worship of the golden calf in America than there is elsewhere. The marriages of American heiresses to European nobles seem to hint at a devotion to Mammon in Europe which is the more keen because of the bare acres and empty coffers on this side the Atlantic, while on the American side a certain worship of rank seems to be as clearly suggested. The mass of American people, like the mass of every other people, are comparatively poor, and with little love, as a rule, for the rich class, but with a keen appreciation of some of the fruits of wealth. The desire for material enjoyment and for material conveniences is a democratic tendency, and it is therefore marked among American people. Thus it is that the making of money is a great social force in America, but it must be carefully dif-

ferentiated from that vulgar worship of wealth which is thought to mark the millionaire. Men cannot afford to sit still and "get left," as they put it; consequently the energy displayed in business and the time devoted to it are out of all proportion to the mere desire for accumulation. Nor can the very rich man in America command such avenues to celebrity as he can in Europe. Every one knows him, remembers when he started as a poor boy; there is no glamour of antiquity about his family. He may have built for himself a splendid villa, but nobody goes to see him; he commands none of the attachment which a man in his position would secure in Europe. On the whole, therefore, we do not think that mere wealth, great as is its power, holds that supreme position in America which is too commonly supposed. A force it is, a very great force, but not the greatest. Is it not a remarkable fact that neither political party dare nominate a rich man for the Presidency? The truth is that the average quiet, undemonstrative American citizen, who in the last resort really rules, is distrustful of great wealth, and events are likely before long to happen which will make evident that distrust.

There is a force in American life whose persistence and whose unquestioned sway does honour to the American people. We refer to the force of education. Mr. Bryce once said with truth that the most respected and influential men in America were the college presidents. Not one Englishman in a thousand knows who is at the head of Oxford or Cambridge, but the great mass of American people not only know who is at the head of Harvard or Columbia, they honour him as they honour no other man save the President of the Republic. When President Eliot of Harvard went over to the Democratic party it was treated as a national event, and no hall in Boston was large enough to contain the crowds who went to hear him make a campaign speech. The candidature of President Low for the mayoralty of Greater New York could scarcely have happened elsewhere in the world. When the President of Brown University declared for Mr. Bryan and the silver cause, columns were devoted to the event in the newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The influence of not a few of the leading Harvard professors is being exerted at the present moment on New England against the Spanish-American war,

and it is a factor recognised at once and everywhere. As with the university, so with the common school; it is a great and powerful institution, far greater than in England. In these elements of her life, indeed, America more closely resembles Scotland and the Scandinavian countries than any other part of Europe. If you want to find any genuine aristocracy in New England, in Ohio, in Minnesota, you find it in the collegiate class, in the teachers and officers of the universities and colleges. This is a good omen for the future. Closely joined with this class is the religious class, which wields an immense influence. The accession of Archbishop Ireland to Mr. McKinley two years ago was worth many thousands of votes—and not all of them Catholic votes either. The utterances of leading preachers, reproduced by the newspapers, are read by millions. To be connected with a Church is a sign of social distinction which even politicians value, and which is apt to degenerate into hypocrisy. The church-going practice on the one hand, and the coarse life of the "saloon" on the other, often seem to a stranger to divide America into obviously pious and reprobate classes, for the shadings of English life are not so palpable there. But when it comes to a crisis the spiritual heirs of English Puritanism contrive to win, and thus one finds that Puritanism, stripped of its impossible dogmas, humanised, and—we may add—moralised, is one of the supreme forces of American life, underlying all the "sensual and avaricious" tendencies on which Matthew Arnold spoke so freely to the American people. The schoolmaster and the preacher are, in short, the two factors held in highest esteem, and these, when America "finds her soul," will always be found topmost in her social fabric, the real unacknowledged aristocracy of American life. So long as this remains true, the vessel of American democracy may be beaten about by the fierce tempests which must come, but she will not go under.

DEMOCRACY AND PERSONAL RULE

[SPECTATOR, *May* 29, 1897]

THE Greater New York Charter Bill has received the signature of the Governor of New York State, and has therefore become law. It brings into legal existence a city of more than three millions of people, so that New York now exceeds the population of any European city save London. In actual area Greater New York is larger than London, although in the newly annexed part of the north along the Hudson much is still in a semi-rural state. How rich and powerful this huge community is may be inferred from the fact that the assessed value of property in the city is some £600,000,000. The truth is that New York, like London, is rather a big City-State than a mere town in the ordinary sense. If it were cut adrift, as the then secessionist mayor of New York proposed in the early days of the Civil War, this great city would make an almost respectable second-class Power. It is of great interest, therefore, to see how it is proposed to conduct the government of this huge city under the new charter of incorporation, especially in view of the past record of New York municipal government. The scandals of that government have been at times so monstrous as to engage the attention of the civilised world, and to cause the friends of democracy to hang their heads in sorrow and disappointment, For, if there was opportunity to plunder before, the amounts to be stolen now are indefinitely larger. Indeed, the New York of Tweed's day was almost a country town compared with the great municipality of to-day. The annual expenditures of the new city government will, we are told, exceed those of the State governments of all the seaboard States from Maine to Florida. "What a city to sack!" as Blücher observed when he passed

through the comparatively small London of over eighty years ago.

To the Englishman, with his fixed idea of representative government embodied in some collective authority such as the House of Commons in national affairs, or the Town Council as a whole in municipal matters, the startling fact of the Charter of Greater New York will be that it clothes the mayor of the city with powers such as nobody here would dream of proposing for any British official, whether elected or no. The mayor of New York will have under this charter both executive and legislative power of an enormous extent. Indeed, during his term of office, which is to run, it is worth noting, four years, the mayor will enjoy almost absolute power, within the limits laid down by the charter. He is to possess a veto over nearly all expenditure, which can only be overcome by a five-sixths majority of the City Council. This Council cannot increase any items of expenditure for current expenses. Those are to be all determined by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the members of which are, with one exception, appointed by the mayor, who has the right of sitting with them. The first mayor of the city, to be elected next November, will even have greater powers entrusted to him, for he will be called on to make appointments to heads of departments and to boards of persons who cannot be dismissed by his successor, but who will hold office for eight years. In short, when once elected, the mayor of New York will be a kind of civic emperor, whose authority within the limits of his sphere of action will be greater than that of most of the monarchs of Europe within theirs.

If New York were the same corrupt city, steeped in an all but hopeless slough, that it was in the days of the Tweed Ring, it would be terrible to contemplate the immense power thus concentrated in the hands of a single man, who might plunder the community for four years unless he were "removed" by that system of assassination which has been said to temper a certain despotism. But there can be no doubt that a vigorous movement for municipal reform is in progress in the United States. The basis of the movement is everywhere the same—to take municipal matters "out of politics"—*i.e.*, to make efficiency rather than party cries the

criterion for municipal service. Even in Chicago, which long disputed with New York for a bad supremacy in civic corruption, we observe a great change for the better. At the recent municipal election there, all parties adopted the reform "platform," and the Civic Federation, which embodies the reforming energy of the city, has declared that the new mayor is satisfactory from the reforming point of view. The same civil service reform which has now become so extended in the Federated Civil Service is beginning to be carried out in the leading municipalities, so that party appointments will soon be the exceptions rather than the rule. This is encouraging, but the English observer will still wonder why in order to carry out reform it should be thought necessary to give such enormous powers into the hands of individuals as are now committed to the hands of the mayor of New York.

It is plain that American democracy is proceeding on different lines from those on which we are working here, in regard to the political forms. It is not only a question of republicanism as compared with monarchy, it is a question of personal rule as against the rule of collective bodies. The personal system runs all through the United States. The President is entrusted with immense powers by the Union as a whole. The Governor of each State in his sphere has similar large authority. And now we see the principle carried out in an even more thorough way in regard to the mayor of a great city. Indeed, the mayor of New York will be to the City of New York all and even more than the President is to the United States. The principle, as we say, runs all through. In the House of Representatives the Speaker is clothed with powers that no House of Commons would ever dream of conferring on its Speaker, and, what is more, he uses them, and is supported by the country in doing so, without hesitation. In nearly every American city it is now the custom to take such important matters as the control of public parks and gardens, of the city police, of street-cleaning, out of the hands of the collective representative body, and to put them into the hands of responsible individuals. When the police scandals of New York woke the citizens from their normal apathy, and a great sweep took place of all the Tammany men, the new mayor put into the vacant Com-

commissionership of Police a young man of great vigour and of high culture, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who at once began to wield powers which London has not been used to see for centuries in one man's hands. It is plain that the tendency in the United States, whether in Federal, State, or city government, is towards a kind of one-man rule. By this we do not mean imperialism or tyranny, for the ruler is elective and responsible. What we do mean is, that the American people seem determined to get Carlyle's "able man" into office, and to give him a free hand.

Thus democracy is, in point of fact, working out very differently from the purely *à priori* conceptions entertained a century ago by its early enthusiasts. The American Constitution, when made, was denounced by the followers of Jefferson as having set up something like a monarchy, and thereby as having undone the fruits of the revolutionary struggle. Democratic theorists in this country, like Godwin, conceived of an almost anarchist commonwealth, in which, as the Socialist leader in Germany, Herr Bebel, put it, the government of persons would be replaced by the administration of things. What democracy in actual working in the most democratic countries seems, on the contrary, to be making for, is very strong personal rule, strictly within the constitutional limits no doubt, and under the ultimate sanction and authority of the people, but yet strong rule by a single person. Indeed, a rooted distrust of representative bodies seems to be all but universal in America, and we think is growing in France, as the adoption of the Referendum shows it to have grown in Switzerland. American experience seems to indicate that the elected member of a large body which has collective power is less efficient and more likely to be open to corrupt influences than is a single person chosen *ad hoc*. In England we are not altogether escaping this experience, for it cannot be doubted that the authority of the House of Commons is not what it was during a middle-class suffrage. But here it is the Cabinet which is gaining at the expense of the House of Commons; that is to say, one collective body is partly superseding another, the Premier not occupying any commanding position unless he is a commanding personality. Direct authority in England is partially veiled, except in the case of the judge. You

cannot, either in national or local matters, put your finger on any one individual and say, *There* is the real government. But in the United States this is just what can be done, alike in Federal, State, and municipal affairs. All through the individual is clothed with great and direct power, for the exercise of which he is responsible not to an elective body, but to the community, It is true that there has been criticism of the powers given the mayor under the new charter, but on the whole New York seems to be content. What are the reasons for the divergence between English and American tendencies in this respect? Why would nobody dream of conferring such powers on the Chairman of the London County Council or the Lord Mayor of Liverpool as will be conferred under universal suffrage on the mayor of New York? Partly, we think, because of the fact of a more limited suffrage here, democracy itself in its extreme forms running to personal rule. Partly because we have a leisured class willing to serve the community for the love of the thing, while in America, outside of the older New England cities, this is hardly yet the case. The average man is immersed in the routine of daily business; he has no time to carefully watch the doings of his elected representatives, and he thinks the chances of purity and efficiency are greater when a single person has to explain and justify to the people what he has done. In the last place, it seems to us evident that the American method is a logical development of the early ideas with which the American Republic began its career. The theory of Montesquieu as to the absolute division of executive from legislative authority led the American people to make each power independent, so that the interpenetration of both which has resulted in our Cabinet system, with our Parliamentary control over that system, has been impossible in America. And when it has come to the actual problems of a complex and vast democracy, the single person has proved more really representative and vastly more honest than the collective body. Therefore, as it was impossible to combine the two, as in England, without a kind of political revolution, it has been left to a sort of natural selection to decide that the single person must increase, while the collective organ must dwine away.

THE TIDINESS OF RURAL ENGLAND

[SPECTATOR, *August* 14, 1897]

THE principal impression of rural England derived by an American writer in the *Daily Mail* is one of tidiness, of absolute finish. He was travelling in Cornwall, and was preparing to throw away a brown paper bag which had held some grapes, when his companion seized his arm, saying, "Don't; you'll spoil England." The same impression was made more than sixty years ago on Emerson, who writes in his "English Traits," that the country seems "finished with a pencil." In must be confessed that English manufacturing towns are the most hideous places which the perverted ingenuity of man has ever contrived to rear. They were described by Matthew Arnold as "hell-holes," and the visitor to such places as Sheffield, St. Helens, Widnes, Bacup, Wednesbury, especially if he go on a dank, dreary day in late autumn, when the rain is falling, and the clouds and the smoke between them have blotted out sun and sky, will scarcely dispute the unpleasant nomenclature. Years ago the present writer paid a visit to Liége, which he had learnt from his early training in geography was the "Birmingham of Belgium." Birmingham he knew, but what relation had its dark and dreary streets to this charming city with its noble river, its fountains flashing in the sunlight, its charming park, its dignified old houses, and the beautiful antique architecture of its principal square? As little relation as one of the towns we have named has to the exquisite old villages of rural England. As we pass out of Birmingham, say, to Evesham and the leafy banks of the Severn, as we leave behind us in the gliding train one after another of the suburbs of the great industrial city, and at length come into clear country, into pre-industrial England, we seem to have reached

not a different country but a different world, and we wonder how it is that the same people could have built this grey old parish church or that ancient manor-house with its "wet, bird-haunted English lawn," and the huge brick boxes with their smoking chimneys, or the long unlovely streets with not a single object of beauty or grandeur in their interminable miles of dreariness. The wonder is as great as that paradox of creation which seized the mind of William Blake when he saw the tiger—"Did He who made the lamb make thee?" How could the same nation have made such differing human abodes?

The writer in the *Daily Mail* brackets England with Holland as offering a "monotony of neatness," but the linking of these countries together scarcely conveys an accurate idea. We are by no means insensible of the charm of Holland, which has appealed to so many generations of artists, but it is not the same thing as the charm of rural England. Holland *does* convey the impression of a "monotony of neatness," but England does not. Our scenery is infinitely more varied and animated than that of Holland; indeed, there is no area in the world of equal size where such a variety of scenery presents itself as in England. You may travel in the United States or Canada over hundreds of miles of the same geological formation, presenting the same endless succession of little white houses, wooden fences, and barns (their roofs decorated with advertisements of sarsaparilla in enormous letters), and here and there thicker clusters of the same ingredients with a few church spires and large brick edifices thrown in, denoting a growing town. It seems a healthy, rich, prosperous country, but you tire of it and take refuge in the contents of the newsboys' basket. In England one never tires of the scenery; one passes from stratum to stratum, from clay to chalk or limestone or gravel, from rich green meadows to picturesque hillsides or dark woodland or beetling cliff, by lovely little hamlets with towers that were old before the keel of Columbus cut the ocean waves, all varieties of scenery possible in the temperate regions being unveiled as in a panorama before your eyes in a few happy hours. There are only two other countries which, in our experience, offer such swift glimpses of varied beauty as does England—Switzerland and Italy—and the beauty of

Switzerland is largely the beauty of Nature, which has concentrated more grandeur in that one spot of earth than can be found over millions of square miles. We may say, then, that England and Italy are pre-eminent in revealing varieties of beauty, natural and artistic, within a small compass. But how different they are! It is when we consider them in contrast that this tidiness of England is manifest. It is a tidiness differing from the scrupulous Dutch neatness, for it is compatible with a diversity almost as rich as that of Italy; it is the tidiness of a rich, well-kept estate whose every detail speaks of a loving human care preserving it through generations from waste and ruin. Man seems to have worked in harmony with Nature. The old church, the timbered cottages, the red-tiled barns stained with the splendid wealth of the lichens, the feudal keep of the castle—all seem to be accepted by Nature as though they were her own products. The English people have for centuries lived close to Nature, and have perhaps caught somewhat of the secret of her charm, though they are in danger of losing it through their rush into town life, and the hideous, vulgar advertisements which they permit to disfigure their green fields.

It is when we compare actual English villages that we know with actual villages in foreign lands that we are most impressed by this spirit of beautiful neatness that prevails in England. The present writer has in his mind two villages which he knows well, one in France, the other in Ohio. The French village has made a stir in history, for it was the scene of a fierce battle, and its situation is by no means unpleasant. But what an odour pervades it; what an air of grimy, out-at-elbows existence it suggests! In place of the old English inn, with ivy-covered porch, gables, and antique sign, there is a sordid commonplace "Hôtel de l'Univers" (or some such name), looking like a fourth-rate wine-shop in some side street at Montmartre or Batignolles. You cannot take your ease there, the finery is too cheap and nasty. You walk along the village street, and you discover that the odours you had detected proceed from big heaps of manure lying outside the houses, festering in the street. Though France is pre-eminently the land of noble and perfect Gothic art, one walks to the parish church here and finds a dreary, semi-modern structure of no

particular style, with cheap new glass and an iron spire. The château is fairly imposing, but it seems neglected; you cannot imagine it as a "home." We do not say that all French villages are like this, but that it is a type is quite certain, and it is a type of frowsiness and neglect. Nature has done what she can, but man has not aided her efforts. The Ohio village is different, of course; growing in size, all staring new, destined, it may be, to attain to beauty some day. But at present, like the Apostle, it has by no means attained, and you can scarcely say that it follows on. You note the planked sidewalk, and it will be well for you to note the holes in it, through which you may inadvertently thrust your foot. You make your way to the inn, and find that a rural inn is not known in America. Three or four men sit round the stove in the bar-room, absolutely silent, chewing tobacco-twist; and you, forlorn and dreary, take up a two-day-old Cincinnati newspaper, and wade through a venomous attack on the Governor or the Secretary of State until you are summoned to a severe apartment with oilcloth blinds, and dine on a steak which might have been cut with a hatchet from a tree in the forest. Then you begin to sigh for the neatness and charm of an old English inn, for the maid in a spotless apron, for the dark wainscotting and the mullioned windows, for all that rich, humanising experience which adds to the depth and interest of life. The beautiful village church and the thoroughly human old English inn are unique and priceless institutions—the twin pillars of the rural edifice.

What is the secret of the undoubted charm?—for foreigners admit the charm; it is no mere boast of a silly chauvinism. One reason is to be found, perhaps, in the peaceful continuity of English life, allowing long generations to grow up and live in a sense of security. The wars that have been waged in England since the country was consolidated have only cut skin-deep. The Wars of the Roses were only contests of a few armed barons and their retainers, and Mr. Thorold Rogers tells us with truth that even the greater wars of the Commonwealth scarcely touched or interested the mass of English peasant folk. They knew that something was going on, for occasionally a battle took place in the neighbourhood or the defeated troops made their way across the fields to the nearest safe refuge.

But English life in its main features was scarcely affected, while in France the Wars of the League carried desolation all over the land, and in Germany the Thirty Years' War made of the country a place of tombs. In new countries, on the other hand, like America and Australia, men build for the hour, and are ready to "pull up stakes" at a minute's notice, and remove to a new home a thousand miles away. In neither case is there the sense of rest, of peace, of permanent possession, and of a serene inheritance from the past which has enabled English rural life to attain its peculiar charm. Nature has done much for England, but human history (arising partly out of conditions given by Nature) has done not a little also. We are "compassed by the inviolate sea," we enjoy varied scenes within a limited and easily manageable area, and we very early established a secure national life. The structure of English society has also helped. In France the *grand seigneur* thought only of his dignity and feudal privileges, and he never or rarely aided his humble neighbours and dependents. This isolation of classes, with insolent exactions on the one hand and growing thirst for revenge on the other, made the French Revolution what it was. The mass of the people in rural France were serfs, in feeling if not in actual legal status, and they lived and felt like serfs, with no pride in themselves or their surroundings. In Germany the mediæval barons so robbed and oppressed that it was impossible to form over large portions of that country "a bold peasantry" who could live in peace. But we contrived to get rid of our lawless barons at an early stage and to leave the field clear, and, with all their faults, our great country magnates never lost the sense of organic relations with the people, unless it were in the highly artificial age of the first two Georges, which was also an age of depression and brutality in country life. And as new facilities open up for village people, as their minds are expanded by education and intercourse, their manners improved, their political power extended, and their economic position slowly bettered, we may look forward with confidence to the future of English rural life. It is the best and sweetest of our national possessions, and we do not wonder that it draws to itself the hearts of our visitors from beyond the seas.

SCIENTIFIC OPTIMISM

[SPECTATOR, *October* 23, 1897]

THERE is a very fine poem of Matthew Arnold's, entitled "The Future," familiar doubtless to most of our readers, in which the poet depicts the voyage of man on the river of time. Arnold had a strong distaste for many aspects of modern civilisation, including the too exclusive dominance of the scientific temper, and as he sees the banks of the river of time crowded more and more with busy masses, the cities in "blacker, incessanter line," he doubts the full beneficence of these modern tendencies, and only at the end ventures to think that some solemn "peace of its own" may fall on the striving world, and that "murmurs and hints of the infinite sea" may bring some assurance of a more blessed future. We have been reminded of this poem in reading this year's Harveian Oration by Sir William Roberts, whose tone is so different. The Oration is conceived in the spirit of the scientific optimist, who recounts the wonderful effects of modern science in transforming civilisation, and who scarcely seems to entertain a doubt that the movement is purely beneficent, and that the civilisation based on it must be enduring. We are not, says Sir William Roberts, any longer threatened with the irruptions of savage hordes, for power has passed absolutely into the hands of the scientific nations. The "Yellow Terror," which the late Mr. Pearson set forth with such original vigour, is no terror at all to the Harveian Orator, who thinks that black and yellow peoples can never "catch up" with Europe and America. The blessings of scientific discovery are lauded in a familiar strain. Our chemistry enables us to produce all manner of substances and articles unknown to our ancestors, and to give employment to millions. Physiology and medical progress have improved

health and prolonged life. We can travel about and see the world without running the risks of old times. In short, it is scarcely necessary to reproduce the list of benefits which we moderns owe to science, for, as we have said, it is familiar enough. The most interesting speculation which Sir William Roberts suggests is that bearing on the question whether the hurry and bustle of modern life are good things tending to improve the race and to provide, as the Orator puts it, a kind of social antiseptic.

We admit that there is much to be said on both sides of this very urgent and difficult problem. Let us state the optimistic side taken by Sir William Roberts first. Ancient life, he seems to think, perished from mental inanition "arising from deficiency of fresh and varied intellectual pabulum." The ancients, in short, had monotonous lives: they had no "news," and could therefore take no sustained interest in the course of public events. Their civilisation ran to seed, while we, with a telephone at every one of our ears conveying the slightest whisper from every part of the earth, find "veins of interest" multiplied, and enjoy a "vivid absorbing life." It is true that nine-tenths of civilised people are suffering from nervous complaints almost unknown before our own century, but this very quickening of the nerves means also quickening of the brain; and so as "the great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change," we may expect not only a higher average standard of life and thought, as most observers of modern society have held, but a long succession of great and original men with minds inspired by the vivifying impulses coming from every point and rousing the intellectual activities as they were never roused before. This at least does not seem "unreasonable" to Sir William Roberts who finds in the "hum and buzz" of modern life "a sure token of the health and strength of the common hive."

We have spoken of this view of modern life, very ably set forth, as scientific optimism. Obviously the man of science is bound to be an optimist, for it is he who, more than any one else, has created modern life, and it goes without saying that he must bless his own handiwork and find it very good. Sir William Roberts is of opinion that art and literature and philosophy, in which the Greeks excelled, afforded no basis for a continuous progressive social life. The ancients, he said, in-

vented, but they had not the scientific temper; they made no effort to unify and co-ordinate knowledge. It is our glory that we have done that, and therefore our civilsation, founded on this achievement, is probably sound and enduring, in which case its results must be beneficial. Now, we do not wish to approach this very difficult theme in a dogmatic spirit, for we recognise that there is so much to be said from many points of view; but we should like to suggest some ideas which have been omitted from the Harveian Oration, and which may tend to render the scientific optimism of that utterance a little less certain than it seems. We would suggest, in the first place, that the phrase "the ancients" is not a simple one covering only one form of civilisation. There was probably much monotony in the life of the Teutonic tribes by the banks of the Elbe or Weser, or in the great Eastern monarchies where, as Hegel says, only one was free—the supreme ruler. But can we speak of ancient Greece as devoured by monotony, or even ancient Rome or ancient Palestine? Even in the matter of "news," on which Sir William Roberts lays such stress, Horace gives us a vivid picture of the Rome of his day, in which absence of news, of impressions from the outside, is certainly not a feature. The Roman Empire had no telephones or railways, it is true, but its great roads and means of transit were so admirably organised that all events, even on the outposts of the Empire, were speedily known at the capital. Besides, the very tribal religions, the seats of local deities, gave to each place a most vivid life of its own which we moderns cannot understand. The rivalries of the Greek States, as of the Italian States centuries after, were so intense as to render any prolonged monotony difficult, if not impossible. The dangers of travel too, while in many ways unpleasant, unquestionably made against monotony, as they also did in the Middle Ages. As regards the activity of the intellect, which modern life is supposed to foster, we have yet to learn that that activity is as great or powerful among ourselves as it was in great sections of the antique world. Freeman says that the average Athenian citizen was an incomparably abler man than the average member of parliament; and if we read the speeches directly addressed to the former, we cannot doubt that this is true. The intense civic life, we will not say of Athens or Florence,

but of Thebes or Argos, of Pisa or Siena, was such as we have no conception of, and which formed in the mind of the average citizen a standard of thinking and acting which would be only possible to a comparative handful in the London of to-day. But even the second-rate cities of earlier times, we may be told, were exceptional; the bulk of the ancient world was steeped in somnolence. And what of the tens of millions in the steppes and forests of the Russia of to-day, or, to come nearer home, of the many thousands of small workers in London attics who are as completely divorced from modern culture and the wider currents of public life as though they were inhabitants of Timbuctoo? We can scarcely admit that because we have railways and newspapers, and Greece and Rome had neither, therefore they perished from mental stagnation, and we shall keep alive for ever by our intellectual activity.

To come still more closely to this difficult problem of the rush and bustle of modern town life and its effect on the mind, Ruskin, in a very characteristic letter to a correspondent, takes a quite different view of all this energy, which seems to him to have no adequate rational end, to expend itself with fury, and to arrive nowhere. His chief enemy, he says, all his life long, has been the "industry" of mankind; and while others have painted the devil as incarnate wickedness, Ruskin paints him as incarnate "business," and sees numerous hints of him in the City, where rest and peace are unknown. What are we to say when confronted by these opposing views? We may say that rest and meditation tend to goodness without intellect, while bustle tends to intellect without goodness. But this is no solution, for in the long run we are firmly persuaded that saints are not made out of stupid people. There is no such absolute divorce as Schopenhauer supposed between goodness and intellect. Mill is on far truer lines when he argues that character and intellect, roughly speaking, go together. What we think is this: There is much truth in the contention of Sir William Roberts that the stress of modern life develops intellect, but it develops it in the mass, in the average man, and it does not develop it in a profound form. What seems most obvious to us in considering the modern world, is first, the growing dearth of the rarer and deeper kind of intellect; and secondly, the pressure brought to bear by the

rising, eager, democratic mass on the few finer minds. We do not produce to-day a Kant or a Spinoza, but clever critics who write about these men, who have read everything, and can give us all the latest views. We have not the deep constructive mind whose operations move in a vast orbit, but we have keen, eager minds which, comet-like, dart into sight, astonish by their lustre, and quickly disappear. This tendency may not last, but that it is the tendency of our society to-day cannot be doubted. Men will exhaust themselves in attempts to grow rich or to find out new forms of amusement, but who can afford the leisure to grow wise? The mere craze to be talked about, to live in the glare of public opinion, tends to destroy depth, originality, genuine power, which is always solitary. The dominance of the masses, too, with their necessarily low standard of demands, is irritating to the few, even when they can see it is an inevitable stage in progress. Think of the ideal of life of the average Londoner and of the way in which he renders the working out of this ideal more and more prevalent, so that he fills our streets with his cries and plasters our walls with his advertisements. This sort of life breeds undoubtedly a certain quickness, but does it really aid intellect? It keeps men from senile decay, but does it render them healthier, does it give them larger views and higher interests while they live? Is not a permanent spirit of irritation at constant friction being engendered among men of intellect by the conditions of life which are obviously due to scientific discovery? We say again that we do not dogmatise; we merely try to put forward another side than that taken by Sir William Roberts. The real truth seems to us that the world is so made that we have to pay a heavy price for everything. The Greeks paid a tremendous price for their ultra-individualism and devotion to art and speculative intellect. We are paying, and shall pay more and more, a very high price for our recognition of the supremacy of science, which, after all, does not cover the whole of human life. We have to do not only with that which is, but with that which ought to be, with art and religion, with the twin ideals of right and beauty; and life will never be rounded and whole, civilisation will never be secure, until these are co-ordinated with that keen desire to know which is at the root of our scientific conception of society.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL REFORM*

[SPECTATOR, *January* 1, 1898]

IF the present writer were asked what, in his judgment, was the greatest change which had come over organised Christianity during the last half-century, especially in England, he would say that it lay in a different conception of the aspect of religion towards actual life, and by actual life we mean life in the secular order here and now. It is not true to say that Christianity is solely a religion for the next world, or that it is a sort of spiritual anodyne for soothing the victims of misery in this present life. That it has often been so presented there can be no doubt, and that such presentation is based on a certain truth is also clear. Christianity does not find our actual life here that wholly good thing which mere naturalism supposes; it does not find man entirely good. The close of the great Christian vision reveals the earth and the works that are therein being burnt up; it reveals the forces of evil let loose. If we say that this is a dream during the terrible persecution of the Church under Nero, and that the doctrine of Christ is different, it must be said that Christ urged his followers to strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many would strive and would not be able. There is a distinct note of terror and warning in Christianity which some of our easy-going preachers of to-day ignore or gloss over, a note marking the infinite distinction, to use Carlyle's words, between a good and a bad man. But while the Christian doctrine, whether in the hands of Christ himself, of Paul, of Peter, or of John, does seem to regard this present life as a probation, a rough school of

* (1) "Christian Aspects of Life," by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., Bishop of Durham. (London, Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.) (2) "The Service of God: Sermons, Essays, and Addresses," by Samuel A. Barnett, Canon of Bristol Cathedral. (London, Longmans and Co.).

education and discipline for the will, and looks to the true issues of life as only revealing themselves after the curtain of the secular order has been rung down, yet Christianity itself in the mouth of Christ declares the future judgment as hingeing upon what men have actually done to their fellow-men in this life. In other words, we create our own heaven or hell by our attitude towards our human associates. Have we visited, helped, and comforted them, or have we passed them by? That is the test. The two aspects of Christianity are not irreconcilable, but at different times in history the Church has dwelt upon one aspect or another; and whereas religion formerly leaned on the more purely individual side of Christian life, it now tends to lay stress upon the social side.

Of this tendency the two volumes before us are excellent examples. They are conceived in the vein of the Epistle of James, faith being viewed in the works in which they issue. Not that the author of either would regard that "epistle of straw," as Luther called it, as containing the whole gospel, but it indicates the side on which emphasis is now laid. The selfish dreams of heavenly bliss in a cushioned pew while the outside multitude is perishing of hunger, disease, ignorance, vice, and crime, while war is preparing to strike down its victims, while the habitations of the earth are full of cruelty, will not satisfy the conscience of the Church at the close of this century. The movement is not without its dangers. Tender souls filled with enthusiasm may unintentionally do much harm, for the problems of population, of machinery, of finance, of municipal well-being will not yield to mere goodness of heart without the special training involved in an intellectual grip of these problems. But there are signs that the lesson of the lives of some of the great mediæval Churchmen and founders of religious Orders, of St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Gregory the Great, are not lost upon our religious teachers of to-day. Those great men not only sympathised with the poor and suffering, they also intellectually apprehended the social problems of their time, and some of our modern Churchmen are endeavouring to grasp some of the problems of ours. Among these the Bishop of Durham and Canon Barnett are honourably distinguished, and in these volumes they have given utterance to their thoughts on the relation which religion should bear to the social ques-

tion. Ultimately both hold that there is no great gulf between the sacred and the secular, but that the sacred is expressed through the secular. There is no "other-world," but there is one continuous and universal life, in which we share, and it is our sphere of duty to address ourselves to that section of eternity in which we now are, and make of it what Christ called the Kingdom of Heaven. That is practically the drift and purpose of both these volumes. Most of the leading social questions of the day are discussed in both volumes—labour, co-operation, international arbitration, benefit societies, education, the position and duties of the Church of England, the social miseries which we find blighting, as with a curse, our powerful and wealthy civilisation. It is argued that the religious man, as such, has duties with regard to these matters laid upon him, that he must carry his religion into his civic life, and make it felt as a power there.

This is not an easy task. It involves the most subtle problems as to the relation of the eternal to the temporal, the problem that has haunted Europe since the dawn of Christianity. Is the Church as a body to enter the political arena? If she does, will she not lose her distinctive character and miss her true vocation? Will she not be soon involved in party passions? We all know that the Church of England for a long time was largely identified with Toryism, and that, as Dr. Arnold said, she preached at the poor. On the other hand, were not the Nonconformists identified with the great Liberal party, and did not their religious life become secularised and narrowed thereby? We can explain how this twofold phenomenon came about, but we cannot explain away the harm it did to Christianity in England. Both the Bishop of Durham and Canon Barnett are very far from desiring any political partisanship among Christians as such. Their position is plain. The religious man is born into a State, and consequently must share the civic life of that State, which itself is but a member of the community of nations. In the old pagan world the State was in itself the end, and the sole end, of human endeavour; in it the perfection of life was assumed to be realised. Christianity has introduced into life the element of infinity, so that we know that our perfection cannot be realised in the State; we have an outlook beyond, our hopes

stretch "beyond this bourne of time and place." But at the same time we have principles of life which we must try to realise in the actual world, or we shall die of inanition, our spiritual life will become thin and spectral. Therefore, though we cannot regard the State as furnishing a field for the display in all its unfoldings of a life that is infinite, we are bound to apply those truths in which we believe to actual society, and the liberty of speech and organisation which has been won permits of our doing this. Thus we have given us the mean between mystic quietism and complete immersion in mere secular politics, and both these volumes hint at the line of action we should take in carrying out these principles into social life. This may be said to be the special task which both authors keep ever in view.

In attempting social reform the great danger is to rely on mere machinery, to apply secular tests to spiritual things. Christianity is interested in character, not in statistics; its ideal results cannot be probed and analysed by vulgar material tests. In an address entitled "Philanthropists and Others' Needs," Canon Barnett has some excellent remarks on this subject, which are perhaps the most significant utterances in either volume: "Reliance on sensations, on unreason, and on party spirit must indeed be fatal to the individual character on which the existence of religion depends. Results are no proof of success if the methods have weakened character." This is the keynote of Canon Barnett's book. That of Bishop Westcott is the paramount duty of placing the ideal of what Christ called the Kingdom of Heaven first of all. In an address on "Citizenship, Human and Divine," he uses these words: "We have transposed the Divine sequence of duties. Instead of placing our search for the Kingdom of God first, we postpone it till we have satisfied every secular want. We have forgotten the claims of life in our desire to accumulate the means of living. A truly human life, whatever be its nature, requires leisure and quiet and reflection; and still day by day we seem to strive more eagerly to make them unattainable." We have therefore a conception of the way in which Christianity may work in relation to social and political reform—the furtherance of the Kingdom of Heaven by every legitimate means, but also the development of character as itself the first

most of this Kingdom. Not giving to every one "a good time," nor attending only to bodily needs, but labouring to draw out the best in every human being—that is true Christian politics as we read it in these volumes. The subject of education (which in a very real sense is the bottom question) is dealt with in both books, especially in an admirable address delivered at Birmingham by the Bishop of Durham, in which the true methods of education, from which our cramming and mark-examining age has departed so widely, are set forth. The genial wisdom of this fine address, as of most of Bishop Westcott's utterances, is beyond praise. Canon Barnett is on the same lines when he says that instead of the crude machinery summed up as missions to the poor, each poor man needs individual help, and that consequently individual service instead of saving people in a lump is the need of the time. It is will and not machinery, not machinery, is the solution of the social problem. This idea is the connected line running through both these volumes, and no social reformer but will be the better for studying both.

THE RULE OF THE EXCEPTIONAL MAN*

[SPECTATOR, *April* 16, 1898]

WITH the main idea of this work, which is quite the most important that Mr. Mallock has yet produced, we do not think there can be any dispute, though most of the active sociologists in England either ignore that idea or are openly hostile to it. In a word, this idea is that social progress really depends upon the efficient services to mankind of exceptional men. Mr. Mallock differentiates between two kinds of progress. There is the progress expressed in the Darwinian formula of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. That means that, on the whole, during long periods of time, human generation slowly and by small increments of superiority raises the general standard and produces the most advanced and efficient races of mankind. This is the side of progress generally assumed when the conception of progress is before the mind of the modern thinker—an average and almost imperceptible race progress. But Mr. Mallock does not use the term "progress" in that sense. He is not dealing with the general physiological process which makes itself manifest in the course of ages among large masses of mankind, but with the more definite impulses to progress by which the great arts have been taught to mankind. Once upon a time man scratched the earth with a stick to produce scanty crops of grain; now he uses a steam-plough and a self-binding reaper. Once he journeyed painfully over morasses and wastes, exposed to constant danger, at the rate of four or five miles a

* "Aristocracy and Evolution: A Study of the Rights, the Origin, and the Social Functions of the Wealthier Classes." By W. H. Mallock. (London: Adam and Charles Black. 12s. 6d.)

now he rushes through the air in a luxurious express train furnished with all the appliances of a refined existence. Once he made a few rude marks on stones or stems of trees; now he is master of the vast stores of learning contained in a great modern library. Once he could only utter a few guttural sounds to his savage comrade; now he can converse through an instrument with a man whom he has never seen over a thousand miles away. Once he clad himself in the skin of a wild beast he had slain with a rude club; now he employs great factories which can elaborately and easily clothe the human race. The inquiry to which Mr. Mallock addresses himself is how all this wonderful change, which we call the progress of civilisation, has been brought about, and his answer, like that of the ancient Greeks, is that it has been brought about by the genius of the exceptional man, and that the mass have contributed little or nothing. As the Greeks attributed the invention of letters not to a vague and inanimate "evolution" but to the genius of Cadmus, so does Mr. Mallock repudiate utterly the conception, common alike to the Spencerian and the Socialist schools, that the immense developments of this templed and citied globe is due to any general initiative or any common joint human product. He maintains that it is the work of the exceptional man, he universalises the story or legend of Cadmus, and he consequently claims for the exceptional man the social reward which is his due. This is, in effect, the substance of Mr. Mallock's work, and we have little doubt that it is largely true, and that when the mental bewilderment produced by the general vague talk about "evolution" dies away, Mr. Mallock's conception of what may be termed a natural aristocracy will be admitted to be true. We need scarcely say that by aristocracy Mr. Mallock does not mean a hereditary peer; he merely means the man of some special gift which no one else has, and which gift is devoted to some definite act in social progress.

The masses, contends Mr. Mallock, contribute nothing to social progress except in so far as they readily assimilate the ideas of the exceptional man. The masses do not invent the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, the spinning-jenny, the Bessemer furnace: these and other inventions are the work of

specific individuals. But in so far as the masses follow out the instructions and accept the guidance of the great man, they are co-operating with him in the firm establishment of a great human order which shall subdue the earth and indefinitely improve the human lot. But do the masses contribute absolutely nothing to human civilisation? Mr. Mallock replies that they contribute moral though not intellectual factors, especially in regard to religion and the family. While the exceptional men furnish the intellectual needs of the world, the average men furnish the "general will," as it has been called by German philosophy, the human material, invincible and absolute, on which the multiform pattern of the higher life of man is traced by the defter fingers of exceptional power. No Government, no combination of able thinkers, can ever change those social institutions rooted in the common consciousness of which the average man is the guardian. We here seem to approach a doctrine not markedly dissimilar from that of Comte, relative to the organisation of "social classes." Comte's philosophic class is that of Mr. Mallock's exceptional men, while his class of workmen is that of Mr. Mallock's average men, contributing to healthy social solidarity rather than to intellectual initiative.

We repeat that, in our judgment, Mr. Mallock's general doctrine, while at times overstrained, seems to us as true as it is powerfully wrought out, and we think it a necessary protest in behalf of the individual against a superficial and mechanical view of the world, characteristic of our time, which lumps everything together under quite meaningless doctrines of "averages." That our complex machinery of civilisation is dependent at every moment and in every one of its vital parts upon the insight and knowledge of exceptional men, whether as "captains of industry," as inventors, as masters of speculative knowledge, as administrators, we should have thought no one doubted, were it not for the fact that social systems based on doctrines of human "averages" are thrust upon us for acceptance on every hand. That the exceptional man will, within obvious limits, demand and secure his terms from society, which must have his services, is also, we think, a truism. That the real force (apart from religion and morals) operating in the world is not the mere struggle for existence,

but the contest for domination by the exceptional men, also seems to us true; taken with the proposition that the contest is decided in terms of real service to the community, for whose welfare the exceptional man must, in the nature of the case, put forth his powers. Where, however, Mr. Mallock seems to us to push his case too far is in assuming that the exceptional man does, and always has been able to, secure his reward in the shape of material well-being over and above that of the human average, and that the present-day "pockets" of wealth are invariably the sign of social services rendered to the community. The long history of invention contains many a tragedy which prove that service and reward are not related as cause and effect. In many of our most important industries there are improvements (apart from the great and signal inventions) due to humble people whose names are known only to specialists. On the other hand, it would be hard to show how the rewards of a railway wrecker like Jay Gould, of a mere mining speculator, or of a mere Stock Exchange gambler, can be said to have been due to social services. It is this "bad wealth," as it has been called, which has excited the just suspicion and hostility of the poorer classes, and has bred theories of anarchism which endanger the peace of the world. We agree with Mr. Mallock that there is no widespread envy of wealth due to superior talent, and we think the illustrations he uses on this head are very happy. But the wealth which has caused poverty and ruin to thousands is bitterly and rightly resented; and the wisest statesmanship will be needed to deal justly with the power at present exercised by the wrecker and the gambler, while preserving the freedom without which the exceptional man will not be able to use his talent for the welfare of the community.

That the transformation of the capitalist wage system into universal State employment, or collectivism, will not make for this desirable social end is shown by Mr. Mallock in what is, perhaps, the most powerful part of his very acute analysis. His contention is that labour, so far as it is social and not the individual labour of a man on his own little plot of ground, can be organised only on one of two lines—slavery or the wage system; and he contends that collectivism

could only be successful as a means of production at the expense of liberty. Under collectivism the exceptional men would be the organisers and administrators: they would not only demand terms practically unregulated by the endless chain of competition which private initiative can set going, but they would not put forth their energies unless they were given a free hand to deal with the shirkers and the incompetent, who would be thrust out as inefficient into the streets and become a burden on the community. And as the wage system has on its side greater liberty, so it can be demonstrated that, spite of the distressing poverty which meets at every side the more tender conscience of the modern world, it has as a matter of fact raised the economic standard of life for the majority. But to keep the wage system sound and healthy free exchange is required. Free exchange is the antiseptic of the wage system.

ART IN OUR TOWNS

[SPECTATOR, *November* 19, 1898.]

THE splendid gift of Mr. J. T. Middlemore to Birmingham suggests alike the way in which wealthy men can serve the highest interests of the community and the way in which the community itself may receive the noblest educational influences. Mr. Middlemore has offered to Birmingham some fine pictures of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts—among the greatest English painters since Turner—on condition that the municipality provides a suitable building for their reception. At present the very excellent Municipal Gallery of Birmingham (especially rich in the works of David Cox) is housed in the great public building in the centre of the city, but a large addition to its stores would necessitate much greater space, and a new edifice for the purpose will be necessary. That the city which has built and sustained the present gallery, the well-arranged Public Library, and the special Shakespeare Library will respond heartily to Mr. Middlemore's generous promise by providing a casket for the proffered jewels there can be little doubt.

We hope the casket will be worthy of the jewels, or, in other words, we trust that the homage paid by Birmingham to the art of painting will not be at the expense of the sister art of architecture. It is not only true that architecture is the basic art, the art of arts, but it is equally true that it exercises a more powerful educational effect than any other, for it impresses itself upon us whether we will or no. Glorious as are the pictures at Florence, they have not probably exerted one tithe of the influence on Florentine life that has been silently exercised through six long centuries by Giotto's Campanile or the soaring tower and noble battlements of the Palazzo Vecchio.

At most a few citizens of Birmingham will linger each day before the exquisite creations of Mr. Watts's imagination, but thousands will pass by the building which contains them, and will be insensibly impressed by its meanness or its grandeur. As a matter of fact, except in the domain of domestic architecture, England has not taken high rank as an architectural nation, either in earlier or later times. We omit the beautiful cathedrals, which were not so much a special product of English genius as the outcome of a noble inspiration which poured itself forth over Western Europe, and whose monuments extend from Trondhjem to Seville. It is in municipal architecture, above all, that the architectural genius of a people reveals itself, and it must be confessed that, with one or two exceptions, our products in this respect during our earlier history were few and mean. Recall, if you can, the extraordinary sensation produced upon you when you turn from the quaint narrow street into the spacious piazza in which stands the grand Municipal Palace of Siena, record of genius, piety, and civic greatness, the source of inspiration to the mediæval city, and an object of pride and delight even to the poor inhabitants of to-day, who come to fill their pitchers at the lovely fountain. Think of the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, with its luxuriance of sculpture, the base and root, as Ruskin contends, of all architectural excellence. Think of Florence and Verona, of Ghent and Oudenaard, of that most beautiful structure in the picturesque square at Hildesheim, and then turn to our antique monuments (such few as there are), and contrast these with the glorious products of Italy, Germany, and Flanders. But it is very little better when we come to modern architecture, by which we mean buildings erected during the last two centuries. Of these, the earlier are perhaps the meanest structures by which any country was ever disfigured, while the later, though showing improvement, are nevertheless, as a whole, commonplace. Our largest modern municipal building is probably the Manchester City Hall, which contains one fine room, but which outwardly is solid and useful, but dull and unimaginative. Contrast the cramped, intensely commonplace Mansion House with the superb *Rath-haus* of Vienna or Hamburg, the former built in line with noble palaces, the latter with its heroic statuary

looking on a spacious square. We should scarcely go to America for examples of really good public architecture, but none of our modern buildings, so far as we can recall them, can be regarded as so successful as the beautiful white Renaissance palace in which Boston has housed her noble library. It cannot be denied that the mass of our cities and towns present a commonplace aspect, most of them a depressing aspect, due to the absence of impressive public architecture; there are exceptions, but that is the rule. Birmingham has done some good work in the centre of the town, and we hope that she will add to this a still better piece of art work in the shape of an excellent gallery for Mr. Middlemore's noble gifts.

We should say that, so far as modern times are concerned, our cities have been regarded too much as mere places to do business in and get out of as soon as business is over. Our towns are therefore at a disadvantage as compared with the times when merchants lived over their warehouses, and were therefore more inspired with the civic feeling. To take a purely utilitarian view of a city is fatal to many sides of civic life, but it is above all things fatal to civic art. If a town is nothing but an extended shop or warehouse, why trouble about making its architecture noble or attractive? The "square box order of architecture," as William Morris called it, is probably the most convenient for business purposes, as the hideous elevated railway is undoubtedly the most convenient mode of travelling from one end to the other, provided you have straight and long streets, as in New York and Chicago. And as the business community rushes out of town by suburban trains as soon as its work is over, the tendency has been to leave the city to desolation, and to plant the standard of beauty in the distant suburb, and that in the merely domestic form of a pleasant, often pretentious, but sometimes pretty villa. It has been left in London to the new hotels and clubs to supply that element of splendour and solidity in architecture which ought to be supplied by our public edifices. We have, in fact, exactly reversed the dictum of Plato that the citizen should live simply and quietly, and that wealth should be lavished on such buildings as are common property. During the last few years there has indeed been a notable reaction against this tendency, which we hasten gladly to

recognise; but what lee-way we must make up before our cities generally become what cities ought to be! No doubt our dense clouds of smoke have spoiled the aspect of even such buildings as we have, and we live in hope that the development of industry on an electric instead of a steam basis may aid in the task of purifying our towns, without which we can have no impressive architecture. We do not expect impossibilities; we cannot expect Manchester to become like unto Florence, or Hull to blossom out into a Venice: it is enough that some dignity of aspect be imparted to such towns suitable to our character and environment as a people.

To return for one moment to the growth of art by means of pictorial exhibition. We can never establish more than a few great centres of pictorial art. We cannot take the masterpieces of Rome, Florence, Vienna, Paris, Dresden, London, Madrid, and distribute them among the cities of the world, for it would defeat the very aims of art itself, which involves great art centres as a means of educating artists themselves as well as of inspiring those who are not artists. But the modern methods of reproduction have reached such a pitch of perfection that it is now easy for any fair-sized town to stock an art gallery with photographic reproductions, casts from the antique, engravings, &c. The New Museum of Berlin, that most admirable and perfectly arranged collection of copies, illustrates on a great scale what can be done. Such an institution could be maintained in scores of English cities on a smaller scale, and it would be a perennial source of delight and instruction, growing in interest as the people grow in culture. The renascence of handwork in brass, copper, iron, and textile fabrics among our own people should also be taken advantage of by municipalities, in order that each city may not only be a centre of trade and business, but also a nursery of ideas and a home of the noble and the fair. Industry without art is, as Mr. Ruskin has said, brutalising. With our huge growth in material luxury let us never forget that.

STATESMANSHIP AND LITERATURE

[SPECTATOR, *December* 3, 1898.]

LORD ROSEBERY as a speaker is generally interesting, and, in our opinion, he is apt to be more interesting on literary than on political subjects. In the latter case he has to think of the many-hued sections of the party with which he is connected and which he aspires to lead once more, and therefore he does not give us himself frankly and with complete *abandon*. But in the realm of literature Lord Rosebery is free to speak without reserve; and as he is a wide, though not profound, reader, he generally interests and occasionally instructs us. Bookishness and statesmanship are, one would say, incompatible, as Lord Rosebery asserted, but he produced the instance of Mr. Gladstone as at one and the same time a great statesman and a great bookman. Then Lord Rosebery went on to test the question as to whether this combination was rare by references to our prominent public men, but he scarcely came to any definite conclusion, interesting as were his allusions to Carteret and Charles Fox, to Canning and Disraeli, to Gladstone and Parnell. The question still remains as to whether the political mind is, on the whole, likely to be literary, or whether the man of letters will probably become a successful statesman. These, let it be remembered, are quite distinct problems.

We think the many instances adduced by Lord Rosebery are sufficient to show that the aristocratic statesman of the past, with his comparative leisure and his classical training, was usually a man of reading and a lover of literature. Exceptions there were, like those of Walpole and Rockingham; but the long line of literary statesmen, or at least of statesmen

who loved books and reading—Harley, Bolingbroke, Carteret, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Grey, Canning, Melbourne, Russell, Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, not to speak of so immortal a man of letters as Burke—shows conclusively a kind of apostolic succession in the literary statesman. In France for a long period we find a similar condition. In the last century Choiseul, Turgot, Malesherbes, were cultivated and learned men. During the Revolution even, when action rather than culture was the idea that governed men's minds, Brissot, Siéyès, Condorcet, came to the front. During the present century Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine, Rémusat, are instances of the union of politics and literature in the persons of public men. If we turn to another land—Italy—we find in the history of her mediæval republics a close blending of politics and literature, the most illustrious example of which is, of course, Dante. We think of him rightly as *l'altissima poeta*, but he was a political leader in Florence, and he has given us in the "De Monarchia" one of the great political treatises of the world. Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, and later on Paul Sarpi, are all statesmen as well as historians and artists. Unquestionably there is a long historical association in Europe between letters and politics. Even in America, where the word "politician" has come to have such dubious associations, many of the older statesmen were great readers and good scholars. This was true of Hamilton and Jefferson, and later on of Calhoun, Webster, and Sumner. But can we say that now, when democratic ascendency is becoming more and more pervasive, the statesman is also the man of letters? Not, we think, in so full a sense. We do not lay stress on the absence of those quotations from ancient literature which marked the speeches of Pitt and Fox, and which can scarcely have been appreciated by the country gentlemen, filled, as Macaulay said, with October ale, who lined the benches of the House of Commons. It seems to us that there are at least two formidable obstacles to the union of a deep devotion to letters on the part of a statesman of the present day. In the first place, "the world is too much with him"; the demands made by modern politics are too urgent and incessant to permit of the old leisure which Fox enjoyed, for instance, at St. Anne's Hill, when he read Horace and Virgil with his wife sewing by his side. It is true

that a very exceptional man like Mr. Gladstone, enjoying perfect health and a marvellous memory, could cultivate literature, politics, and many other things at the same time. But such good fortune falls to the lot of few. When he was President, Mr. Cleveland, it is said, began his daily task at ten in the morning, and was often found long past midnight still deep in work. Lord Salisbury is never so happy as when locked up in his laboratory, but public affairs can seldom permit that luxury. The modern scientific appliances have destroyed leisure; and the statesman with a hundred letters on his table, his ear at the telephone, and deputations waiting to see him will find less and less time to gratify his taste for the kind of reading which Carteret and Fox loved.

Another cause which makes against the literary statesman is the scientific as distinguished from the literary temper and atmosphere of the time. Modern political problems are so inextricably blended with scientific facts that we may look forward to a scientific rather than a literary training for public men. We confess we do not look with much delight on this prospect, but we cannot help recognising facts. By "science" we do not mean purely physical science, but also the sciences of finance, statistics, public hygiene, comparative politics. Full equipment in these and other matters involves no little time, and the statesman of the future will, we fear, be likely to be far better acquainted with Sauerbeck's lists of prices and the figures of the Washington Bureau of Statistics than with Virgil or Chaucer. When he reads literature at all, we fancy he will read mostly novels; and though some novels may be classed in very high and noble literature, most novels take rank in a low scale. Most of the actual current problems of the world arise out of scientific discovery and invention, as older problems did not; and they need a considerable command of ethnography, languages, even psychology, if they are to be treated effectively. It is not statesmen only, but the world at large, which is going through this process of absorption in science, even the romance literature of the period being largely steeped in new scientific conceptions.

We have considered the attitude of statesmen to literature,

but there is an allied though quite distinct question on which Lord Rosebery did not touch. This is the question whether literary men, as a rule, make good statesmen. We should answer this question at once by saying that they do not. It is useless to quote the cases of men who, like Julius Cæsar and Frederick the Great, were fundamentally statesmen and only secondarily literary men. The case is that of the man of letters who afterwards "went into politics." We know that there have been a few instances of successful men of letters in the political sphere, but they have been few. We recall that remarkable man, Leibnitz, who was diplomatist as well as philosopher, and we do not forget the cognate instance of Rubens. But, as a rule, the experience of poor Bailly, who left his observatory to take part in the French Revolution, has been the experience of most men who have entered an alien sphere—except in so far as most of these have not been the victims of the guillotine. What is the first duty of a public man? Obviously, action. But this is not a duty at all, except in so far as personal morality is concerned, for the man of letters. He is a student; his life is necessarily cloistral, his place is in his library. In public affairs he is apt to be either unduly rash or unduly timid. He is out of harmony with his environment when he takes up politics. He finds that the men with whom he associates do not understand his point of view; they think him a pedant, he thinks them barbarians. His intellect is apt to be degraded from its peculiar and high task by association with minds, vigorous, it may be, but commonplace. He is called on "to serve tables," so to speak, and he soon finds that early inspiration gone, while he has failed to make any impression on those with whom he has been brought into contact. Gibbon no doubt, as Macaulay said, derived some benefit from his short membership of the House of Commons; but he did nothing there, and if he had remained we should not have had the "Decline and Fall." What did Victor Hugo contribute to the French Senate? Even Macaulay, though he had a political mind, probably wasted his time in Parliament, and was ultimately glad to return to his library, enthusiastic as he was on his entrance into the House. One might point to some striking contemporary instances of the failure of men of letters to do that

HUMAN IMMORTALITY

[SPECTATOR, *December* 10, 1898.]

"IF a man die, shall he live again?" This is the fundamental question of all ages, and the modern world, while deeply divided on this problem of problems, is perhaps even more keenly interested in it than was any earlier epoch in history. Men and women who doubt or reject any revelation will sit round a table for hours at a stretch, and for month after month, to find out, if they can, whether the dead are still alive. Controversy without end takes place on this theme, and no wonder, since all other subjects of thought sink into utter insignificance beside it. It makes all the difference to us if you and I are in a few short years to be extinguished like a candle, to be as though we had never been, or if, on the other hand, we are, after the accident of death, to begin our true life, of which these few troubled years are but the prelude. Our belief on this momentous subject will inevitably mould our lives. As Browning has it in "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," we shall, if we believe in the future life, treat this world, not as the palace, but as the vestibule to the palace; we shall not care for the bubble called fame, for what is the fame even of a thousand years compared with the endless ages of eternity? We shall not concern ourselves with the ordinary objects of earthly ambition, any more than a grown man would concern himself with the toys of a child. We shall not even worry ourselves over the evil and the crimes and the failures of the world, for we shall view things in a grand perspective, and shall understand that nothing can really be judged here. We shall not allow mere secular civilisation to dominate us, as it dominates at the present moment a world which has lost for the most part its sense of the divine. So that not only our

sublimest hopes, but even the course of our actual life, hangs largely on what is our view as to the scale on which our life is built—on whether it is an ephemeral affair, a little gleam of consciousness between two black abysses, or whether there is that in us which will surmount the barriers of space and time and which will escape corruption. Modern science, from its narrow point of view, sees naught in man which is not derived from lower forms of life: it explains so much of man as comes within its purview from a materialistic hypothesis, and consequently has insensibly depressed the idea of immortality. It has not denied the idea, for it cannot do that, but it has discountenanced the idea, and in the mouths of some of its distinguished votaries has even gone further. Altogether, without definitely settling anything, we may say that science has in the main accustomed men to think of themselves as cunningly arranged matter and nothing more, and as therefore doomed to extinction as conscious entities, although the actual matter of which they are composed is assumed to be indestructible.

To those who are thus swayed by the supposed inferences from physical science, a little work by Professor William James, of Harvard University, entitled "Human Immortality" (Archibald Constable and Co.) may be commended; not as proving immortality—a thing which cannot be done—but as suggesting reasons why we need pay little attention to materialist inferences from science, and why we should cling to the verdict of our moral nature rather than bend to the baseless hypothesis of scientific dogmatism. Professor James is well known as one of the most suggestive and original writers, and as certainly the most brilliant psychologist living. Whatever, therefore, he has to say on this subject is worth listening to, for he thinks freely, and he knows all that the scientist knows, and more too.

Professor James addresses himself to two difficulties which are strongly felt by many who would gladly believe in the great doctrine of human immortality. The first of these is "relative to the absolute dependence of our spiritual life, as we know it here, upon the brain." One is told that science has demonstrated beyond contradiction the connection of our inner life with the "grey matter" of our cerebral convolutions.

and has therefore rendered impossible of belief the notion of the persistence of consciousness after the grey matter had perished. Now, it is true, as Professor James admits, that thought is vitally associated with this brain structure, and he is willing to concede so much that he allows the truth of the doctrine, "Thought is a function of the brain." But when the materialistic man of science utters this dogma, he is thinking of what may be called a "productive" function. "Engendering consciousness in its interior, much as it engenders cholesterin and creatin and carbonic acid, its relation to our soul's life must also be called productive function. Of course, if such production be the function, then when the organ perishes, since the production can no longer continue, the soul must surely die." But the conclusion is premature, since there are other functions than the productive: there are the permissive and the transmissive functions, and we may think of these in connection with the brain. Professor James then strikes out a fruitful idea. "Suppose," he says, "that the whole universe of material things—the furniture of earth and the choir of heaven—should turn out to be a mere surface-veil of phenomena hiding and keeping back the world of genuine realities. Such a supposition is foreign to neither common-sense nor to philosophy." Thought, then, is the reality and what we see around us, the visible world, is the veil through which thought shines, only at particular places the veil becoming so thin that we can be struck by the effect. "Glows of feeling, glimpses of insight, and streams of knowledge and perception float into our finite world." If our brains are such veils, thinner than the more obtuse matter of the world, "the life of souls, as it is in its fulness, will break through our several brains into this world in all sorts of restricted forms, and with all the imperfections and queernesses that characterise our finite individualities here below." Even when the brain stops acting, "the sphere of being that supplied the consciousness would still be intact," and might continue to be in the more real world. Professor James does not state this hypothesis as a dogma; he merely says that it is as good a hypothesis as that of materialism; that it is permissible, that it delivers us from the fatal necessity of the materialist dogma.

Function means only "bare concomitant variation." What

goes on in the brain is mere function, which may be but transmission of a power which does not need to be generated *de novo*, but which already exists "behind the scenes, coeval with the world." This hypothesis is more in harmony with the known facts of psychology than is that of the production idea. You have, for instance, an apparition of some one you know dying hundreds of miles away—a fact as well attested as any. "On the production theory one does not see from what sensations such odd bits of knowledge are produced. On the transmission theory they don't have to be produced—they exist ready-made in the transcendental world, and all that is needed is an abnormal lowering of the brain threshold to let them through." In a word, as Professor James puts it in an admirable simile, "we need only suppose the continuity of our consciousness with a mother sea, to allow for exceptional waves occasionally pouring over the dam." Current thought, in a word, must turn itself completely round, as popular thought had to turn itself round when the new astronomy broke in on its prejudices. As men then had to accustom themselves to the heliocentric in place of the geocentric theory, so now men must detach themselves from the superstition (it is no less) of taking the visible for the ultimate fact; they must rid themselves of the encumbrance of what is called common-sense, and look on the universe as a kind of veil or medium through which spirit works, and they will find that, in the first place, the facts are better explained by the spiritual hypothesis, and in the second place, that at least they are saved from the supposed necessity of materialism. In short, the final word of the mind is that "the things which are seen are temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal."

The second difficulty which Professor James meets is that "relative to the incredible number of beings which, with our modern imagination, we must believe to be immortal, if immortality be true." We give up our own immortality, says Mr. James, "sooner than believe that all the hosts of Hottentots and Australians that have ever been, and shall ever be, should share it with us *in secula seculorum*." But this feeling harbours a fallacy. You can only realise these swarming masses in a purely external way, but they are realising themselves "with the acutest internality, with the most violent

thrills of life. 'Tis you who are dead, stone-dead, and blind, and senseless, in your way of looking on. You open your eyes upon a scene of which you miss the whole significance." Every living entity creates a call for that entity and an appetite for its continuance. The universe can supply its needs, for "it is not as if there were a bounded room where the minds in possession had to move up or make place and crowd together to accommodate new occupants. Each new mind brings its own edition of the universe of space along with it, its own room to inhabit; and these spaces never crowd each other—the space of my imagination, for example, in no way interferes with yours." Professor James refers to Wundt's law of the increase of spiritual energy, which leaves no limit to the positive increase of being in spiritual respects, so that, however immeasurable the spiritual demand may be, there will be a corresponding spiritual supply. The life of God, in effect, is infinite, and therefore equal to all demands, for in Him we live, and move, and have our being. We are not in a universe made for the select few, but in a house of "many mansions"—a great "democratic universe," Professor James calls it. "Was your taste consulted in the peopling of this globe? How then, should it be consulted as to the peopling of the vast City of God?" The truth seems to be that, in spite of our scientific achievements, we are still under the old conception of a limited, bounded universe; we do not realise what infinite provisions are stored up for the countless multitudes whom divine energy calls into being. In our mind it is a question whether the New Testament confirms this theory of Professor James as to the inherent immortality of being as such (for he even seems to carry the idea to lower forms of life), but there can be no doubt as to the power and suggestiveness of the argument here furnished. The reply to materialistic science is, to our thinking, complete; and though the second part of the argument is not equally conclusive, yet it is full of interest to those who ponder over the great problem and who find no rest for their troubled spirits.

THE CHARM OF WINTER SCENERY

[SPECTATOR, *January* 7, 1899]

THE present writer, when praising the charms of the country and the superiority of a green field to Fleet Street, is sometimes told by his friends that such talk is well enough as regards summer in the country, but that winter is a different thing. The doleful nature of country life in the winter is then depicted in language of exaggerated gloom. The dripping, leafless trees, the roads ankle-deep in mud, the short dark days and the long dreary evenings with no theatres or brilliant restaurants, and with your nearest friend two miles away. Such is the criticism of winter in the country,—generally proceeding from persons who know it from hearsay and who are as much attached to London bricks as Dr. Johnson or Charles Lamb. We do not purpose to balance the conflicting claims of a London and a country winter, though we may point out that the length of the day is the same in either case, that trees in any guise are at least as pleasant objects to gaze at as the houses in the Strand, and that, whereas with stout boots you need not mind the muddiest country road in England, in London on a dirty day a couple of passing hansoms may ruin your clean collar and splash your best overcoat from top to bottom in the space of one minute. What we design is to say a word for the exquisite loveliness of winter scenery.

As one grows older many of one's early tastes give way to riper and very different feelings;

> "Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

In no sphere of interest does this change manifest itself more than in regard to scenery. The young, full of light romance, are all for rugged, snow-capped mountains, waterfalls which haunt them, as in the case of Wordsworth's youth, like a passion, wild ravines,

fearful precipices, great glaciers, and fields of snow. At no time will a man of imagination be unmoved by these more unusual features of Nature, but as life proceeds he will care less for them than for the placid, sylvan scenery so common in England, yet so satisfying, so healing to the soul. As in literature and art, it is not the startling, the bizarre, the grandiose, but the sane, the simple, the universal, which lives through the ages, so in Nature it is the calm, the simple, the common, which finds its charmed way into the depths of the human heart. Where would one rather live permanently (climate apart),—amid the awful gorges and roaring torrents of the Simplon, or among the green hills and dales, the blooming orchards and yellow cornfields of many an English shire? Youth may declare for the romantic regions of rocks and ice, but the mature mind will find its permanent source of happiness in the quiet and mellow beauty of the simple woodland and green pasture. The contrast of feeling about winter and summer scenery is somewhat analogous. Summer has, in the main, had it her way with the young, and with the romantic poets who write for the young. "Summer is a-coming in," as the old English song says, is the delighted cry of youth, to whom the wintry woods merely present "bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." Summer seems the season of hope, winter that of decay. The blood leaps in the pulse as the sap rises in the tree, the carol of the birds is answered by the merry shout of youth. Well, it is true that in the very earliest days of summer, while the trees are still arrayed in their first green, there is a certain rare beauty which enchants all hearts. But how soon it is over, especially in the town. A week of unusual heat will change the whole face of things, and once changed you cannot regain that early leafy paradise—

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

What does the rest of summer yield? The finest song-birds soon cease, the blackbird ceases to trill in the neighbouring wood, the cuckoo is flying south, masses of dull green replace that exquisite verdure the vision of which is but a memory, the eternal blue of the sky and the dusty, arid white of the road irritate, the sun scorches, you pant for freshening air and cooling rain. July and August, it is true, yield some of the most brilliant flowers that adorn our landscape, but in many respects they are the least interesting and pleasure-giving months of the year. Their burning sunshine

has neither the glad brightness of May nor the soft, mellow beams of October. Their foliage, like prosaic middle life, has neither the tender loveliness of spring nor the grey, almost spiritual, beauty of winter.

Now, if we turn to winter scenery, it is this mystic, all but spiritual aspect which most appeals to our mind. Take a spacious park on a fine winter afternoon about an hour before sunset; and, if we except the most sublime Alpine solitudes, what can be more ethereal in its beauty, what can suggest more subtly to the sensitive mind the close, vital contact of spiritual life? The air is still with that dead stillness which only winter knows; no wind sweeps the leaves, no insect hums in the breeze. The Western sky is a sea of pale golden and crimson light, infinite gradations of delicate colour, and ranged in naked outline against it see the trees. The young passing passion of spring, the dull, monotonous, settled green of summer, the yellow decay of autumn have all succeeded one another in Nature's year of miracle, and the trees are dead; their skeletons are there. But what delicacy of beauty! You see each tiniest twig standing out against the yellow light, and you feel a subtle thrill of emotion as the very spirit of Nature unveils herself before you. The grosser aspects of things die away, you scarcely breathe, so impressive is the witchery; you almost feel as one disembodied, dead, passed into a world where the Platonic copies of things are. If in spring and early summer one is conscious of the fulness of sensuous life, in these ideal winter days the mind which is attuned to the external scene is equally conscious of a vast spiritual life in which man and Nature are subtly enfolded. The heat of passion is over, and reason and imagination hold their sway.

It may be said that we have idealised winter, which is not all made up of golden sunshine and peaceful parks. But even on the dullest day, on the muddiest country road, aspects of remarkable beauty appeal with the more power since we are not, as in summer, oppressed by an embarrassment of riches. Our appetite is not cloyed, the wood is not hidden by the trees. In an open winter such as the actual modern English winter is and the conventional winter of the Christmas cards is not, one notes the rich chocolate of the upturned soil,—a colour more deeply satisfying than at any other time. The dusty hedgerows have been cleansed, and the fluttering leaves of the blackberry bushes present a freshness of green which almost startles you as you see it against the background

of bare, delicate stems, be-diamonded by Nature's own hand. The little bits of green in the woodland paths, nestling in their beds of brown and yellow leaves, are dearer than the rank growth of early May. The economy of Nature fills you with perpetual surprises; she can do without all that earlier wealth you thought so captivating; the very bareness of her winter beauty steals into your heart, and you surrender without conditions. You begin to feel in love with the Cinderella of the seasons. And in England, where geological conditions have given us such a wondrous variety within so small an area, a little world in itself "set in a silver sea," we may find, even in the winter season, a wealth of life and a series of scenic effects which should take from winter the reproach, so undeserved, of being unattractive. Cowper did not find it so, nor Thomson, nor Wordsworth. But we confess we are still waiting for the poet and the artist who will do supreme justice to the English winter.

THE USES OF AGNOSTICISM

[Spectator, March 4, 1905]

We have read with much interest and agreement the suggestive little book entitled "Summa Credo" (Macmillan and Co.), the object of which is to combat philosophic unbelief on the ground that it does not explain the known facts of life, and that it issues in grievous evils to mankind. The author finds the ultimate theory of the unbelieving school to be materialism, which in the region of intellect shows itself as agnosticism, in the region of feeling as pessimism, and in the region of conduct as anarchism. Materialism resolutely refuses to admit anything outside or beyond the five-sense universe. Your world is given you in your bodily senses, and there is no other world; you find the aim and end of your being there. Consequently those "thoughts that wander through eternity" are beautiful delusions, idealism is a quixotic absurdity, and death ends all. We do not feel sure that materialism as a philosophic creed is so widely held as our author supposes. Huxley, who was charged with it, replied that he held materialism to be a "grave philosophic error." Mr. Spencer has summed up his philosophical inquiries in the conclusion that the universe is the outcome of an infinite and eternal energy of which, it seems, we know, and can know, absolutely nothing. Tyndall professed to find in matter "the promise and the potency" of all life. Büchner builds up a universe out of "force and matter," but his declining popularity might easily be taken to show that his pure materialism is a vanishing factor in contemporary thought. While, therefore, we agree with our author in thinking that, when it is finished, materialism must bring forth bad thinking, bad morals, and a hopeless outlook, we also hold that agnosticism may be independent of a materialist philosophy, and may simply represent bewilderment in the face of life's problems. Our experience is that many earnest

men pass through the agnostic stage, and that those who stick there are either feeble thinkers or persons lacking in serious character. With the latter it is hard to reason; they must be left to the tragedies of life in which even the most frivolous are involved. With the former class the general line of argument contained in "Sursum Corda" may have its way.

In reading this little book we are reminded of Shakespeare's saying, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." The poet had in mind moral adversity and its effect on character. But intellectual adversity has also its uses by means of which the intellect is braced and energised. Agnosticism is intellectual adversity, it is the proclamation of intellectual bankruptcy, although, like Lucretius, its victims are often "nobler than their mood," and are disposed to "deny divinely the divine." Agnosticism cannot reach any principle of being, any permanent divine power, any heart from which all the streams of life take their source. Doubtless this intellectual mood does often proceed from an unworthy life, the eyes of spiritual vision being closed by devotion to the things of sense. But this is far from being always so; indeed, it is probably not the rule. The ordinary sensualist is indifferent; he eats and drinks, for to-morrow he will die; he has not reached the level of serious concern about ultimate problems. The agnostic is fre quently, as Mr. Gladstone said of Mill, a "saint of rationalism," his self-denial and earnest zeal for human welfare putting to scorn the comfortable half-belief of many Christians. Therefore, while fully convinced that agnosticism harms in the long run the spiritual nature, we prefer to think of it now as intellectual adversity. As such, it sweeps over the world at different periods, and this takes place when old formulæ of belief are showing signs of dissolution. There is much suggestive thought in the classification of eras by St. Simon, who divided history into two alternating periods of analysis and synthesis, or criticism and belief. A great faith seizes on the human soul, and out of it are born a new civilisation, new laws, arts, literatures, all of them aspects of that great central idea. But the shadow of doubt steals over the mind, the reflective spirit is awakened, it is soon discovered how fatally easy it is to dissect the glorious winged creature, as boys will tear in pieces a butterfly, "to see how it is made." A certain force resident in us seems to impel the mind in this direction. "I am the spirit that denies," says Mephistopheles to Faust, and that spirit is operative in every

one of us; even the saint and the anchorite do not wholly escape it. But it is dominant in these eras of criticism, of analysis; it grips the race in its death-like clutch. Such a period was that of the sophists in Greece, before Socrates concentrated Greek thought on moral problems; in Rome, when the Augurs smiled over the sacrifices; in modern Europe, when Hume's philosophy touched the depths of scepticism, and Gibbon marched with stately strife through the deserted halls of Roman grandeur without finding the vestige of a shrine. Now, is this perpetual recurrence of eras of scepticism a misfortune (as it seems to be) for mankind?

On the theory of an infallible body of doctrine comparable to algebraic formulæ, given once for all and incapable of growth or restatement, there can be no question that the recrudescence of scepticism must be conceived as a deadly sin, as a part of the mysterious curse which human wickedness has entailed upon mankind. But if human growth is really represented in human thought, if there is what Lessing called an "education of the human race," if revelation expands with the intellect and needs of man, if there is no one final statement of all truth but only statements which are provisional and which, as Arnold said, "reach out towards a great object of consciousness," if the will of God is that we should grow from an inward principle of life instead of being "made" according to an external rule, then is not the alternation of ages of faith with ages of criticism exactly what we should expect? Agnosticism, if erected into a creed of nothingness, is, indeed, contemptible; for, as the author of "Sursum Corda" says, it deliberately shuts the eyes on entire aspects of life and of the world; it is spiritual suicide. But agnosticism may imply merely a disbelief in the existing statement; and in that sense it is rather a cry for more light than a deliberate determination to vegetate in utter darkness. It may correspond to the pause which follows the heart's systole and diastole. It is, indeed, in this sense that we should prefer to regard agnosticism, which is merely the modern name for the recurrent world-phenomenon of scepticism. If the existing statement, in a word, is final, how is the growth of human thought and the enlargement of human faith to be attained? If the statement of the Ionian philosophers had been final, Greece would never have witnessed the rise of Socrates and Plato. For the work of breaking up the soil, of examining the old and crude statements, was relegated to the sceptics and sophists, whose analytic skill

awakened the great positive counter-movement which placed the Greek mind on the summits of human thought. Had it not been for the pure negation of Hume which reduced to absurdity the sensational philosophy, there would have been no chance for the great and fruitful philosophic recovery which we owe to Germany. The barren mechanism of Deism prepared the way for Methodism which fell "on the dry heart like rain." Both from the standpoint of feeling and from that, of thought the era of disbelief may conceivably be needful for the new onward movement. The mind is so framed that the new and larger statement cannot be made or accepted until the old and outgrown statement is riddled by criticism. The new and more profound emotion cannot shed its fertilising waters on man's nature with any beneficent result until the east wind of doubt has swept over the soil. Some happy souls there are, doubtless, whose days are bound each to each in natural piety; but this is not characteristic of thinking man. Unless we are to believe that this alternation in human thought is merely a proof of original sin, we must conclude that it is all included in the scheme of things, and agree with Clough that "it seems His newer will we should not think of Him at all" until we can arrive at a profounder and nobler generalisation than the last. As a means of preparing the way for that generalisation may we not say that even agnosticism has its uses? The older thought which it questions and criticises may seem to go down, but it—

> "Decomposes but to recompose,
> Becomes my universe that thinks and knows."

Agnosticism, when it is serious, earnest, and so unconsciously religious, may, and often does, prove only one of the many hard and stony paths that lead men to God.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NIETZSCHE*

[illegible]

We have [illegible] satisfactory, of the [illegible] Nietzsche. The translations in some respects [illegible] that few writers [illegible] another tongue. For [illegible] as literary [illegible] it would be difficult to invent [illegible] more than of [illegible] his sentences [illegible] to some other [illegible] his mind at the moment. [illegible] We speak of these writings [illegible] a philosophy, that is to say, a body of [illegible] But so far as form and method [illegible] a philosophy, but are a series [illegible] noted down by a [illegible] his capacity for thinking. [illegible] Nietzsche has [illegible] thought, we should have to [illegible] the capacity for thinking [illegible] of Europe. But it [illegible] the perpetual torrent [illegible] that Germany is [illegible] Nietzsche, in spite of the talk about him and [illegible] So far as we are acquainted with current

* [illegible] Translated by [illegible] (2) [illegible] Translated by [illegible] Translated by [illegible]

French literature, we do not perceive the signs of Nietzsche's influence there, either on the new French mystical side, so abhorrent to Nietzsche, or on the realistic side, whose chief figure, Zola, comes in for vigorous abuse. England and America, for reasons which will appear immediately, are proof against "Nietzscheism," however they may be impressed by certain aspects of the medley of ideas conveyed by this strange, interesting, suggestive, but not sane writer.

To review seriously the many ideas jumbled together in these volumes would be impossible for reasons of space and perhaps superfluous for other reasons. All we can do is to convey a suggestion of the *leit-motif* of Nietzsche. That motive is really, as one of his translators says, an attempt at revaluation of the world, made in terms of physiology. This revaluation marks, in the first place, the culmination of pure materialism, and, in the second place, a reaction against all that we call morality and humanitarianism. And always, underneath this idea of new human values, lies the rooted conviction of widespread decadence, of all but universal disease of civilised peoples which is slowly rotting all our life and poisoning the sources of any happy existence. This indictment, thus briefly stated, is not, it must be understood, set forth in formal, reasoned dialectics; it is flashed on the reader by lurid glances, it is suggested to him by the most bare, candid statements ever made. Nothing is concealed or evaded; the surgery makes you wince, the terrible search-light uncovers all the dark recesses where the unclean things which infest our modern life breed and swarm in the slime. The fundamental ground of this decadence is, according to Nietzsche, that man has been led on a wrong scent, because he has imported false valuation into life. He should have regarded himself frankly as a body, and should have cultivated his body so as to be healthy and strong. Instead of that, he has reached out to a spiritual world which, according to Nietzsche, does not exist, he has cultivated altruism, which is a pernicious delusion, he has allowed the weak to dominate and encroach by their very weakness, he has been hypnotised by the priest and fooled by hopes of a future world which will never be realised. All religions have aided in this progressive demoralisation of mankind, but Christianity is the one on which Nietzsche especially pours the vials of his wrath. The most abusive epithets of the atheist tub-thumper are mild and complimentary when compared with this diatribe; for the atheist

really accepts (however illogically) the fundamental ethics of Christianity, and condemns society, often with great force, for not attempting to live in the spirit of Christ's teaching. But Nietzsche reaches the "everlasting nay" and strikes at the very root of all religion by condemning, not religion alone, but morality. He attempts to carry us, as he says, "beyond good and evil" to a realm which, however, is not dominated by a higher concept, but by a lower—viz., primal animal power. Every writer or teacher who has led man away from that earth-energy has been, according to Nietzsche, a curse to the human race, and a source of the degeneration and decay which we now sum up as civilisation.

Upon this anti-moral substruction is founded a gospel of reaction against the spirit of modernity in all its varied manifestations. For while the true life of man, measured and weighed in physiological terms, was the life of the "blond beast," determined to assert the power that lay in him and his claims to the earth (not as of right, for there is no right but the power given by Nature), religion and ethics have provided us with another human valuation expressed in terms of altruism. It is this latter dominating concept which, stimulated from age to age by false prophets, has finally brought about a state of society in which the wishes, aspirations, and interests of the great diseased mass are supreme. The "blond beast," self-sufficient, powerful, healthy, has gone under, and the "herd" has sway; the vile herd which hates superiority, which drags the ideal of mankind downward to its low level, and which, unless arrested in its course, will end by destroying the human race. This contrast between the human despot and the human mob is for ever exhibited in its central instance by the Christian attack on Imperial Rome. For Rome Nietzsche has the profoundest admiration; its "lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, and pride of life" are to him signs of the fulfilment by man of his true function. But the miserable herd of slaves and peasants hate all that with furious envy, and St. Paul rendered them the service of organising their hatred and giving to it a spiritual basis, so that it could be brought to bear with deadly effect on the primal animal energy and the proud, fierce, splendid egoism of the Roman Empire. From the day when the spirit of Christ triumphed (so far as it has really triumphed) over the spirit of Cæsar, the decadence of the Western world was assured. Nietzsche, therefore, embodies an anti-democratic reaction, since nothing can be more certain than that, so far as our

modern democracy is not the blind destructive force pictured by Carlyle, it is based on those altruistic conceptions which, in the Western world, found their perfect expression in the teaching of Jesus Christ.

It has been our aim to expound rather than to criticise this strange product of contemporary German thought. But there is one obvious criticism which can scarcely fail to suggest itself to any sane mind. Nietzsche's fundamental idea means, not reversion to this or that human type, but the destruction of all human types, the abolition of humanity. Mankind, so far as it is really human and not merely a depository of the instincts of ape and tiger, is so because of these very forces which, according to Nietzsche, have made for decadence. How amusing, if not serious, would be Nietzsche's notion that Rome was destroyed by Christianity. Rome was self-destroyed by the vices, social and economic, bred as swarming bacilli in her huge organism before Christianity was heard of. Even on Nietzsche's own theory, her masses had become sick before St. Paul operated on them; for Christianity, in the words of its Founder, had to meet the case of the sick, not of the well. How does Nietzsche suppose that human life was built up at all? The first man who provided for his helpless offspring before satisfying his own wants rendered human society possible; before that the brute held sway; nay, in the light of recent researches, we may doubt whether a purely brute league of co-operation has not existed independent and prophetic of man. But as the individual cannot even be without that human aid which constitutes moral environment, the whole of Nietzsche's structure of a non-moral human life falls in pieces. We regret to have to devote space to any refutation so obvious as this; but the fact is that the central concept of Nietzsche cannot be taken seriously. It is enough to say that, on his own showing, Nature herself has destroyed her own hero in the competition whose very terms she arranged. There are, however, subsidiary ideas in Nietzsche's vehement diatribes which are stimulating and comparatively sound. It is true that the present decadent movement in literature and life is profoundly unhealthy, though we may be unable to see in Wagner, for instance, as Nietzsche sees in him, a leading representative of disease. But the literature of the age is sombre, and we agree that firm and elastic fibre and a joyous spirit must always attach to a great productive era. Nietzsche, in some spiteful and biting criticisms of certain

writers, has most good to say of Emerson. But did not Emerson believe, to quote his own words, in the "sovereignty of ethics," and is not his nameless charm due to his faith in the identity of the moral law with the very law of things? Health will return to us when we can perceive that and act on it; but Nietzsche, with all his zeal for primal energy, will only confirm the patient's distressing symptoms.

WESLEY'S SERVICES TO ENGLAND

[SPECTATOR, *July* 15, 1899]

THE interesting ceremonies connected with the Wesley Commemoration appeal to a far wider audience than that embraced within the limits of the denomination which calls itself by Wesley's venerable name. They also appeal to many who would hesitate to accept the particular theology which Wesley held, and who can no longer find much interest in the controversy between Calvinist and Arminian. England, as a whole, is as truly interested in Wesley as in Shakespeare; and it may well be doubted whether in the long course of her history any one person has ever influenced her life in so direct, palpable, and powerful a way as has John Wesley. We do not, of course, forget that Wesley was but one of a number of religious teachers and reformers whom we identify with the movement towards what we may call "vital religion." We do not forget the gentle poet of the movement, William Cowper, nor the sweet hymnist, Charles Wesley, nor the wonderful preacher, George Whitefield. We must not even forget contemporary movements in other lands, which we are apt to lose sight of under the great stress of the French Revolution, but which have a vital union with the English Methodist revival. But when all is said and done John Wesley remains the one supreme and towering figure, a characteristic product of England, and one of the noblest and most saintly of her sons.

If it be asked what is Wesley's supreme title to fame, the answer, we think, would be that he arrested the moral and spiritual decline of England, and that he was the chief agent in the renewal of her inward and spiritual life. Though the story has been often told, we doubt whether any person who has either no vivid imagination or no very intimate acquaintance with the history of the time can realise how rotten was the condition of England in the middle of the last century. There seemed to be scarcely a healthy piece of social

tissue. An agnostic Whiggism had degraded the Church from a spiritual organisation into a mere political mechanism; it had, as Cowper later on put it, made—

> "The symbols of atoning grace
> An office-key, a picklock to a place."

The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed; half the parishes in England were void of spiritual life, many were sunk in the lowest vice without restriction or reproof. The governing classes were perhaps even feebler and more corrupt than in the reign of the second Charles. Sir George Trevelyan in his admirable work on the American Revolution has shown how England's failure in her struggle with her Colonies was in no small degree due to her immorality and corruption; and that was when a distinct movement upward had begun. What must have been the condition a quarter of a century before? It seemed as though all the purity and earnestness of the English-speaking folk must henceforth be sought on the other side of the Atlantic where simple and healthy Puritan life had made its home. The new industry, ill understood and unregulated, was making slaves of the poor, while the rich were living in practical atheism, and to sneer at religion was the part of a man of fashion. Englishmen were being enriched by slavery and the slave trade, to the horrors of which they were utterly callous. Gibbon and Adam Smith have described for us the learned ignorance and blank indifference of the Universities, Horace Walpole has given us an insight into the lives of the upper classes and the morals (or no-morals) of public men. It seemed as though English society were doomed to decadence.

Humanly speaking, we may say that such a decadence would have ensued had it not been for the new movement of which Wesley was the leading religious and moral expression. It may seem at first sight strange to associate his name with those of such different persons as Richardson, Goldsmith, and Rousseau. And yet the philosophic observer, who, like the zoologist, must seek below the surface for real affinities, knows that all represented, each in his way, the movement from routine and dead formalism to sincerity and life. As Rousseau roused Europe from dead beliefs to living ideas, so did Wesley rouse England from death in "trespasses and sins" to a new life of divine possibilities. What the mechanical morals of sleepy Anglican rectors could not do for England, this holy man with his soul aflame with a sacred zeal and love accomplished.

Think of those poor degraded miners with the tears making white channels down their black faces, and their hearts full of the new teaching that the world was the outcome of divine love and themselves the objects of divine care. It was as truly a revelation to them as to the weary slaves of ancient Rome. It transformed life for them, for it began at the right end, by making obedience to moral law easy in the light of Christian grace and love. Moreover, no spiritual renewal stops at purely spiritual results; it overflows the whole nature and tends to produce good fathers and good citizens as well as saints. We owe it largely to the Methodist movement that, while the French could only renew their outworn structure by violent revolution, the English could transform theirs by peaceable means. Yet Wesley was no quietest, no retiring ascetic. He faced the evils of his time as boldly as Savonarola. Like his contemporary, Dr. Johnson, he was a Tory who at times was consumed with wrath at the existence of social wrongs, and wrote and spoke as a kind of fervid political evangelist. He denounced slavery as the "sum of all villainies," and this in the age when the pious John Newton was enjoying "sweet" converse with the Lord in the hold of a slaver. It is grossly unfair to connect the movement of "vital" religion with "otherworldliness," though we may admit the partial impeachment urged by George Eliot in her analysis of Dr. Young. The names of Howard, Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry, Zachary Macaulay, rise in judgment against so false an assertion. To tell the truth, English reforming zeal has mainly come from two quarters—from Evangelical religion, and from an earnest and sincere, though often crude and aggressive "free-thought." But assuredly the father of vigorous social reform was John Wesley; he laboured and others entered into his labours.

But Wesley and his co-workers produced not only a great moral, but also a great intellectual, change in England. We doubt if what the Germans call the *weltanschauung* of a nation was ever so rapidly transformed as was that of England in the last century. Think of the change from the aridity of the Deistic controversy and the hollow brilliancy of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield to the green pasture and still waters of the "Lyrical Ballads," and ask yourself what could have wrought such a marvellous resurrection from the dead. We cannot perhaps explain this, for the spirit, in the last analysis, moveth where it listeth, but we do see that the new literature and thought sprang from a new soil, watered by a new faith which once

more now the world to be divine, and men to be vitally related in social bonds forged by God himself. We do not suppose that the zealous converts of Methodism and the earnest preachers of the Evangelical revival could appreciate the fairy loveliness of the poetry of Coleridge, or the bare grandeur of Wordsworth's noble sonnets. But we do say that each shared the new life, that each had passed from the desert of mechanism and formality into the promised land of freedom and truth. We also cannot fail to connect Wesley's movement with that later Oxford Movement, so different in many ways but yet like it, a part of that great spiritual uprising against the tyranny of the world and the things of sense. Regarded as a mere separate movement, the Evangelicalism which came between the Wesleyan revival and the Tractarian development is past and gone; and the mere Oxford Movement *per se* is passing. But if we regard these diverse movements as phases of the spiritual life of England, out of which all manner of noble growths (including the inevitable tares which spring up with the wheat) have come enriching and enlarging our vast heritage, then we can trace back to Wesley in a supreme degree the source of this great and beneficent influence to which England owes so much. And the movement in its main issue and character has largely expressed the nature of its founder. We have our fanaticisms and our ridiculous sects, as Voltaire told us in those days of brilliant sceptical criticism before Wesley's career began; but the same religious ideal in the main holds the nation as it held Wesley himself. He was a man of culture as well as a man of piety; while burning with zeal for his fellow men, he was never vain, egoistic, or blundering. He carried into his religion a fine instinct for the "minor moralities of life," and the sole matter for regret which we can associate with him was the bitter controversy with Toplady, who, however, was the more to blame. In the familiar words of the Bidding Prayer, we associate Wesley with "sound learning" as well as "religious education," and we recognise that his genius for organisation was as remarkable as his genius for piety. His memorable mission to America showed that spirit in him which justifies his saying that the world was his parish. May the country which bore him and the University which reared him give us in the coming century such another religious leader to aid us, in the spirit of sobriety and truth, in the eternal contest with the evils and sins which grow like weeds in our human soil.

ENGLAND'S DEBT TO WORDSWORTH

[SPECTATOR, *August* 5, 1899]

A REMARKABLY brilliant summer is in its full effulgence, and crowds of jaded city folk are renewing their youth on mountain-top, on moorland heather, or by the sea. Year by year the exodus is greater, and the range of summer travel wider. Whole classes of society, that only a few years ago never thought of anything more than an occasional day in the country, and a visit to the old family home, now scour vast areas—Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, the Rhine—in search of the glories of Nature. We are so familiar with the crowded train and steamer, with the cosmopolitan *table d'hôte*, that we scarcely realise how very new all this is in English life. The actual physical cause of the universal modern holiday is of course the large modern city, which uses us up so fast that if we could not, Antæus-like, renew at times our intimate acquaintance with mother earth we should be in danger of extinction through physical and moral anæmia. But the reason why many of us derive such deeper benefits from our annual contact with Nature—how did we secure that gift of the gods? Had we lived in the middle of the last century our feelings towards Nature in her wilder aspects would have been quite different. The poet Cowper, who was a genuine lover of natural scenery, yet found the downs of Sussex "frightful." What he would have thought of the Bernese Oberland it is impossible to guess; but we know from history that his attitude towards the sterner and grander scenery was shared by the majority of civilised mankind until Cowper's own time. Then came a blessed change.

In England the change has been mainly due to the poetry of one man of genius. Doubtless the movement towards intimate association with Nature was, as we say, "in the air." Rousseau had been its European prophet, Chateaubriand confirmed the impression

Rousseau had made, but the man who impressed for all future time the idea of the sublimity of Nature, the idea of her interaction with the mind of man, of her healing power, of her revelation of the divine, was William Wordsworth. The poet tells us in "The Prelude" that to him came early the irresistible conviction that he was a "dedicated spirit," and surely no more hallowed mission was ever entrusted to human genius than that which was laid upon Wordsworth. To interpret Nature to those who had been sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, to reveal a relation between Nature and man that had not been suspected, to steep the mind of a whole people, not for a moment, as some mere *wunderkind* might do, but for future ages, in what Carlyle called "natural-supernaturalism," so that the commonest objects by the roadside irradiate a new glory for those who have caught Wordsworth's spirit,—what Hebrew prophet ever had a more sacred task committed to him? Whatever mere carping criticism may say, whatever just and sane criticism from the pen of Arnold, Lowell, or Scherer may rightly and profitably suggest, the fact remains that England could have afforded to lose any single one of her poets sooner than Wordsworth, because he has provided her with that sublime idealism which a strong, naturally materialistic race most needed. We will risk being misinterpreted when we say that not even to Shakespeare do we owe such a debt as to Wordsworth.

The poet wrote, as he himself phrased it, "on man, on Nature, and on human life," these varied elements—the nature and destiny of the race, the forms of the external world, and the daily cares and deeds of individuals—being first blended, in the course of English poetry, into a noble unity. We get no such impression in the joyous verse of Chaucer, in the profound meditation of Shakespeare, in the grand strains of Milton. Whatever they knew or thought of Nature, they had not related it to man; that glorious bridal ceremony, to use his own imagery, was effected by Wordsworth. It was he who divined the one spirit whose "dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and in the mind of man,"—though we must not in justice forget Pope's more prosaic approximation to this great conception of a world penetrated all through with living divine power. How childish and jejune seem the Nature-poems of the years immediately preceding Wordsworth, the pretty platitudes of Gray and Goldsmith, even the larger and more living treatment of Cowper, beside passages from the

"Excursion," "There was a boy, ye cliffs and islands of Winander," "Tintern Abbey," "Michael," "The Solitary Reaper," "The Yew Trees of Lorton Vale," "Daffodils," and many another poem! We read these, and dim traditions of our race gradually take shape in the mind and become living forces, resetting our whole scheme of things, and yielding us a joy and consolation which may be truly and reverently said to pass all understanding. Yes, for the understanding works by its own rules of analysis governed by curiosity, and often, as Wordsworth says, it "murders to dissect." But in these blessed poems the sundered world is recreated, the sick mind is healed, the living unity is revealed, we are made one with Nature, but with a Nature which is, as "Faust" has it, no dead fact, but the living garment of Deity. If Wordsworth has done this for us, are we not justified in claiming for him the unique position he holds in the literature of England?

Wordsworth, who disliked analysis and dissection, nevertheless believed firmly that science must come round to his view. It is certainly remarkable that the main ideas of Wordsworth are becoming slowly but surely the watchwords of science, thus showing that the poetical mind does not give forth as its products mere beautiful fancies, but that it really creates, that its function is, as Shelley said in his magnificent "Defence of Poesy," to anticipate the conclusions of analytic reason. The poet early sees what others painfully discover. Wordsworth saw the unity of the world, the oneness of man with Nature, now the corner-stone of science. He saw that this unity was not to be interpreted in terms of the lowest, but of the highest, that the lowliest life ministered to and was to be comprehended in relation to the highest. And he saw, as perhaps the great intellect of Shakespeare did not see, the fundamental beneficence of the world. All that we behold, he says, "is full of blessing," and he staked his faith to that. His successor in the Laureateship found his faith almost wrecked by "Nature, red in tooth and claw," and could only "faintly trust the larger hope." That was in the pre-Darwinian days, and the early study of Darwin seemed to confirm Tennyson's view in "In Memoriam." But science is diving into a far deeper sea, and the mind, bent on a profounder view of things, is now declaring for Wordsworth's standpoint as against that of Tennyson's earlier mood. No possible living world, says Alfred Russel Wallace, could give such extended and general joy as the world of actuality; and if only the cloud of evil could be

rolled away from mankind, if we could be delivered from our lower selves and our social life be made clean and just, we should probably discover that everything was beautiful in its season, and that the apparent deformities of the world were the creation of human egotism and lust. We say nothing here of the many services rendered by Wordsworth to the humanising of life,—his reverence for lowly, honest toil, his love of the poor, his discovery of the great elements of pathos and tragedy in the humblest lives, his finding of love "in the huts where poor men lie," though in all these elements of his poetry he was a pioneer in the best and happiest work now being done for the good of mankind. We are content to rest Wordsworth's immortal fame on his consecrated task of marrying man to Nature in a far deeper sense than did the old Nature-worship of Greece, on his revelation of this marvellous unity in which we live. He saw in vision, to take his own characteristic language, the very pomp of heaven lighting "on ground which British shepherds tread." We should be inclined to appraise the true inner nature of any well-read and cultivated Englishman by his attitude to Wordsworth.

ENGLAND'S DEBT TO MILTON

[SPECTATOR, *November* 18, 1899]

WE considered a short time ago England's debt to Wordsworth. The appearance of Professor Corson's "Introduction to the Poetical and Prose Works of John Milton" (Macmillan and Co., 5*s*.) suggests the even greater debt that England owes to Milton. We say "greater," though we must make it clear that in a certain realm of poetic inspiration we think Wordsworth supreme. We should not dream of comparing him as an artist with Milton, we should not dream of suggesting that either his learning or his sheer intellectual power was comparable with that of Milton. It was as regards the subtly blended relations of Nature and humanity that Wordsworth struck a note unique in poetry, conveying to us far-off hints as to our nature and destiny which have revolutionised English thought. But Wordsworth himself, as one of his noblest sonnets testifies, owned not a little to the inspiring example and lofty idealism of Milton; and we think that England has been a different nation from the fact that Milton was born a citizen of this land. It is not only that a line of poetic creation, in which Keats and Tennyson have been the greatest names, has proceeded from Milton. It is not only that to Milton, as Arnold has it, we owe the one conspicuous example of the "grand style," the one illustrious example of structural grandeur that we can show to the world as exhibiting the capacities of English poetry. It is the total personality and general achievements of Milton that we regard as constituting the immortal heritage, not only of this country of ours, but of all English-speaking people for all time.

If we want to know what Milton did for us, we must say that, excluding Spenser, who, as the "poet's poet," has never been and will never be read except by a few, Milton was the first and supreme poet who introduced a high, serious, and noble strain into our lite-

nature and life, clothing it in the most perfect artistic forms ever conceived among us, and permeated it with an idealism sane and (in the best sense of the word) thoroughly English on the one hand, while yet religious and divine on the other. He initiated us into the love of divine things, he redeemed us from the dominion of carelessness. We have still much of the sot and the clown in our national life, but few of us realise the nature and extent of the mere animal life of the mass of Englishmen until the Puritan movement had begun seriously to take hold of their minds. The Anglo-Saxon we will not go into the question of the diffusion of a Celtic element: it is enough that the substratum of our population was Anglo-Saxon, was descended from sensual marauders, whose conversion to Christianity was largely nominal, given to gorging and drinking, lived, to use the Apostolic words, with "desires of the flesh and of the mind." It was necessary that a powerful antidote to this animalism should be found, and it was found in Puritanism. First came the great Lollard movement, the ground for which had been prepared by the Franciscans, and to this movement we may trace the beginnings of serious popular thought, religious earnestness, social reform, intellectual freedom, and that belief in a doctrine of "rights" to which no race of mankind has ever been wholly indifferent. Persecution could not kill Lollardry, and the seed it sowed came up again in the reign of Elizabeth, when it assumed the form of serious life and democratic proclivities in Church and State. The debauches and buffoonery of James I.'s Court only deepened the new Puritan conviction, and when the hollow graces and deep-rooted immorality of the Court and aristocracy revealed themselves full-grown under Charles I., Puritanism stood forth as the political palladium and moral salvation of England.

Of this great movement towards high seriousness of life, towards a worthy conception of the ends of man's existence, Milton was the supreme exponent, and he imparted to it a breath of idealism, a spirit finely touched to fine issues, a largeness of view, a sense both of exaltation and of emancipation which, in the absence of his magnificent genius, that movement might have lacked. Superficial chatter can only look at the sour, sad side of this movement which has really created the England we care for. But all movements must be judged by their highest products, and in Milton we see the crown and flower of Puritanism, the genius who has justified it for all time. We know that he was not in all respects at one with

either Puritan doctrine or discipline. His theological views diverged in important particulars from the Westminster Confession. His "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" could not have found favour in many Puritan households. His entire absence from religious service would have subjected him to severe censure in a New England Puritan township. But he stood supremely for the high temper, the strong, firm outlines of Puritan character; he stood supremely for political and intellectual liberty; and he was able to present to England these lofty ideals in the terms of a gorgeous and consummate literary expression, unsurpassed in its way, and never likely to be surpassed in the English tongue. To call Milton a politician or a moralist, or even a reformer, would be to apply to him words stunted, desiccated; in a sense he was all these, but he was more. No Englishman who ever lived has so fully realised the idea of what Israel meant by a prophet. Yet he was a prophet who was also a poet, versed in the finest details of his art. In him the sons of Zion and the sons of Greece were reconciled; in him was seen all the learning of his age, the most ardent yet most delicate service of the Muses, but all his vast and varied accomplishments were fused in the supreme devotion to truth and liberty, and the desire to make of England a worthy temple to these divinities. There has been no such combination of gifts, no such diverse powers incarnated in one person in England's history.

For England herself Milton mainly desired the embodiment of these ideals: intellectual freedom, the position of the leader of the cause of liberty in Europe, and that worthy and noble inner life in the absence of which the outer forms of liberty are worthless. The "Areopagitica" is the greatest plea for the freedom of the mind ever written, let alone its splendour as a piece of prose; and though we have had our reactions since its production, in effect it killed the despotism over the mind. During the whole of the seventeenth century a Machiavellian despotism was desolating Western Europe, and preparing the way for unutterable tragedy in France. Milton, who had lived in the land of Machiavelli, and who saw with prophetic insight what this meant, roused England and Europe (he proudly asserts, with a noble egoism akin to that of Dante, of his work that "Europe talks from side to side" of this great task) to a sense of the danger. In "Paradise Regained" we find a great part of the poem devoted to the idea of that inner freedom, that liberty of the soul to be gained solely by obedience to divine law, which should

come in priority to mere political liberty as the real guardian and guarantee of free institutions. Milton was no democrat, he was an aristocratic Republican, like Plato: he despised the mob as truly as he detested tyrants: he was for an ordered liberty, a commonwealth of men whom, as Cowper said, the truth had made free, living under the reign of law. If our life and influence as a nation are to stand for a living influence in the world, if we are to be saved from the very real perils of materialism, we shall go to Milton for our ideal.

Matthew Arnold in his essay on Milton, looking forward to the spread of Anglo-Saxondom, and quoting Heine as to the contagion of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity, says that the superb austerity of Milton will save us. So long as Milton is a power, the progress of the English speech cannot mean the spread of vulgar contagion. There was recently a discussion as to whether Milton was still read, the majority of contributors, if we recollect rightly, being of opinion that he was not. It will be an evil thing for England if that is true. But it is a notable fact that the work of Professor Corson, to which we have referred, comes from America, where serious study of our great poets is far more general (to our shame be it said) than in the old country. It is new countries, with their mushroom towns, their rush of life, their crude methods, which all need the chastening influence of a great idealist. We gladly welcome, therefore, the sign that Milton is loved and studied in the great Republic whose infant origins proceeded from the same great movement which gave him birth. Yes, America, as well as England, owes a mighty debt to John Milton.

JOHN RUSKIN

[SPECTATOR, *January* 27, 1900]

natural and inevitable that the body of ideas, artistic, ethical, omic, and social, which we owe to John Ruskin should now be idered and appraised by the great army of critics. We, how-, shall confine ourselves to the more limited, but yet interesting, of surveying Mr. Ruskin's very striking personality. A more erful imagination has not in our time moved either England America (where his influence is enormous among the young oth sexes). And yet, powerful as was Ruskin's imagination, ower of analysis, so often divorced from imagination, was almost reat. He himself records with pride that he was assured zini had said of him that he had the most powerful analytic llect in Europe. If we survey carefully such works as the ven Lamps of Architecture" or the "Stones of Venice," the aration for which latter work involved the filling of several rto volumes of notes, we shall admit that this remarkable imony is probably true. On the purely intellectual side this, , seems to us Ruskin's most remarkable characteristic, that he at one and the same time the artistic and the scientific mind; other words, the imaginative and the ratiocinative. These lities, as we have said, are frequently divorced, although it is an r to suppose that a powerful poetic imagination is not found in t men of science. Tyndall has shown in his remarkable essay he "Use of the Imagination in Science" that this quality of intellect is of the utmost need in the higher and more creative artments of science. Kepler and Galileo possessed it in an nent degree, and the two elements were commonly blended in great thinkers of the ancient world. Still, in the main it is true t the poetic and imaginative mind is to be distinguished from analytic and reasoning mind. Peculiarly great, therefore, are

those minds which combine both qualities, as in the cases of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Goethe. It is to this high class of noble intellects that John Ruskin belongs, and it was a combination of these powers which made him so profound a teacher of his fellow-men. Of what other man of our century could it be said that he had minutely investigated the painting and architecture of Western Europe, had also studied with care the formations of her mountains and rivers, was familiar with all her minerals, and was deeply acquainted with all manner of manufacturing processes, with dyes, with upholstery, with work in metal, wood, brick, and marble? We do not think such a minute knowledge of so many arts has been possessed by any other English writer; and yet, minute as it was, it was never associated with pedantry, but was informed by a wide sweep of intellect, and idealised by a grand imagination.

As Ruskin combined on the side of the intellect qualities so often dissociated, so on the side of the moral and religious nature did he sympathise with two quite different aspects of human life. We can only think of two great English writers who have preceded him in this respect,—Milton and Wordsworth. All three were on one side of their nature hewn, as it were, out of the granite rock of Puritanism, yet all three saw the beauty of the world, the grandeur of art, and the vital importance of the spirit and ideal of the beautiful, as well as of the good, to mankind. Plato is the common master of all who worship at the shrine both of the beautiful and the good; and in this sense we may say that Milton, Wordsworth, and Ruskin have carried on the apostolic succession of a large and noble Platonism in England. It is true that the method of each was different, and that at first sight the severe and lofty classicism of Milton seems animated by a different spirit from the reflective Nature-poetry of Wordsworth or the splendid, rushing prose of Ruskin. But our point is that each of these great writers is at one in seizing both the spirit of goodness and the spirit of beauty. Of each we may say that his conception of righteousness was so wide and ideal that we may rightly claim for him, again in the grand language of the Bible, that "He hath set the world in their hearts." As our readers know, we are not of those who take the superficial view that the essential Puritan spirit is inconsistent with the love of beauty and the delight in Nature. It often degenerated into that, as the older pre-Puritan poetry of England degenerated into something not far removed from animalism; but we say unhesitatingly

that if the essential Puritan spirit—the spirit which exalts the clean, the pure, the noble, the upright elements in human nature, the spirit of " Samson Agonistes " and " Il Penseroso," of the " Ode to Duty " and the " Leech-Gatherer "—were withdrawn from English literature, there would not be very much left worth reading ; nothing left which could inspire as well as delight,—and we do not forget the Shakespearian drama, for behind the mask on Shakespeare's imperturbable brow is also the spirit of which Milton himself is made. From the earliest dawn of our literature it has been informed by great moral (not moralising) ideas ; it is a literature of power, as De Quincey said, and its power is one with moral feeling.

Of this sense of a deep moral feeling which at times passes beyond morality into " something far more deeply interfused," Ruskin has been the most powerful exponent in our time. He wrote the " Stones of Venice " expressly to show that the moral history of a people is written indelibly in the material works of their hands, and that with the decline of faith went the death of popular art. No sad-coloured Puritan could be more indignant with the proud and gorgeous Renascence, with its appeal to the senses and its banishment of the soul. Yet there is the other side which prevents Ruskin from being claimed by fanaticism. He has told us in a charming passage in " Præterita " how, when he was in Turin, he chanced to enter a Waldensian meeting-house, where a narrow, uninspired, though sincere, man expounded his thin, angular version of the Gospel to a few hearers. Ruskin, brought up in the straitest Evangelicalism and with a bent towards the creeds of ultra-Protestantism, could not nevertheless tolerate this, but walked out to the Picture Gallery, listened to the music swelling and falling in the Palace grounds, looked up at the blue sky and down at the cheerful people, and felt with a confidence never to be shaken that beauty too, was of God, and that man could never, and ought never to, contrive to live without it. The union of the Puritan and the artist was the specially interesting and charming element in the moral nature of this remarkable teacher of the English people.

How far Ruskin's fame as an art critic will endure is for artists, not for ourselves, to declare ; and we are not concerned with this subject now, though we think few will deny that we owe him a lasting debt of gratitude for his exposition of the greatness of Turner. What we are concerned to maintain is that no English writer has done more (shall we say so much ?) as Ruskin to enlarge

and purify the English taste for beauty. When we recall the conventionalism of art before Ruskin began to write, when we contemplate with horror the "early Victorian" furniture and architecture, let us recollect that it is before all to Ruskin that we owe our emancipation. It is true that the love for Nature in her grander aspects was born in the last century; but Ruskin carried on more than any other English writer the great tradition of Wordsworth, described the noblest scenery in Europe in the most eloquent prose of our time, and like Wordsworth, married Nature to man in the bonds of indissoluble union. The sea, the clouds, the mountains, the rivers, all the great elements of the physical universe, he has described and glorified these as he has described the basilica of St. Mark, the walls of Verona, the sculpture of Amiens, with an exact, scrupulous fidelity to fact, and yet with a glow of living enthusiasm, as eager as in Greek poetry. His publisher, Mr. Allen, tells us that, on approaching the Alps, Mr. Ruskin's first act was that of devout worship. He could not be too thankful at the sight of such grandeur. It is once more the mind of a philosopher with the heart of a saint, the spirit of the religious man combined with the enthusiastic knowledge of the savant and the generous rapture of the artist. Such was the essential nature of John Ruskin.

GERMANY AND HEINE

[SPECTATOR, *August* 11, 1900]

"THE spirit of the World," said Matthew Arnold in his poem on "Heine's Grave," beholding the absurdities of men, let for one brief moment a sardonic smile play on his face, and "that smile was Heine." An excellent epigrammatic characterisation, like so many of Arnold's but also, like his, only partially true. If, without irreverence, we can think of the Divine Being as not only grieved at man's wickedness, but amused at his folly (and the Hebrew people could so think) doubtless few writers since literature began have been better able to hint at that side of the Infinite Mind than Heine. But the present volume before us, the "Buch der Lieder," just issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. in the original German, reminds us of the many-sidedness of Heine's nature. This brilliant mocker could be tender as a child, this wonderful force in European literature could dissolve in hot tears. Arnold, misunderstanding a reference of Goethe's, seemed to think that Heine lacked the spirit of love. It was an error, as truly so as to make the charge against Goethe himself,—and we know that that charge has been made. Here in this little volume, are songs of sorrow and yearning, songs of romance from one who knew not a little of the intricate labyrinths of the heart, lyrics, songs of nature from the Harz and by the North Sea. The subtle intertwining of the human emotions and sentiments born of the idealising of Nature is as striking as is the poetry of Shelley.

Heine was as truly a *wunder-kind* and a *welt-kind* as Goethe. These two are the great cosmopolitan intellectual forces of Germany. Lessing, the true founder of modern German literature, though so well acquainted with French and English work, was national. So was Schiller, so were the lesser lights, Klopstock, Gellert, Körner, Uhland. But Goethe and Heine, like Shakespeare and Molière,

belong to mankind, and can never be enclosed in any national ring-fence. Still they were German, one wholly, the other in part, and the conditions of German life under which each was born helped to make him what he was, while in turn each bequeathed to Germany a rich legacy. While Goethe came from the old, peaceful Germany of the eighteenth century, classical, somewhat frigid, but with a new sentimentalism, to burst out in the *sturm und drang* passion, simple, and even poor, but with a rich historical tradition and a great Gothic inheritance, Heine was of the nineteenth century, with its vehement democratic energy, its spirit of rebellion, its sceptical questioning strangely blended with spiritual yearning after faith and peace. Prophet and poet of intellectual and political liberty, champion of modern ideas, we might even say *revolté*, Heine could yet stand in rapture before the sculptured portals of Rheims Cathedral and declare that no such noble embodiment of human aspiration could be born but in an age of faith. How curiously fascinating were the seemingly unassimilable elements which yet were blended in this man's personality. The keen intellect of the Jew with the tender sentiment of the Teuton; the fierce contempt for all the absurdities of the old European lumber-house of worn-out antiquities; the intense convictions of the modern democrat with the high intellectual scorn for the mediocrity and *bourgeois* instincts which democracy has up to the present evolved, all these conflicting tendencies were fighting within the perplexed soul and diseased body of this extraordinary man during the troubled fever of his earthly life. Had Byron been endowed with greater intellectual power he would have been perhaps the nearest analogue of Heine in our own literary history. But Byron, as Goethe said, was a mere child when it came to reflection. Heine *felt* with the intense passion of Byron, but he had a power of intellectual analysis, a capacity for viewing the world which Byron, with all his genius, sincerity, and strength, never knew.

If we dissociate Heine from literature pure and simple, and connect him with the world-movement of his time, we must think of him as the unique figure around whom cluster the hopes, fears, aspirations of 1848, just as we must think of his brilliant compatriot Lassalle as the pioneer of the more material and practical democracy of a later era. It is justly urged against the movement of 1848 that it was crude, premature, sentimental, and in some respects anarchic. But that "brief but bright awakening," as Mr. Bryce calls

it, must not be altogether judged by the clumsy tests of mere political analysis. It was a movement of the insurgent human spirit even more than a political movement, it was idealistic, and in the thought of many of its votaries, religious. To Heine it was essentially so, and he was its intellectual interpreter to Germany. Right or wrong, he saw a new Germany, a New Europe, not that which Bismarckian diplomacy has created, but a kingdom of the spirit. Surely something of that old prophetic insight of his Hebrew ancestors had fallen on him. His politics were ideal. He loved the people, but the people to him, as to all who share his spirit, was also ideal. For the actual mob he had no love, he could not surround it with an aureole. "If a king shook my hand I would cut it off," said an uncompromising democrat to Heine. "And I," replied the poet, "if King Mob shook my hand—I should wash it." He shared with Byron, Shelley, and Lamennais the bright vision of an ideal democracy, scarcely of this earth; and in that he truly represented the German Democratic movement of 1848, with its high aims, its inspired dreams, its hope and enthusiasm—and its wide removal from the actual situation. Heine is the watermark to which German idealism in practical affairs rose, while he himself not only represented, but inspired, that idealism.

From the literary point of view Heine may be said to have imparted entirely new elements to German literature, and elements of the highest value. Apart from Goethe's writings, German literature before Heine lacked brilliancy, *esprit*, the note of high and rare distinction. It was solid, interesting, in many ways noble, in every respect useful for the German people in the stage of growth they had reached. But, as Goethe said to Eckermann, it was homely, provincial; it had scarcely attained recognition in the high court of European literary achievement. Goethe and Heine changed all that, and in a few powerful strides German literature took its place as a spiritual force admitted by mankind. What music their songs have inspired! How their poems have stimulated the mind, satisfied the æsthetic sense, and touched the heart! If we get from Heine the sardonic spirit referred to by Arnold, we also get that untranslatable *stimmung* which the German feels in the purple twilight under the mystery of the stars. If on one side the elfish spirit of satire is predominant, on the other side we scent the most delicate spiritual perfume, we feel the deep underlying religious instinct of the "Knight of the Holy Spirit." To this German-

Hebrew mind was revealed not a little of the inner sense of Christianity as well as the ancient spirit of Greek art. Heine, in fact, lived as few have done, in many worlds, at many ages, and he was thus able to inspire the German world of letters with a new element of world-feeling which it hardly knew before. The general European debt to him is great, the specific German debt almost incalculable.

WOMEN AND CULTURE

[SPECTATOR, *December* 8, 1900]

A CONTROVERSY, both amusing and interesting, has arisen in th *Daily News*, initiated by Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, author of a clever book, "When we were Strolling Players in the East." Mrs. Miln has a keen sense of humour, a ready pen; and though she pleads the cause of the old-fashioned, stay-at-home, domesticated wife and mother as against the "new woman," she is in most respects as "smart" and "up to date" as any of the "advanced" ladies who foregather at the Pioneer and Sesame Clubs. Mrs. Miln, although she cannot help pleading guilty to the charge of being an author, and, a successful one, yet asserts that, in her view, authorship, invention, business, or any other of the masculine callings into which women are flocking, is not the proper field of women at all. She pours scorn on Newnham and Somerville as traps for snaring women and depriving them of the truest essentials of womanhood. The lady who declaims or lectures in public, who operates in "futures," who sets broken limbs in hospitals, has, according to Mrs. Miln, missed her being's end and aim, and is not to be compared with the simple-minded girl who effects an early and judicious marriage, who deftly dusts the bric-à-brac, keeps a watchful eye on wardrobe and linen, loves her husband, looks after his shirts and refrains from meddling with his papers, brings up a healthy family, entertains her friends at tea, and goes to church twice every Sunday. *There* is the true woman.

We have always felt certain that there would be a reaction against the "new woman," just as there was a reaction against the æsthete after that singular freak was caricatured in *Patience*. It was plain that the "new woman" meant a too violent departure from what must, under any circumstances, be the normal type of womanhood, to last. To be quite plain, Nature has once and for

all settled that if the race is to continue, the average woman must be devoted to the bearing and nurture of children, and she has impressed the fact upon us unmistakably by prolonging the period of helplessness in man as compared with his animal inferiors. It is indeed largely in this prolonged human infancy that the affection of the mother for her helpless little child has grown, and so a physical fact has become the chief corner-stone of domestic life. Now, unless society were deliberately to adopt the Platonic stirpiculture of the "Republic" (which, as a matter of fact, it will not do), this great domestic fact must stand, for ever recalling the "new woman" from a career for which Nature did not intend her to the calm but abiding joys as well as the poignant but sanctifying sorrows of the home. The revolt against the "new woman" theory of life, with what Carlyle would have called its "wild ass" theory of liberty, was therefore, we say, inevitable, and it is well that the *ewig-weibliche* element should have made its human protest.

But now it is equally inevitable that the swing of the pendulum should not go too far. Why the path of human progress should be zigzag we do not know, but so it is; the human mind, said Luther, is like a drunken man on a horse, swaying from side to side. Now it is Byron's despised "bread-and-butter Miss"; now the free-tongued, Bohemian, emancipated woman with a latchkey. Let us hope that in the reaction from this latter unattractive ideal we shall not be tempted back to obscurantism. What are the essential facts and needs? On one side, as we have said, is the great essential law given by Nature which cannot be repealed. Nature says that man shall be made a moral and spiritual being mainly through the discipline of the home, and of that home woman is the guardian. On the other side, we see that the facts of modern civilisation are compelling women to take up many callings which either are quite new or were formerly closed to them. Can these two facts be reconciled, or is there an inherent antagonism between Nature's designs and the actual course of human and social growth? If there is such antagonism we must conclude that Nature would have her way, and that we must arrange human affairs to suit her, just as we build houses and bridges with the fact of gravitation in view. But we are bound to hold that social growth is merely a further development of purely natural processes,—at any rate, if we accept the doctrine of evolution in any of its forms. How, then, can any inherent antagonism exist? The functions and structure of the

great machinery of civilisation are as truly in the main a part of the cosmic order as the prehensile tail of a monkey or the flint of prehistoric man. The departure of women, therefore, from the old feminine *hortus inclusus* is as truly an inevitable result of human civilisation as the career of guardian of the home is a decree of Nature.

Now it seems to us that the peculiar troubles all of us feel in this transition and revolutionary time arise mainly from maladjustment. We have not yet fitted in the new results of our civilisation with the everlasting facts of Nature. We pull this way and that, like Christian in the dark valley, ditch on one side and quagmire on the other, the true path not easy to find. This is certainly so in regard to woman and the home. The growth of a kind of pagan laxity as regards sexual ties which manifests itself in our great cities adds to the complexity of the problem, but with that we are not now concerned. The question is, can the home, with all that it means be preserved, while yet the wife and mother should be relatively independent, educated, an intelligent companion, and not a mere "un-idea'd schoolgirl," as Dr. Johnson would have said, or a mere domestic drudge? If Nature demands an immense sacrifice from women as the price of the perpetuation of the race (as she seems to demand from labour over a great part of the world), the price must of course be paid. Better that women should know how to keep a house clean, mend the clothes well, and cook an appetising dinner for the tired husband, than that she should "chatter about Shelley" or dabble in the Darwin-Weismann controversy. Moreover, the researches of science confirm the facts of history is asserting that woman has not, taken generally, the continuous intellectual power of man; and if she were to take up man's *rôle*, the intellectual interests of mankind would seriously suffer. Above all, nothing should be done to diminish the immense fund of affection stored up in woman's hearts. Nothing in the so-called "new woman" movement is more dangerous than the tone of hardness, at times reaching to cynicism, with which it has been so closely associated. We might possibly spare science and philosophy, we might certainly spare many inventions, but we could not spare from the world a mother's love.

But a woman is not likely to love husband, brother, or child the more because she is ignorant and helpless. Rather we may say that if the tendency to the higher education of men advances it

would render mental intercourse between them and ignorant women more and more impossible. We are by no means enamoured of [illegible] of [illegible] for the turning out of "blue stockings" and [illegible] of whom we have enough and to spare; and so far we sympathise with Mrs. Mill. But we do ask for as good an education for our girls as for our boys, an education which shall rather develop the intelligence than cram the memory,—as so much of the present instruction, founded on the demands made by [illegible] examinations, does. Let the idea of companionship between man and woman prevail more, and a high education for both will suggest itself as a means towards that end. Household work, which, properly done, involves no little intelligence and ingenuity, contriving, forethought, skill in manipulation, and other qualities, will be done none the worse because the woman is educated. There is another matter, too, in regard to which education is essential, even on Mrs. Mill's basis of domestic life as woman's true sphere. We mean the help which women ought to give in the education of their children. Nothing can be more delightful, more helpful both to mother and child than a common interest in things of the mind. The child should not look on the mother as a kind of household slave who looks after the dinner and packs them off to school; nor should the mother think of the children as so many little faces and hands to be washed or so many little mouths to be fed. Many children are never at home in school: why should they not find in some degree a school at home? The teaching and suggestion of an educated and sympathetic mother might often supplement the more formal school training, and might—how often—aid the mental growth of a timid or backward child. The antagonism between women's freedom and education and the great primary fact given by Nature is not absolute. Indeed, we suggest that a new and brighter meaning might be given to home by a judicious education and a wise liberty to her by whose loving activity and guidance home is made.

THE FREEMASONRY OF POETRY

[SPECTATOR, *March* 2, 1901]

IT is a problem with many as to what shall really bind men together. What is it that makes us feel at once that we are akin, that we have a common origin, a common destiny, the same inner affiliations? It is not race, it is not language, it is not even Church or family. How easily a man glides away from fellowship with his brother after the flesh to find in some stranger a spiritual relationship not afforded by his own family! For how many years one may sit under the same roof in church, listening to the same psalms and sermons with others whose inner thoughts move in an orb quite other than one's own! It is true that every mortal, in a sense, dwells alone; that an invisible circle surrounds his soul beyond which none but the Supreme Soul penetrates. But while this is the case with all of us, there are some influences which bring souls *en rapport* with an immediate and irresistible power; chief of these influences being music and poetry. Religion does this, it is true, and it has thus been defined as the power which binds; but from our point of view poetry is religion. It is so as being a glimpse into the ideal world of the soul, the world where the heavenly patterns are laid up; and therefore it is that Shelley calls the poet the "unacknowledged legislator of the world," for he sees not only that which is, but that which is to come.

We think first that all poets have a spiritual kinship. They differ greatly in form, each is moulded by the pressure of his age, by the form and body of the time, but they are united far more than they are divided. We take up successively Shakespeare, Pope, Wordsworth, and Browning, and superficially, perhaps, we see little in common, for we are in an analytic frame of mind and on the look-out for differences. But in the first place

we find, if we look more closely, that all are interested in man and in the higher aspects of man's life. "What a piece of work is a man," exclaims Hamlet, and Pope follows with an "Essay on Man," while Wordsworth discourses on "man, on nature, and on human life," and Browning devotes himself entirely to a portrayal of the human soul. The poet in every case is engaged on the same theme. In the second place, differing in many ways in treatment, the poet always views man, as the philosophers say, "under the form of eternity." He is not cheated by appearances, he looks beneath and beyond the secular fact, the momentary spectacle. With Shirley he sees that:

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

He is not to be put off by the talk of the hour, his vision cannot be dimmed by the mists of everyday existence. Every poet is a poet in virtue not only of his gift of song, but also of that direct vision which enables him to penetrate to the centre and see things more or less as the Creator sees them. Even while the empurpled victor rides in triumph through the applause of the throng, the poet's gaze sees on him the pale shadow of death, and his voice whispers in his ear, "Thou, too, art but a man." It is idle to discuss the question whether poetry is ethical; of course it is, and no poetry more so than English. From Cædmon to Tennyson, our poetry breathes a moral influence which unites all our poets, sundered though they be in time, metre, manner, or special feeling. They are all seers, for they are all exponents of deep moral power, and this fact gives to English poetry a grandeur of moral unity. This unity, too, is organic, for the influence of one age has been transmitted to the next or the next after, so that we cannot dissociate Dryden from Milton, or Pope from Dryden, or Cowper from Pope, or Wordsworth from Cowper, or Keats from Wordsworth, or Tennyson from Keats. The relation is not formal but vital, the spiritual unity is not only ideal but very real.

It is remarkable, too, how close is the relation of poets in different lands to one another. The essential motives of inspiration are of course the same, and perhaps there is an added joy in finding a response to one's inner thought from a writer in another land and

clime whose face one has never seen. One can never forget the impulse given by Italy to the English poetry of the fourteenth century, so joyously received, so ennobled in the borrowing. One feels the inherent value of the poetry of Scott, Burns, and Byron the more because it appealed to Goethe. How finely the German genius assimilated the Shakespearian drama, thus revealing the unity of the higher mind of England and Germany. It is, indeed, a fact that the truth seems to us the more true when it is seized on and appropriated by another soul. The new truth becomes an organic bond cementing those whom no other tie could bind. When the Germans perceived the immense spiritual value of the Shakespearian drama, a firmer common tissue was evolved between German and Englishman than could ever have been constructed by the diplomacy of Chatham or of Frederick. If Homer was a common bond for the Greeks, if Virgil was a rallying centre for the citizens of the Roman Empire, the great literature of the modern world will have its effect in evolving a certain world-harmony. Wordsworth in his noble language appealed to Englishmen as those "who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold which Milton held." It is the essential spiritual unity underlying not only Shakespeare and Milton, but all great poets—the faith in justice, truth, humanity, and God—which will make all elect souls akin.

For consider how a common interest in some great poet unites individuals who have never even met before. To indicate one's interest in a mathematical problem may bring two men together in a special way, but it has no effect on their inner nature. Even a common interest in theology has not,—nay, it often unhappily has a tendency to produce quarrel and separation. But let a man quote Dante's "In sua voluntade e nostra pace," or Wordsworth's "One impulse from a vernal wood," or Shakespeare's "Ripeness is all," and his neighbour, whom he knows not, instantly feels as though, in the midst of the roaring sea of life, a line were thrown out to him amid the billows, and a friendly hand stretched forth. A tie has been formed, a new relationship knit, a spiritual unity found, a new zest imparted to life. Nothing is more real than this potent influence of poetry in binding together souls, in introducing us, so to speak, to one another, and making us glad in one another's companionship. Eating, living, talking, even worshipping together, will not accomplish this, but the one divine line of

genius will. It unlocks the fountains of each heart, and the streams commingle; each knows immediately the common source and destiny of both. The poet is not only the world's legislator, he provides the world's strongest spiritual bond. A freemasonry exists the world over between all who love and reverence the great poets.

THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

[SPECTATOR, *January* 5, 1901]

FEW thinkers have ever made a worse shot than did John Stuar t Mill when he expressed wonder that there had not been a revival of the Manichæan philosophy. For whatever else may be affirmed of the thought of the century just past and gone, one thing is certain, —viz., that all schools tended to the doctrine of philosophic unity, and that the principle of dualism was thoroughly discarded. Whether we take the Hegelian system, or the idea of a "double-faced unity," or the so-called "philosophy of the Unconscious," or the idealistic Theism of some eminent thinkers, or the Spencerian philosophy of evolution,—in all there is a strenuous attempt to reach a universal unity, a substance (in the sense of Spinoza) from which all phenomena take their origin. Of the philosophic thought of the century. nothing is clearer than this. We may also say that the religious mind of the century tended in the same direction, and doubtless aided in rearing the philosophic structure. The Evangelical movement of the previous century had dwelt on the great fact of evil, which it had found hard to reconcile with the conception of an all-righteous God. But in the nineteenth century, with its scientific doctrine of the unity of Nature, there arose (*e.g.*, in the theology of Maurice) the idea expressed of old in the Bible,—"Is there evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" We do not say that the age-long problem found a real solution, although the doctrine of evolution suggested to men's minds in a more powerful way than before the idea that evil was at bottom privative and derivative from lower forms of life. All we contend for is that neither the philosophic nor the religious consciousness could find any rest in a dualistic view of the world. That appears to us to be

the most signal and positive outcome of the thought of the last hundred years, and a most vital and important conclusion it certainly is.

The second conclusion, not perhaps so absolutely felt and expressed, yet in the main accepted, is the condemnation of materialism as a philosophic creed. A man who to-day used the language of Cabanis would be ridiculed alike by men of science and philosophers. Whatever else may be the explanation of this wonderful universe, thinkers have concluded that its origin cannot be expressed in terms of matter. Huxley declared that materialism "involves grave philosophical error." Darwin never claimed that his theory accounted for more than the forces at work on the outside fringe of a limited world. Mr. Spencer, though attempting to evolve a world out of material forces, traces these very forces up to an inscrutable and infinite Power of which nothing can be predicated save that it *is*. Science has almost discarded matter and deals in potential energy. The leading philosophers of the century, whether teaching with Fichte egoistic idealism, or with Hegel the identity of thought and being, or with Schopenhauer the world as a product and presentation of will, have all declared against materialism. It may probably be asserted with definite assurance that the ghost of materialism (if we may make use of such an expression) has been finally laid by the critical thought of the century.

But for the rest, are we not still in the element of criticism in which the century began, when the great exponent of the critical philosophy was ending his long career? All the thought of the present time is still centring round the lines drawn by Immanuel Kant. We see more or less clearly the limitations of his system, but the world has not arrived at any other. We have passed through many phases. The Hegelian theory, which so fascinated Germany half a century back, has declined in the land of its birth, though it has profoundly affected thought. Schelling's "Nature philosophy" has singular affinities for modern science, but, like the work of Schopenhauer, it is rather a series of detached thoughts, of gleams of insight, than a consistent system in the Hegelian sense. Our much smaller English thinkers have produced no lasting effect. Dugald Stewart, who rounded off a system of philosophy for young Edinburgh Whiggism, is unread, and so is James Mill's philosophy of the mind. J. S. Mill has fared, from the philosophic point of view, little better; and Mansel and Hamilton merely paved the

way for the more thoroughgoing agnosticism of Mr. Spencer. If there is a positive tendency here at present, it is expressed by the so-called neo-Kantianism of Dr. Caird, which is widely held to provide an intellectual ground for religion. In Germany they have come to purely critical activity, not so much, perhaps, in the sense of an actual revolt against the ascendency of any school, but because the mind is weary, the spirit weighed down by the burden of actual life, and there must be a pause before the next bound onward.

Indeed, if one is to speak briefly of the movement of the last century, either in terms of philosophic thought or of spiritual consciousness (the outer and inner sides of the one human soul), one would say that that movement has itself been its own end. Positive results have not been reached; outwardly there seems much chaos, and undoubtedly there is not a little. Never since the palmy days of Greece has mankind known more intense intellectual activity, never more eager attempts to state the religious problem in the terms of the intellect. The chambers of the mind have been ransacked, the grounds of man's faith in a spiritual world have been explored as never before, the theory of knowledge has been examined from every point of view. From Strauss to Harnack, what learning and power have not been expended in criticism of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures! The century, too, practically witnessed the unfolding of the portals of the East, and the exposition of new Oriental philosophies. Greek philosophy has been revived, and Plato and Aristotle more keenly scrutinised than during many generations. There has been, too, a general desire for a restatement of Christianity which should at the same time reveal its spiritual power and reconcile it with the demands of the reason. Neither the scientific discoveries nor the historical criticism of the century, revolutionary as they have been, have indicated more passionate eagerness than the philosophic and religious activity by which the human mind has tried to give some answer to those questions which will never let it rest,—What, Whence, Whither? And we have to confess that, from one point of view, we are no nearer an answer than when Napoleon was disputing with his *savants* under the sky of Egypt. But has this mental toil been in vain, as the dweller in Philistia supposes? When we say that the movement of the century has been in the main analytic and critical rather than constructive, and that this critical movement has been an end in itself, what do we mean?

There are two great results of any critical movement, each of first-rate importance. One is the resolution of a great and complex statement into its terms. That does not mean that the statement is being destroyed, but that its essential contents are being ascertained. All positive movements in human thought are followed by those periods of analysis when the mind turns on itself and is impelled to search for the grounds of its positive affirmations. For the time, as in the story of Osiris (the analogue, as readers of Milton will recognise, is not new), the beautiful and symmetrical form of truth seems to have been destroyed, and with Wordsworth we lay our curse on those who "murder to dissect." But analysis is an inevitable movement in the course of thought, since it helps us to realise and make our own the truth presented to us *with a view to a larger statement*. It is not the actual process of criticism so much as the preparation for the next leap that is vital as result. But it is also, in the second place, this very critical process which enlarges the mind; so that, while men think an epoch barren, they must look for its effects in this twofold way,—as a preparation for a deeper and wider statement, and as a training-ground for the mind. Are we saying too much when we claim this double gain for the nineteenth century in the domain of spiritual thought,—that its critical movement, apparently leading us no further out of the chaos, has both enlarged and exalted man's mental and spiritual consciousness, and has prepared the way for the positive advance of another century? If this twofold effect has been wrought, and if the great idea of a spiritual monism as the principal achievement of the century has destroyed both dualism and materialism, we may, while looking back on the grey phantom that has vanished into the past, exclaim with Browning—as outcome of that century of quick and eager change:

> "That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Become my Universe that feels and knows."

Printed by Ballantyne & Co. Limited
Tavistock Street, London